THE GALAXY.

VOL. IX.—FEBRUARY, 1870.—No. 2.

PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE.*

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CHAPTER XXX.

IN that part of London called "the City" are shady little streets, that look like pleasant retreats from the busy, noisy world; yet are strongholds of business.

One of these contained, and perhaps still contains, a public office full of secrets, some droll, some sad, some terrible. The building had a narrow, insignificant front, but was of great depth, and its south side lighted by large bay windows all stone and plate glass; and these were open to the sun and air, thanks to a singular neighbor; here, in the heart of the City, was wedged a little rustic church, with its churchyard, whose bright green grass first startled, then soothed and refreshed the eye, in that wilderness of stone; an emerald set in granite: the grass flowed up to the south wall of the "office;" those massive stone windows hung over the graves; the plumed clerks could not look out of window and doubt that all men are mortal: and the article the office sold was Immortality.

It was the Gosshawk Life Insurance.

On a certain afternoon anterior to the Hillsborough scenes last presented, the plumed clerks were all at the south windows, looking at a funeral in the little churchyard, and passing some curious remarks; for know that the deceased was insured in the Gosshawk for nine hundred pounds, and had paid but one premium.

The facts, as far as known, were these. Mr. Richard Martin, a Londoner by birth, but residing in Wales, went up to London to visit his brother. Toward the end of the visit the two Martins went up the river in a boat, with three more friends, and dined at Richmond. They rowed back in the cool of the evening: at starting they were merely jovial; but they stopped at nearly all the public-houses by the water-side, and, by visible gradations, became jolly—uproarious—sang songs—caught crabs. At Vauxhall they got a friendly warning, and

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by Sheldon & Company, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

laughed at it: under Southwark bridge they ran against an abutment, and were upset in a moment: it was now dusk, and, according to their own account, they all lost sight of each other in the water. One swam ashore in Middlesex, another in Surrey, a third got to the chains of a barge and was taken up much exhausted, and Robert Martin laid hold of the buttress itself, and cried loudly for assistance. They asked anxiously after each other, but their anxiety appeared to subside in an hour or two, when they found there was nobody missing but Richard Martin. Robert told the police it was all right, Dick could swim like a cork. However, next morning he came with a sorrowful face to say that his brother had not reappeared, and begged them to drag the river. This was done, and a body found, which the survivors and Mrs. Richard Martin disowned.

The insurance office was informed, and looked into the matter; and Mrs. Martin told their agent, with a flood of tears, she believed her husband had taken that opportunity to desert her, and was not drowned at all. Of course this went to the office directly.

But a fortnight afterward a body was found in the water, down at Woolwich, entangled in some rushes by the water-side.

Notice was given to all the survivors.

The friends of Robert Martin came, and said the clothes resembled those worn by Richard Martin; but beyond that they could not be positive.

But, when the wife came, she recognized the body at once.

The brother agreed with her; but, on account of the bloated and discolored condition of the face, asked to have the teeth examined: his poor brother, he said, had a front tooth broken short in two. This broken tooth was soon found; also a pencil-case, and a key, in the pocket of the deceased; these completed the identification.

Up to this moment the conduct of Richard Martin's relatives and friends had been singularly apathetic; but now all was changed: they broke into loud lamentations, and he became the best of husbands, best of men: his lightest words were sacred. Robert Martin now remembered that "poor Dick" had stood and looked into that little churchyard and said, "If you outlive me, Bob, bury me in this spot; father lies here." So Robert Martin went to the churchwarden for leave to do this last sad office. The church-warden refused, very properly, but the brother's entreaties, the widow's tears, the tragedy itself, and other influences, extorted at last a reluctant consent, coupled with certain sanatory conditions.

The funeral was conducted unobtrusively, and the grave dug out of sight of the Gosshawk. But of course it could not long escape observation; that is to say, it was seen by the clerks; but the directors and manager were all seated round a great table upstairs absorbed in a vital question, viz., whether or not the Gosshawk should imitate some other companies, and insure against fire as well as death. It was the third and last discussion; the minority against this new operation was small, but obstinate and warm, and the majority so absorbed in bringing them to reason, that nobody went to the window until the vote had passed and the Gosshawk was a Life and Fire Insurance. Then some of the gentlemen rose and stretched their legs, and detected the lugubrious enormity. "Hallo!" cried Mr. Carden, and rang a bell. Edwards, an old clerk, appeared, and, in reply to Mr. Carden, told him it was one of their losses being buried—Richard Martin.

Mr. Carden said this was an insult to the office, and sent Edward out to remonstrate.

Edward soon reappeared with Robert Martin, who represented, with the utmost humility, that it was the wish of the deceased, and they had buried him, as ordered, in three feet of charcoal.

"What, is the ceremony performed?"

"Yes, sir, all but filling in the grave. Come and see the charcoal."

"Hang the charcoal!"

"Well," said a humane but somewhat pompous director, "if the ceremony has gone so far—but, Mr. Martin, this must never recur, charcoal, or no charcoal."

Mr. Martin promised it never should: and was soon after observed in the churchyard urging expedition.

The sad company speedily dispersed, and left nothing to offend nor disgust the Life and Fire Insurance, except a new grave, and a debt of nine hundred pounds to the heirs or assigns of Richard Martin.

Not very far from this churchyard was a public-house; and, in that public-house, a small parlor upstairs, and in that parlor a man, who watched the funeral rites with great interest, but not in a becoming spirit; for his eyes twinkled with the intensest merriment all the time, and at each fresh stage of the mournful business he burst into peals of laughter. Never was any man so thoroughly amused in the city before, at all events in business hours.

Richard Martin's executor waited a decent time, and then presented his claim to the Gosshawk. His brother proved a lien on it for £300, and the rest went by will to his wife. The Gosshawk paid the money, after the delay accorded by law.

CHAPTER XXXI.

MESSRS. BOLT AND LITTLE put their heads together, and played a prudent game. They kept the works going for a month, without doing anything novel, except what tended to the health and comfort of their workmen.

But, meantime, they cleared out two adjacent rooms on one floor: one was called the studio, the other the experiment room.

In due course they hired a couple of single men from Birmingham to work the machine under lock and key.

Little, with his own hands, effected an aperture in the party wall, and thus conveyed long saws from his studio to the machine, and received them back ground.

The men were lodged three miles off, were always kept at work half an hour later than the others, and received six pounds per week a-piece, on pain of instant dismissal should they breathe a syllable. They did the work of twenty-four men; so, even at that high rate of wages, the profit was surprising. It actually went beyond the inventor's calculation, and he saw himself, at last, on the road to rapid fortune, and, above all, to Grace Carden.

This success excited Bolt's cupidity, and he refused to contract the operation any longer.

Then the partners had a quarrel, and nearly dissolved. However, it ended in Little dismissing his Birmingham hands, and locking up his "Experiment Room," and in Bolt openly devoting another room to the machines: two long, two circular.

These machines coined money, and Bolt chuckled and laughed at his partner's apprehensions, for the space of twenty-one days.

On the twenty-second day, the Saw-grinders' Union, which had been stupefied at first, but had now realized the situation, sent Messrs. Bolt and Little a letter, civil and even humble; it spoke of the new invention as one, that, if adopted, would destroy their handicraft, and starve the craftsmen and their families; and expressed an earnest hope that a firm, which had shown so much regard for the health and comfort of the workmen, would not persist in a fatal course, on which they had entered innocently and for want of practical advice.

The partners read this note differently. Bolt saw timidity in it. Little saw a conviction, and a quiet resolution, that foreboded a stern contest.

No reply was sent, and the machines went on coining.

Then came a warning to Little, not violent, but short, and rather grim. Little took it to Bolt and he treated it with contempt.

Two days afterward the wheel-bands vanished, and the obnoxious machines stood still.

Little was for going to Grotait, to try and come to terms. Bolt declined. He bought new bands, and next day the machines went on again.

This pertinacity soon elicited a curious epistle:

"MESSRS. BOLT AND LITTLE,—When the blood is in an impure state, brimstone and treacle is applied as a mild purgative; our taking the bands was the mild remedy; but, should the seat of disease not be reached, we shall take away the treacle, and add to the brimstone a necessary quantity of saltpetre and charcoal.

"TANTIA TOPEE."

On receipt of this, Little, who had tasted the last-mentioned drugs, showed such undisguised anxiety, that Bolt sent for Ransome. He came directly, and was closeted with the firm. Bolt handed him the letters, told him the case, and begged leave to put him a question. "Is the police worth anything, or nothing, in this here town?"

"It is worth something, I hope, gentlemen."

"How much, I wonder? Of all the bands that have been stolen, and all the people that have been blown up, and scorched, and vitrioled, and shot at, and shot, by Union men, did ever you and your bobbies nail a single malefactor?"

Now Mr. Ransome was a very tall man, with a handsome, dignified head, a long, black beard, and pleasant, dignified manners. When short, round, vulgar Mr. Bolt addressed him thus, it really was like a terrier snapping at a Newfoundland dog. Little felt ashamed, and said Mr. Ransome had been only a few months in office in the place. "Thank you, Mr. Little," said the chief constable. "Mr. Bolt, I'll ask you a favor. Meet me at a certain place this evening, and let me reply to your question then and there."

This singular proposal excited some curiosity, and the partners accepted a rendezvous. Ransome came to the minute, and took the partners into the most squalid part of this foul city. At the corner of a narrow street he stopped and gave a low whistle. A policeman in plain clothes came to him directly.

"They are both in the 'Spotted Dog,' sir, with half a dozen more."

"Follow me, and guard the door. Will you come, too, gentlemen?"

The "Spotted Dog" was a low public, with one large room and a sanded floor. Mr. Ransome walked in and left the door open, so that his three companions heard and saw all that passed.

"Holland and Cheetham, you are wanted."

"What for?"

"Wilde's affair. He has come to himself, and given us your names."

On this the two men started up and were making for the door. Ransome whipped before it. "That won't do."

Then there was a loud clatter of rising feet, oaths, threats, and even a knife or two drawn; and, in the midst of it all, the ominous click of a pistol, and then dead silence; for it was Ransome who had produced that weapon. "Come, no nonsense," said he. "Door's guarded, street's guarded, and I'm not to be trifled with."

He then handed his pistol to the officer outside with an order, and, stepping back suddenly, collared Messrs. Holland and Cheetham with one movement, and, with a powerful rush, carried them out of the house in his clutches. Meantime the policeman had whistled, there was a conflux of bobbies, and the culprits were handcuffed and marched off to the Town Hall.

"Five years penal servitude for that little lot," said Ransome. "And now, Mr. Bolt, I have answered your question to the best of my ability."

"You have answered it like a man. Will you do as much for us?"

"I'll do my best. Let me examine the place, now that none of them are about."

Bolt and Ransome went together, but Little went home; he had an anxiety even more pressing, his mother's declining health. She had taken to pining and fretting, ever since Doctor Amboyne brought the bad news from Cairnhope; and now, instead of soothing and consoling her son, she needed those kind offices from him; and, I am happy to say, she received them. He never spent an evening away from her. Unfortunately he did not succeed in keeping up her spirits, and the sight of her lowered his own.

At this period Grace Carden was unmixed comfort to him; she encouraged him to encroach a little, and visit her twice a week instead of once, and she coaxed him to confide all his troubles to her. He did so; he concealed from his mother that he was at war with the trade again, but he told Grace everything, and her tender sympathy was the balm of his life. She used to put on cheerfulness for his sake, even when she felt it least.

One day, however, he found her less bright than usual, and she showed him an advertisement—Bollinghope house and park for sale; and she was not old enough nor wise enough to disguise from him that this pained her. Some expressions of regret and pity fell from her: that annoyed Henry, and he said, "What is that to us?"

"Nothing to you; but I feel I am the cause. I have not used him well, that's certain."

Henry said, rather cavalierly, that Mr. Coventry was probably selling his house for money, not for love, and (getting angry) that he hoped never to hear the man's name mentioned again.

Grace Carden was a little mortified by his tone, but she governed herself and said sadly, "My idea of love was to be able to tell you every thought of my heart, even where my conscience reproaches me a little. But if you prefer to exclude one topic—and have no fear that it may lead to the exclusion of others—"

They were on the borders of a tiff; but Henry recovered himself and said firmly, "I hope we shall not have a thought unshared one day; but, just for the present, it will be kinder to spare me that one topic."

"Very well, dearest," said Grace. "And, if it had not been for the advertisement—" she said no more, and the thing passed like a dark cloud between the lovers.

Bollinghope House and park were actually sold that very week; they were

purchased, at more than their value, by a wealthy manufacturer: and the proceeds of this sale and the timber sale cleared off all Coventry's mortgages, and left him with a few hundred pounds in cash, and an estate which had not a tree on it, but also had not a debt upon it.

Of course he forfeited, by this stroke, his position as a country gentleman; but that he did not care about, since it was all done with one view, to live comfortably in Paris, far from the intolerable sight of his rival's happiness with the lady he loved.

He bought in at the sale a few heirlooms and articles of furniture—who does not cling, at the last moment, to something of this kind?—and rented a couple of unfurnished rooms in Hillsborough to keep them in. He fixed the day of his departure, arranged his goods and packed his clothes. Then he got a letter of credit on Paris, and went about the town buying numerous articles of cutlery.

But this last simple act led to strange consequences. He was seen and followed; and in the dead of the evening, as he was cording with his own hands a box containing a few valuables, a heavy step mounted the stair, and there was a rude knock at the door.

Mr. Coventry felt rather uncomfortable, but he said "Come in."

The door was opened, and there stood Sam Cole.

Coventry received him ill. He looked up from his packing and said, "What on earth do you want, sir?"

But it was not Cole's business to be offended. "Well, sir," said he, "I've been looking out for you some time, and I saw you at our place; so I thought I'd come and tell you a bit o' news."

"What is that?"

"It is about him you know of, begins with a hel."

"Curse him! I don't want to hear about him. I'm leaving the country. Well, what is it?"

"He is wrong with the trade again."

"What is that to me?—Ah!—Sit down, Cole, and tell me."

Cole let him know the case, and assured him that, sooner or later, if threats did not prevail, the Union would go any length.

"Should you be employed?"

"If it was a dangerous job, they'd prefer me."

Mr. Coventry looked at his trunks, and then at Sam Cole. A small voice whispered "Fly." He stifled that warning voice, and told Cole he would stay and watch this affair, and Cole was to report to him whenever anything fresh occurred. From that hour this gentleman led the life of a malefactor, dressed like a workman, and never went out except at night.

Messrs. Bolt and Little were rattened again, and never knew it till morning. This time it was not the bands, but certain axle-nuts and screws that vanished. The obnoxious machines came to a standstill, and Bolt fumed and cursed. However, at ten o'clock, he and the foreman were invited to the Town Hall, and there they found the missing gear, and the culprit, one of the very workmen employed at high wages on the obnoxious machines.

Ransome had bored a small hole in the ceiling, by means of which this room was watched from above; the man was observed, followed and nabbed. The property found on him was identified, and the magistrate offered the prisoner a jury, which he declined; then the magistrate dealt with the case summarily, refused to recognize rattening, called the offence "petty larceny," and gave the man six months prison.

Now as Ransome, for obvious reasons, concealed the means by which this man had been detected, a conviction so mysterious shook that sense of security which ratteners had enjoyed for many years; and the trades began to find that craft had entered the lists with craft.

Unfortunately, those who directed the Saw-grinder's Union thought the existence of the trade at stake, and this minor defeat merely exasperated them.

Little received a letter telling him he was acting worse than Brinsley, who had been shot dead in the Briggate; and asking him, as a practical man, which he thought was likely to die first, he or the Union. "You won't let us live, why should we let you?"

Bolt was threatened in similar style, but he merely handed the missives to Ransome; he never flinched.

Not so Little. He got nervous; and, in a weak moment, let his mother worm out of him that he was at war with the trades again.

This added anxiety to her grief, and she became worse every day.

Then Doctor Amboyne interfered, and, after a certain degree of fencing—which seems inseparable from the practice of medicine—told Henry plainly he feared the very worst if this went on; Mrs. Little was on the brink of jaundice. By his advice Henry took her to Aberystwith in Wales; and, when he had settled her there, went back to his troubles.

To those was now added a desolate home; gone was the noble face, the maternal eye, the soothing voice, the unfathomable love. He never knew all her value till now.

One night, as he sat by himself sad and disconsolate, his servant came to tell him there was a young woman inquiring for Mrs. Little. Henry went out to her, and it was Jael Dence. He invited her in, and told her what had happened. Jael saw his distress, and gave him her womanly sympathy. "And I came to tell her my own trouble," said she, "fie on me."

"Then tell it to me, Jael. There, take off your shawl and sit down. They shall make you a cup of tea."

Jael complied, with a slight blush; but as to her trouble, she said it was not worth speaking of in that house.

Henry insisted, however, and she said, "Mine all comes of my sister marrying that Phil Davis. To tell you the truth I went to church with a heavy heart on account of their both beginning with a D—Dence and Davis; for 'tis an old saying—

> If you change the name and not the letter,
> You change for the worse and not for the better.

Well, sir, it all went wrong somehow. Parson he was South country: and, when his time came to kiss the bride he stood and looked ever so helpless; and I had to tell him he must kiss her; and even then he stared foolish like a bit before he kissed her, and the poor lass's face getting up and the tear in her eye at being slighted. And that put Patty out for one thing: and then she wouldn't give away the ribbon to the fastest runner.—The lads run a hundred yards to the bride, for ribbon and kiss you know.—'Twasn't the ribbon she grudged, poor wench; but the fastest runner in Cairnhope town is that Will Gibbon, a nasty, ugly, slobbering chap, that was always after her, and Philip jealous of him: so she did for the best, and Will Gibbon safe to win it. But the village lads they didn't see the reason, and took it all to themselves. Was she better than her grandmother? and were they worse than their grandsires? They ran on before,

and fired the anvil when she passed: just fancy! an affront close to her own door, and, sir, she walked in a doors crying. There was a wedding for you George the blacksmith was that hurt at their making free with his smithy to affront her, he lifted his arm for the first time, and pretty near killed a couple of them, poor thoughtless bodies. Well, sir, Phil Davis always took a drop, you know, and, instead of mending, he got worse; they live with father, and of course he has only to go to the barrel; old-fashioned farmers like us don't think to spy on the ale. He was so often in liquor I checked him; but Patty indulged him in every thing. By-and-by my lord gets ever so civil to me: 'What next?' said I to myself. One fine evening we are set upstairs at our tea; in he comes drunk, and says many things we had to look at one another and excuse. Presently he tells us all that he has made a mistake: he has wedded Patty, and I'm the one he likes the best. I thought the fool was in jest; but Patty she gave a cry as if a knife had gone through her heart. Then my blood got up in a moment. 'That's an affront to all three,' said I: 'and take your answer, ye drunken sow,' said I. I took him by the scruff of the neck and just turned him out of the room and sent him to the bottom of the stairs headforemost. Then Patty she quarrelled with me; and father he sided with her. And so I gave them my blessing, and told them to send for me in trouble; and I left the house I was born in. It all comes of her changing her name and not her letter." Here a few tears interrupted further comment.

Henry consoled her, and asked her what she was going to do.

She said she did not know; but she had a good bit of money put by, and was not afraid of work, and, in truth, she had come there to ask Mrs. Little's advice, "poor lady. Now don't you mind me, Mr. Henry, your trouble is a deal worse than mine."

"Jael," said he, "you must come here and keep my house till my poor mother is better."

Jael colored and said, "Nay, that will not do. But if you could find me something to do in your great factory—and I hear you have enemies there; you might as well have a friend right in the middle of them. Eh, but I'd keep my eyes and ears open for you."

Henry appreciated this proposal, and said there were plenty of things she could do; she could hone, she could pack, she could superintend, and keep the girls from gabbling; "that," said he, "is the real thing that keeps them behind the men at work."

So Jael Dence lodged with a female cousin in Hillsborough, and filled a position of trust in the factory of Bolt and Little: she packed, and superintended; and the foreman paid her thirty shillings a week. The first time this was tendered her she said severely, "Is this right, young man?" meaning "is it not too much?"

"Oh, you will be raised if you stay with us three months."

"Raised?" said the virtuous rustic! Then looking loftily round on the other women, "What ever do these factory folk find to grumble at?"

Henry told Grace all about this, and she said, rather eagerly,—"Ah, I am glad of that. You'll have a good watch-dog."

It was a shrewd speech. The young woman soon found out that Little was really in danger, and she was all eyes, and ears, and no tongue.

Yet neither her watchfulness, nor Ransome's, prevailed entirely against the deviltries of the offended Union. Machinery was always breaking down by pure accident; so everybody swore, and nobody believed: the water was all let out

of a boiler, and the boiler burst. Bands were no longer taken, but they were cut. And, in short, the works seemed to be under a curse.

And, lest the true origin of all these mishaps should be doubted, each annoyance was followed by an anonymous letter. These were generally sent to Little. A single sentence will indicate the general tone of each.

1. "All these are but friendly warnings, to save your life if possible."

2. "I never give in. I fight to death, and with more craft and duplicity than Bolt and Ransome. They will never save you from me, if you persist. Ask others whether I ever failed to keep my word."

3. "If I but move my finger, you are sent into eternity."

Henry Little's nerve began to give way more and more.

Meantime Cole met Mr. Coventry, and told him what was going on beneath the surface: at the same time he expressed his surprise at the extraordinary forbearance that was shown by the Union. "Grotait is turning soft, I think. He will not give the word to burn Sebastopol."

"Then do it without him."

Cole shook his head, and said he daren't. But, after some reflection, he said there was a mate of his, who was not so dependent on Grotait: he might be tempted perhaps to do something on his own hook, Little being wrong with the trade, and threatened. "How much would you stand?"

"How far would your friend go?"

"I'll ask him."

Next day Cole walked coolly into the factory at dinner-time, and had a conversation with Hill, one of the workmen, who, he knew, was acting for the Union and a traitor in his employers' camp. He made Hill a proposal. Hill said it was a very serious thing; he would think of it, and meet him at a certain safe place and tell him.

Cole strolled out of the works, but not unobserved. Jael Dence had made it her business to know every man in the factory by sight, and observing, from a window, a stranger in conversation with Hill, she came down and met Cole at the gate. She started at sight of him: he did not exactly recognize her; but, seeing danger in her eye, took to his heels, and ran for it like a deer: Jael called to some of the men to follow him, but nobody moved. They guessed it was a Union matter. Jael ran to Little, and told him that villain, who had escaped from Raby Hall, had been in the works colloguing with one of the men.

Ransome was sent for, and Cole described to him.

As for Hill, Jael watched him like a cat, from that hour, since a man is known by his friends. She went so far as to follow him home every evening.

Cole got fifty pounds out of Coventry, for Hill, and promised him twenty. For this sum Hill agreed to do Little. But he demanded some little time to become proficient in the weapon he meant to use.

During the interval, events were not idle. A policeman saw a cutler and a disguised gentleman talking together, and told Ransome. He set spies to discover, if possible, what that might mean.

One day, the obnoxious machines were stopped, by an *accident* to the machinery, and Little told Jael this, and said, "Have you a mind to earn five pound a week?"

"Ay, if I could do it honestly."

"Let us see the arm that flung Phil Davis down stairs."

Jael colored a little, but bared her left arm, at command.

"Good heavens!" cried Little. "What a limb! Why mine is a shrimp compared with it."

"Ay, mine has the bulk, but yours the pith."

"Oh, come, if your left arm did that, what must your right be?"

"Oh," said Jael, "you men do everything with your right hand; but we lasses know no odds. My left is as strong as my right, and both at your service."

"Then come along with me."

He took her into the experiment-room, explained the machine to her, gave her a lesson or two; and so simple was the business, that she soon mastered her part of it; and Little, with his coat off, and Jael, with her noble arms bare, ground long saws together secretly; and Little, with Bolt's consent, charged the firm by the gross. He received twenty-four pounds per week, out of which he paid Jael six, in spite of her, "How can a lass's work be worth all that?" and similar remonstrances.

Being now once more a workman, and working with this loyal lass so many hours a day, his spirits rose a little, and his nerves began to recover their tone.

But, meantime, Hill was maturing his dark design.

In going home, Little passed through one place he never much liked. It was a longish close, with two sharp rectangular turns.

Since he was threatened by the trade, he never entered this close without looking behind him. He did not much fear an attack in front, being always armed with pistols now.

On a certain night he came to this place as usual, went as far as the first turn, then looked sharply round to see if he was followed; but there was nobody behind except a woman, who was just entering the court. So he went on.

But a little way down this close was a small public-house, and the passage-door was ajar, and a man watching. No sooner was Little out out of sight than he emerged, and followed him swiftly on tiptoe.

The man had in his hand a weapon that none but a Hillsborough cutler would have thought of: yet, as usual, it was very fit for the purpose, being noiseless and dangerous, though old-fashioned. It was a long strong bow, all made of yew-tree. The man fitted an arrow to this, and running lightly to the first turn, obtained a full view of Little's retiring figure, not fifteen yards distant.

So well was the place chosen, that he had only to discharge his weapon, and then run back. His victim could never see him.

He took a deliberate aim at Little's back, drew the arrow to the head, and was about to loose it, when a woman's arm was flung round his neck.

CHAPTER XXXII.

COVENTRY and Cole met that night near a little church.

Hill was to join them, and tell them the result.

Now, as it happens, Little went home rather late that night, so these confederates waited, alternately hoping and fearing, a considerable time.

Presently, something mysterious occurred, that gave them a chill. An arrow descended, as if from the clouds, and stuck quivering on a grave not ten yards from them. The black and white feathers shone clear in the moonlight.

To Coventry it seemed as if heaven was retaliating on him.

The more prosaic, but quick-witted cutler, after the first stupefaction, suspected it was the very arrow destined for Little, and said so.

"And heaven flings it back to us," said Coventry, and trembled in every limb.

"Heaven has nought to do in it. The fool has got drunk and shot it in the air. Anyway, it mustn't stick there to tell tales."

Cole vaulted over the churchyard, drew it out of the grave, and told Coventry to hide it.

"Go you home," said he. "I'll find out what this means.'

Hill's unexpected assailant dragged him back so suddenly and violently that the arrow went up at an angle of forty-five, and, as the man loosed the string to defend himself, flew up into the sky, and came down full a hundred yards from the place.

Hill twisted violently round and, dropping the bow, struck the woman in the face with his fist: he had not room to use all his force; yet the blow covered her face with blood. She cried out, but gripped him so tight by both shoulders that he could not strike again, but he kicked her savagely. She screamed, but slipped her arms down and got him tight round the waist. Then he was done for; with one mighty whirl she tore him off his feet in a moment. Then dashed herself and him under her to the ground with such ponderous violence that his head rang loud on the pavement, and he was stunned for a few seconds. Ere he quite recovered she had him turned on his face, and her powerful knee grinding down his shoulders, while her nimble hands whipped off her kerchief and tied his hands behind him in a twinkling.

So quickly was it all done, that by the time Little heard the scrimmage, ascertained it was behind him, and came back to see, she was seated on her prisoner, trembling and crying after her athletic feat, and very little fit to cope with the man if he had not been tied.

Little took her by the hands. "Oh, my poor Jael. What is the matter? Has the blackguard been insulting you?" And, not waiting for an answer, gave him a kick that made him howl again.

"Yes, kill him, the villain! he wanted to murder you. Oh, oh, oh!"

She could say no more but became hysterical.

Henry supported her tenderly and wiped the blood from her face, and, as several people came up, and a policeman, he gave the man in charge, on Jael's authority, and he was conveyed to the station accordingly, he and his bow.

They took Jael Dence to a chemist's shop, and gave her cold water and salts: the first thing she did, when she was quite herself, was to seize Henry Little's hand and kiss it with such a look of joy as brought tears into his eyes.

Then she told her story, and was taken in a cab to the police-office, and repeated her story there.

Then Henry took her to Woodbine villa, and Grace Carden turned very pale at Henry's danger, though passed: she wept over Jael and kissed her; and nobody could make enough of her.

Grace Carden looked wistfully at Henry and said, "Oh that I had a strong arm to defend you."

Oh, Miss Grace," said Jael, "don't you envy me. Go away with him from this wicked, murdering place. That will be a deal better than anything I can do for him.

"Ah, would to heaven I could this minute," said Grace, clinging tenderly to his shoulder. She insisted on going home with him and sharing his peril for once.

Hill was locked up for the night.

In the morning a paper was slipped into his hand. "Say there was no arrow."

He took this hint, and said that he was innocent as a babe of any harm. He had got a bow to repair for a friend, and he went home twanging it, was attacked by a woman, and, in his confusion, struck her once, but did not repeat the blow.

Per contra, Jael Dence distinctly swore there was an arrow, with two white feathers and one black one, and that the prisoner was shooting at Mr. Little. She also swore that she had seen him colloguing with another man, who had been concerned in a former attempt on Mr. Little, and captured, but had escaped from Raby Hall.

On this the magistrate declined to discharge the prisoner; but, as no arrow could be found at present, admitted him to bail, two securities fifty pounds each, which was an indirect way of imprisoning him until the assizes.

This attempt, though unsuccessful in one way, was very effective in another. It shook Henry Little terribly; and the effect was enhanced by an anonymous letter he received, reminding him that there were plenty of noiseless weapons. Brinsley had been shot twice, and no sound heard. "When your time comes, you'll never know what hurt you." The sense of a noiseless assassin eternally dogging him preyed on Little's mind and spirits, and, at last, this life on the brink of the grave became so intolerable that he resolved to leave Hillsborough; but not alone.

He called on Grace Carden, pale and agitated.

"Grace," said he, "do you really love me?"

"Oh, Henry! Do I love you?"

"Then save me from this horrible existence. Oh, my love, if you knew what it is to have been a brave man, and to find your courage all oozing away under freezing threats, that you know, by experience, will be followed by some dark, subtle, bloody deed or other. There, they have brought me down to this, that I never go ten steps without looking behind me, and, when I go round a corner, I turn short, and run back, and wait at the corner to see if an assassin is following me. I tremble at the wind. I start at my own shadow."

Grace threw her arms round his neck, and stopped him with tears and kisses.

"Ah, bless you, my love," he cried, and kissed her fondly. "You pity me—you will save me from this miserable degrading life?"

"Ah, that I will, if I can, my own."

"You can."

"Then tell me how."

"Be my wife—let us go to the United States together. Dearest, my patents are a great success. We are making our fortune, though we risk our lives. In America I could sell these inventions for a large sum, or work them myself at an enormous profit. Be my wife, and let us fly this hellish place together."

"And so I would in a moment; but" (with a deep sigh) "papa would never consent to that."

"Dispense with his consent."

"Oh, Henry; and marry under my father's curse!"

"He would not curse you, if he loves you half as well as I do; and if he does not, why sacrifice me, and perhaps my life, to him?"

"Henry, for pity's sake, think of some other way. Why this violent haste to get rich? Have a little patience. Mr. Raby will not always be abroad. Oh pray give up Mr. Bolt, and go quietly on, at peace with these dreadful trades. You know I'll wait all my life for you. I will implore papa to let you visit me oftener. I will do all a faithful loving girl can do to comfort you."

"Ay," said Henry, bitterly, "you will do anything but the one thing I ask."

"Yes, anything but defy my father. He is father and mother both to me. How unfortunate we both are! If you knew what it costs me to deny you anything, if you knew how I long to follow you round the world——"

She choked with emotion, and seemed on the point of yielding after all.

But he said, bitterly, "You long to follow me round the world, and you won't go a twelve days' voyage with me to save my life. Ah, it is always so. You don't love me as poor Jael Dence loves me. She saved my life without my asking her; but you won't do it when I implore you."

"Henry, my own darling, if any woman on earth loves you better than I do, for God's sake marry her, and let me die to prove I loved you a little."

"Very well," said he, grinding his teeth. "Next week I leave this place with a wife. I give you the first offer, because I love you. I shall give Jael the second, because she loves me."

So then he flung out of the room, and left Grace Carden half fainting on the sofa, and drowned in tears.

But, before he got back to the works, he repented his violence, and his heart yearned for her more than ever.

With that fine sense of justice which belongs to love, he spoke roughly to Jael Dence.

She stared, and said nothing, but watched him furtively, and saw his eyes fill with tears at the picture memory recalled of Grace's pale face and streaming eyes.

She put a few shrewd questions, and, his heart was so full, he could not conceal the main facts, though he suppressed all that bore reference to Jael herself. She took Grace's part, and told him he was all in the wrong; why could not he go to America alone, and sell his patents, and then come back and marry Grace with the money? "Why drag her across the water, to make her quarrel with her father?"

"Why, indeed?" said Henry; "because I'm not the man I was. I have no manhood left. I have not the courage to fight the trades; nor yet the courage to leave the girl I love so dearly."

"Eh, poor lad," said Jael, "thou hast courage enough; but it has been too sore tried, first and last. You have gone through enough to break a man of steel."

She advised him to go and make his submission at once.

He told her she was his guardian angel, and kissed her, in the warmth of his gratitude; and he went back to Woodbine Villa, and asked Grace's forgiveness, and said he would go alone to the States, and come back with plenty of money to satisfy Mr. Carden's prudence, and——

Grace clutched him gently with both hands, as if to hinder him from leaving her. She turned very pale, and said "Oh my heart!"

Then she laid her head on his shoulder, and wept piteously.

He comforted her, and said "What is it? a voyage of twelve days! And yet I shall never have the courage to bid you good-by."

"Nor I you, my own darling."

Having come to this resolution, he was now seized with a fear that he would be assassinated before he could carry it out: to diminish the chances, he took up his quarters at the factory, and never went out at night. Attached to the works was a small building near the water side. Jael Dence occupied the sec-

ond floor of it. He had a camp-bed set up on the first floor, and established a wire communication with the police-office. At the slightest alarm he could ring a bell in Ransome's ear. He also clandestinely unscrewed a little postern door, that his predecessors had closed, and made a key to the lock, so that if he should ever be compelled to go out at night, he might baffle his foes, who would naturally watch the great gate for his exit.

With all this he became very depressed, and moody, and alarmed Doctor Amboyne, who remembered his father's end.

The Doctor advised him to go and see his mother for a day or two; but he shook his head, and declined.

A prisoner detained for want of bail is allowed to communicate with his friends, and Grotait soon let Hill know he was very angry with him for undertaking to do Little without orders. Hill said that the job was given him by Cole, who was Grotait's right-hand man, and Grotait had better bail him, otherwise he might be induced to tell tales.

Grotait let him stay in prison three days, and then sent two householders with the bail.

Hill was discharged, and went home. At dusk, he turned out to find Cole, and tracing him from one public-house to another, at last lighted on him in company with Mr. Coventry.

This set him thinking; however, he held aloof till they parted; and then following Cole, dunned him for his twenty pounds.

Cole gave him five pounds on account. Hill grumbled and threatened.

Grotait sent for both men, and went into a passion, and threatened to hang them both if they presumed to attack Little's person again in any way. "It is the place I mean to destroy," said Grotait, "not the man."

Cole conveyed this to Coventry, and it discouraged him mightily, and he told Cole he should give it up and go abroad.

But soon after this some pressure or other was brought to bear on Grotait, and Cole, knowing this, went to him, and asked him whether Bolt and Little were to be done or not.

"It is a painful subject," said Grotait.

"It is a matter of life and death to us," said Cole.

"That is true. But mind, the place and not the man."

Cole assented, and then Grotait took him on to a certain bridge, and pointed out the one weak side of Bolt and Little's fortress, and showed him how the engine-chimney could be got at and blown down, and so the works stopped entirely: and I'll tell you something," said he; "that chimney is built on a bad foundation, and was never very safe; so you have every chance."

Then they chaffered about the price; and, at last, Grotait agreed to give him £20.

Cole went to Coventry, and told him how far Grotait would allow him to go; "but," said he, "£20 is not enough. I run an even chance of being hung or lagged."

"Go a step beyond your instructions, and I'll give you a hundred pounds."

"I daren't," said Cole: "unless there was a chance to blow up the place with the man in it." Then after a moment's reflection, he said: "I hear he sleeps in the works. I must find out where."

Accordingly, he talked over one of the women in the factory, and gained the following information, which he imparted to Mr. Coventry.—

Little lived and slept in a detached building, recently erected, and the young woman, who had overpowered Hill, slept in a room above him. She passed in the works for his sweetheart, and the pair were often locked up together for hours at a time in a room, called "the Experiment room."

This information took Coventry quite by surprise, and embittered his hatred of Little. While Cole was felicitating him on the situation of the building, he was meditating how to deal his hated rival a stab of another kind.

Cole, however, was single-handed in the matter; and, the next day, he took a boat and drifted slowly down the river, and scanned the place very carefully.

He came at night to Coventry, and told him he thought he might perhaps be able to do the trick, without seeming to defy Grotait's instructions. "But," said he, "it is a very dangerous job. Premises are watched: and, what do you think? they have got wires up now that run over the street to the police office, and Little can ring a bell in Ransome's room, and bring the bobbies across with a rush in a moment. It isn't as it was under the old chief constable: this one's not to be bought nor blinded. I must risk a halter."

"You shall have fifty pounds more."

"You are a gentleman, sir. I should like to have it in hard sovereigns. I'm afraid of notes. They get traced somehow."

"You shall have it all in sovereigns."

"I want a little in advance, to buy the materials. They are costly, especially the fulminating silver."

Coventry gave him ten sovereigns, and they parted with the understanding that Cole should endeavor to blow up the premises on some night when Little was in them, and special arrangements were made to secure this.

Henry Little and Grace Carden received, each of them, an anonymous letter on the same day.

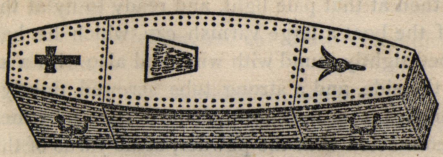
Grace Carden's ran thus:—

"I CAN'T abide to see a young lady made a fool of by a villain. Mr. Little have got his miss here: they dote on each other. She lives in the works, and so do he, ever since she came, which he usen't afore. They are in one room, as many as eight hours at a stretch, and that room always locked. It is the talk of all the girls. It is nought to me, but I thought it right you should know, for it is quite a scandal. She is a strapping country lass, with a queerish name. This comes from a stranger, but a well-wisher.

"FAIR PLAY."

The letter to Henry Little was as follows:

"The reason of so many warnings, and ne'er a blow, you had friends in the trade. But you have worn them out. You are a doomed man. Prepare to meet your God.

"  "

The anonymous letter to Henry, was as efficacious in its way. It was the last straw on the camel's back, as the saying is.

He just ground it in his hand, and then he began to act.

He set to work, packed up models, and dispatched them by train; clothes ditto, and wrote a long letter to his mother.

Next day he was busy writing and arranging papers till the afternoon.

Then he called on Grace, as related, and returned to the works about six o'clock; he ordered a cup of tea at seven, which Jael brought him. She found him busy writing letters, and one of these was addressed to Grace Carden.

That was all she saw of him that night; for she went to bed early; and she was a sound sleeper.

It was nine o'clock of this same evening.

Mr. Coventry, disguised in a beard, was walking up and down a certain street opposite the great door of the works.

He had already walked and lounged about two hours. At last Cole joined him for a moment and whispered in a tone full of meaning, "Will it do now?"

Coventry's teeth chattered together as he replied, "Yes; now is the time."

"Got the money ready?"

"Yes."

"Let us see it."

"When you have done what you promised me."

"That very moment?"

"That very moment."

"Then I'll tell you what you must do. In about an hour go on the new bridge, and I'll come to you; and, before I've come to you many minutes, you'll see summut and hear summut that will make a noise in Hillsbro' and, perhaps, get us both in trouble."

"Not if you are as dexterous as others have been."

"Others! I was in all those jobs. But this is the queerest. I go to it as if I was going to a halter. No matter, a man can but die once."

And, with these words, he left him and went softly down to the water side. There, in the shadow of the new bridge, lay a little boat, and in it a light-jointed ladder, a small hamper, and a basket of tools. The row-locks were covered with tow, and the oars made no noise whatever, except the scarce audible dip in the dark stream. It soon emerged below the bridge like a black spider crawling down the stream, and melted out of sight the more rapidly that a slight fog was rising.

Cole rowed softly past the works, and observed a very faint light in Little's room. He thought it prudent to wait till this should be extinguished, but it was not extinguished. Here was an unexpected delay.

However, the fog thickened a little, and this encouraged him to venture; he beached the boat very gently on the muddy shore, and began his work, looking up every now and then at that pale light, and ready to fly at the first alarm.

He took out of the boat a large varnish can, which he had filled with gunpowder, and wrapped tightly round with wire, and also with a sash line; this can was perforated at the side, and a strong tube screwed tightly into it; the tube protruded twelve inches from the can in shape of an S; by means of this a slow-burning fuse was connected with the powder, some yards of this fuse were wrapt loosely round the can.

Cole crept softly to the engine-chimney, and, groping about for the right place, laid the can in the engine bottom, and uncoiled the fuse. He took out of his pocket some small pieces of tile, and laid the fuse dry on these.

Then he gave a sigh of relief, and crept back to the boat.

Horrible as the action was, he had done all this without much fear, and with no remorse, for he was used to this sort of work; but now he had to commit a new crime, and with new and terrible materials, which he had never handled in the way of crime before.

He had in his boat a substance so dangerous, that he had made a nest of soft cotton for the receptacle which held it; and, when the boat touched the shore, light as the contact was, he quaked lest his imprisoned giant-devil should go off and blow him to atoms.

He put off touching it till the last moment. He got his jointed ladder, set it very softly underneath the window where the feeble gas-light was, and felt about with his hands for the grating he had observed when he first reconnoitred the premises from the river. He found it, but it was so high that he had to reach a little, and the position was awkward for working.

The problem was how to remove one of those bars, and so admit his infernal machine; it was about the shape and size of an ostrich's egg.

It must be done without noise, for the room above him was Little's, and Little, he knew, had a wire by means of which he could summon Ransome and the police in the turn of a hand.

The cold of the night, and the now present danger, made Cole shiver all over, and he paused.

But he began again, and, taking out a fine steel saw highly tempered, proceeded to saw the iron slowly and gently, ready at the first alarm to spring from his ladder and run away.

With all his caution, steel grated against steel and made too much noise in the stilly night. He desisted. He felt about and found the grating was let into wood, not stone; he oiled the saw and it cut the wood like butter; he made two cuts like a capital V, and a bar of the grating came loose; he did the same thing above, and the bar came out.

Cole now descended the ladder, and prepared for the greatest danger of all. He took from its receptacle the little metal box lined with glazed paper which contained the fulminating silver and its fuse; and, holding it as gently as possible, went and mounted the ladder again, putting his foot down as softly as a cat.

But he was getting colder and colder, and, at this unfortunate moment, he remembered that, when he was a lad, a man had been destroyed by fulminating silver, quite a small quantity, in a plate over which he was leaning; yet the poor wretch's limbs had been found in different places; and he himself had seen the head; it had been torn from the trunk and hurled to an incredible distance.

That trunkless head he now fancied he saw, in the middle of the fog; and his body began to sweat cold, and his hands to shake so that he could hardly hold the box. But if he let it fall—

He came hastily down the ladder, and sat down on the dirty ground, with the infernal engine beside him.

By-and-by he got up and tried to warm his hands and feet by motion, and, at last, he recovered his fortitude, and went softly and cat-like up the steps again, in spite of the various dangers he incurred.

Of what was this man's mind composed, whom neither a mere bribe could buy to do this deed, nor pure fanaticism without a bribe; but, where both induce-

ments met, neither the risk of immediate death, nor of imprisonment for life, nor both dangers united, could divert him from his deadly purpose, though his limbs shook, and his body was bedewed with a cold perspiration?

He reached the top of the ladder, he put his hand inside the grate; there was an aperture, but he could not find the bottom. He hesitated.

Here was a fresh danger: if he let the box fall it might explode at once and send him to eternity.

Once more he came softly down, and collected all the tow and wool he could find. He went up the ladder and put these things through the grating; they formed a bed.

Then he went back for the fatal box, took it up the ladder with beating heart, laid up softly in its bed, uncoiled the fuse and let it hang down.

So now these two fiendish things were placed, and their devilish tails hanging out behind them. The fuses had been cut with the utmost nicety to burn the same length of time—twelve minutes.

But Cole was too thoughtful and wary to light the fuses until everything was prepared for his escape. He put the ladder on board the boat, disposed the oars so that he could use them at once; then crept to the engine-chimney, kneeled down beside the fuse, looked anxiously up at the faint light glimmering above, and took off his hat.

With singular cunning and forethought he had pasted a piece of sand-paper into his hat. By this means he lighted a lucifer at once, and kept it out of sight from the windows, and also safe from the weather; he drew the end of the fuse into the hat, applied the match to it out of sight, then blew the match out and darted to his other infernal machine. In less than ten seconds he lighted that fuse too; then stept into the boat, and left those two devilish sparks creeping each on its fatal errand. He pulled away with exulting bosom, beating heart, and creeping flesh. He pulled swiftly up stream, landed at the bridge, staggered up the steps, and found Coventry at his post, but almost frozen, and sick of waiting.

He staggered up to him and gasped out, "I've done the trick, give me the brass, and let me go. I see a halter in the air." His teeth chattered.

But Coventry, after hoping and fearing for two hours and a half, had lost all confidence in his associate, and he said, "How am I to know you've done anything?"

"You'll see and you'll hear," said Cole. "Give me the brass."

"Wait till I see and hear," was the reply.

"What, wait to be nabbed? Another minute, and all the town will be out after me. Give it me, or I'll take it."

"Will you?" And Coventry took out a pistol, and cocked it. Cole recoiled.

"Look here," said Coventry; "there are one hundred and fifty sovereigns in this bag. The moment I receive proof you have not deceived me, I give you the bag."

"Here, where we stand?"

"Here, on this spot."

"Hush! not so loud. Didn't I hear a step?"

They both listened keenly. The fog was thick by this time.

Cole whispered, "Look down the river. I wonder which will go off first? It is very cold; very." And he shook like a man in an ague.

Both men listened, numbed with cold, and quivering with the expectation of crime.

A clock struck twelve.

At the first stroke the confederates started and uttered a cry. They were in that state when everything sudden shakes men like thunder.

All still again, and they listened and shook again with fog and crime.

Sudden a lurid flash, and a report, dull and heavy, and something tall seemed to lean toward them from the sky, and there was a mighty rushing sound, and a cold wind in their faces, and an awful fall of masonry on the water, and the water spurted under the stroke. The great chimney had fallen in the river. At this very moment came a sharp, tremendous report like a clap of thunder close at hand. It was so awful, that both bag and pistol fell out of Coventry's hand and rang upon the pavement, and he fled, terror-stricken.

Cole, though frightened, went down on his knees, and got the bag, and started to run the other way.

But almost at the first step he ran against a man, who was running towards him.

Both were staggered by the shock, and almost knocked down.

But the man recovered himself first, and seized Cole with a grip of iron.

When Coventry had run a few steps he recovered his judgment so far as to recollect that this would lay him open to suspicion. He left off running, and walked briskly instead.

Presently the great door of the works was opened, and the porter appeared crying wildly for help, and that the place was on fire.

The few people that were about made a rush, and Coventry, driven by an awful curiosity, went in with them, for why should he be suspected any more than they?

He had not gone in half a minute when Mr. Ransome arrived with several policemen, and closed the doors at once against all comers.

Strange to say the last explosion had rung the bell in the police office; hence this prompt appearance of the police.

The five or six persons who got in with Coventry knew nothing, and ran hither and thither. Coventry, better informed, darted at once to Little's quarters, and there beheld an awful sight; the roof presented the appearance of a sieve: of the second floor little remained but a few of the joists, and these were most of them broken and stood on end and across each other, like a hedgehog's bristles.

In Little's room, a single beam in the centre, with a fragment of board, kept its place, but the joists were all dislocated or broken in two, and sticking up here and there in all directions: huge holes had been blown in the walls of both rooms, and much of the contents of the rooms blown out by them: so vast were these apertures, that it seemed wonderful how the structure hung together; the fog was as thick in the dismembered and torn building as outside, but a large gas pipe in Little's room was wrenched into the form of a snake and broken, and the gas set on fire and flaring, so that the devastation was visible; the fire-place also hung on heaven knows how.

Coventry cast his eyes round, and recoiled with horror at what he had done: his foot struck something; it was the letter-box, full of letters, still attached to the broken door. By some instinct of curiosity he stooped and peered. There was one letter addressed "Grace Carden."

He tried to open the box; he could not; he gave it a wrench, it was a latticed box, and came to pieces. He went down the stairs with the fragments and

the letters in his hand; feet approached, and he heard a voice close to him say, "This way, Mr. Ransome, for God's sake!" A sort of panic seized him; he ran back, and in his desperation jumped on to the one beam that was standing, and from that through the open wall, and fell on the soft mud by the river bank. Though the ground was soft, the descent shook him and imbedded him so deeply he could not extricate himself for some time. But terror lends energy, and he was now thoroughly terrified; he thrust the letters in his pocket, and, being an excellent swimmer, dashed at once into the river; but he soon found it choked up with masonry and *débris* of every kind; he coasted this, got into the stream, and swam across to the other side. Then taking the lowest and darkest streets, contrived at last to get home, wet and filthy, and quaking.

Ransome and his men examined the shattered building within and without; but no trace could be found of any human being, alive or dead.

Then they got to the river-side with lights, and here they found foot-marks. Ransome set men to guard these from being walked over.

Attention was soon diverted from these. Several yards from the torn building, a woman was found lying all huddled together on a heap of broken masonry. She was in her night-dress, and a counterpane half over her. Her forehead and head were bleeding, and she was quite insensible. The police recognized her directly. It was Jael Dence.

She was alive, though insensible, and Ransome had her conveyed at once to the infirmary.

"Bring more lights to the water-side," said he; "the explosion has acted in that direction."

Many torches were brought. Keen eyes scanned the water. One or two policemen got out upon the ruins of the chimney, and went ankle-deep in water. But what they sought could not be found. Ransome said he was glad of it. Everybody knew what he meant.

He went back to Little's room, and examined it minutely. In the passage he found a card-case. It was lying on the door. Ransome took it up mechanically, and put it in his pocket. He did not examine it at this time; he took it for granted it was Little's. He asked one of his men whether a man had not been seen in that room. The officer said "Yes."

"Did he come down?"

"No; and I can't think how he got out."

"It is plain how he got out; and that accounts for something I observed in the mud. Now, Williams, you go to my place for that stuff I use to take the mould of foot-prints. Bring plenty. Four of you scour the town, and try and find out who has gone home with river-mud on his shoes or trousers. Send me the porter."

When the porter came, he asked him whether Mr. Little had slept in the works.

The porter could not say for certain.

"Well, but what was his habit?"

"He always slept here of late."

"When did you see him last?"

"I let him into the works."

"When?"

"I should think about seven o'clock."

"Did you let him out again?"

"No, Mr. Ransome."

"Perhaps you might, and not recollect. Pray think."
The porter shook his head.
"Are you sure you did not let him out?"
"I am quite sure of that."
"Then the Lord have mercy on his soul!"

ERINNA'S SPINNING.*

THE Lesbian youths are all abroad to-day,
Filling the vales with joyance. Up and down
The festive streets, with roses garlanded,
Go hand in hand, fair Mytilené's daughters.

Slaves follow, bearing baskets overheaped
With laurels, myrtles, lilies, hyacinths,
And all the world of flowers, wherewith to deck
The May-day altar of the dear "Good Goddess."

And pranksome children, spilling on the paths
Acanthus blooms from out their laden'd arms,
Come shouting after—mad with hey-day glee,
Making fit ending to the gay procession.

Sweet Goddess! frown not on me, tho' I bring
No votive wreath to hang above thy shrine;
For—"See, Erinna," my stern mother saith,
"Thou gaddest not abroad with idle maidens.

'The flowers will blow as well, unhelped of thee—
The fruits fall in due season—tho' no trains
Of dallying girls thus waste the sunshine hours,
That wiser thrift should give to wheel and distaff."

And so I bide at home, day after day,
Because my mother wills it: but my heart
Steals after my companions, while I keep
Time to their dances with my droning spindle.

I hear Alcæus strike his lyric string—
I catch our Sappho's answering choric song,
On some high festival—and all my soul
Flutters to spring beyond the bars that cage it.

O, for the freedom of the flowers!—I feel
Tumultuous stirs, even as the quickening earth
Feels in her bosom now, the tremulous life
Of all her myriads of unsheathing blossoms.

But like a frost, the nipping voice grates harsh:
—"Hence with thy tablets, girl! The Gods above
Made thee a woman—formed for household needs,
For wifely handiwork and ministration:

* Classic authors mention but one poem by this friend and cotemporary of Sappho—"The Distaff." Her mother, it is said, frowning upon her literary proclivities, held her, despite her protestations, remorselessly to her monotonous work.

"Banish forever from thy foolish heart,
These vain outreachings. If thou strive to snatch
At man's high attributes—thy mad essay
O'erthrown, will only leave thee less a woman.

"Do what thou wilt—strip off thy maiden gear,
Wrestle with athletes—hurl the warlike dart—
Spin forth the discus: in the Isthmian games
Enroll thyself amid the sleek-limb'd runners—

"Or seize the Delphian lyre and try thy skill,
Or measure dithrambs with Æolian bards,—
And for thy pains—confess thyself undone
Ever and always, gauged by manhood's stature."

If I make answer that chaste Artemis
Is wise as Pythias, or the Queen of heaven
Is strong of will as proud Olympian Jove,
She hastes to silence me with quick impatience.

"—What man of men was ever fain to sit
Uplooking in a *woman's* face, and learn
Aught other lore than love?" I answer low,
"A woman taught her craft once to a hero!"

She chafes—"I am beholden for thy hint!
The stylus fits *thee* as the spindle did
The hand of Hercules, who sat unsex'd,
Struck for his dulness by Omphalé's slipper."

Then comes the taunt—"What youth of Lesbos, stout
And lithe of limb—as ripe for war as peace,
Versed in the rhythms of Chian's mighty seer,
Will think to choose *thee* for thy trick of singing?

"Nay—talk to him of soft Milesian wool—
Of Colchian linens—rose or saffron dyes—
Of patterns for thy newest silken web—
Of viands—wines; the youth is fond to listen.

"'This maid'—he murmurs to his inner self,
'Could order well all housely offices,
Could rule discreetly the small realm of home,
Could rear, control and wisely guide my children.'"

And thus she ends: "Erinna, be advised:
Let Lesbian virgins sing, let Sappho write,
Mindless of wifehood's ripen'd disciplines—
Thou—leave thy scrolls, and keep thee to thy spinning."

But what care I for wifehood?—I, so young!—
—For matron dignities?—they clog and cling:
—For petty talk?—'*Are olives fine this year?*'
'*Are figs full-formed?*'—Beshrew my mother's wisdom!

I'd give them all for Sappho's wreath of bay—
Forego them all for room to sing out full
The wild, dumb questionings of my haunted soul,
And so forever leave my weary spinning.

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

EXPRESSIONS.

"WHILE lecturing before a German university," said Gall, "it occurred to me, in a happy moment, that a certain protuberance on the posterior portion of the head, immediately above the cerebellum, was equally remarkable in women and in monkeys. Both of these animals are characterized by their fondness for children."

The conclusion of the phrenologist was not far off. This "protuberance on the posterior portion of the head" indicated the organ of Philoprogenitiveness. As such it was announced to the world, and became immediately famous; as such it was duly registered in a thousand charts and treatises; and as such, since the time of Gall, the "bump" has been manipulated by ten thousand students of phrenology. The inference drawn in that "happy moment" by Gall became at once part and parcel of a new cerebral science; and for more than seventy years it has held its place as one of the popular ideas of the world.

Another happy thought of the founder of phrenology was the following: Gall had remarked, while yet a school-boy, that some of his mates easily surpassed him in the readiness with which they committed their tasks to memory, and that these lads had peculiarly large and prominent eyes. Subsequently he noticed the same peculiarity in actors. It does not appear that he inquired whether the power to memorize speeches was characteristic of dramatic talent; but he drew a conclusion as promptly as in the other case. An organ of memory must be the neighbor, if not the actual occupant, of the orbital cavity. Since that time popular phrenology, grouping together a number of distinct mental faculties, has called them, collectively, memory, and located their organ in the region of the eye; and many an indolent successor of Gall, upon school-room benches, the fortunate pupil of a phrenologically-inclined master, has escaped castigation for an unlearned task at the hands of a pedagogue who read "deficient memory" in the smallness of his eyes.

A few years earlier than the time of Gall, Lavater published his elaborate work upon physiognomy. His acute glances turned the eyes of all Europe, with a novel curiosity, toward the human face; for he claimed to found a science upon the facial expressions, to divine anew the open secret of character. A few years later, Goethe picked up a human skull in the Hartz mountains; and, looking intently at it, saw, with the wonderful insight of genius, an "open secret" of structure—saw that the cranium was but the expansion and flowering of a few vertebræ, as the blossom is the higher development of the leaf. These young Germans had eyes that actually *saw* what they looked at. Goethe had a definite and piercing insight into the organization of the material part of the man: Lavater and Gall had indefinite yet truthful intuitions of its relations with the principle of life. They told us that the spirit moulded and informed us at will; they pointed out in the lineaments and in the brain the traces of the plastic soul.

Views so original and interesting could not fail of popularity. The people looked to find in them the justification of their likes and dislikes—the scientific reason of their tastes. The new doctrines were caught up by thousands of admirers; seldom have theories won so wide a popularity in so short a time. In the hands of enthusiasts, indeed, they often became ridiculous. They offered a butt for all the wits of Europe. Lichtenberg satirized physiognomy in a clever "Essay upon Cues and Tails;" and his exclamations of delight over the contour

of a pig's tail or the outlines of a happily-adjusted cue equalled the raptures of Lavater viewing the physiognomy of Alexander the Great.

To minds trained in the broad and patient methods of induction, and accustomed to apply crucial tests to the results of deduction, the brilliant generalizations of Lavater now appear hasty and misjudged; and yet their doctrines have a basis in scientific facts. The crudest thinkers may entertain profound intuitions. Though these are dim and full of shadows, they are often the morning twilight of a larger truth.

The time has come for a completer philosophy of expression than either the physiognomist or the phrenologist has ever made.

The whole frame and substance of man is charged with meaning. No single part or organ of the body enjoys a monopoly of expression. It matters not that we take the most opposite views of the relations between the body and the spirit —whether, on the one hand, we distinguish sharply between the two, and hold that an immaterial and eternal principle occupies a perishable domicile in the human frame; or whether, on the other hand, we closely connect mind and body in our thoughts as varied manifestations of the same force—one a little finer, the other a somewhat grosser essence, yet each destined to at least a conditional immortality. Either of these views concedes the existence of an inner and subtler life that expresses itself through a fleshly medium. So restless and vital is this force that it speaks in every part of the man. It is not the face alone that expresses. The brain is not the only seat of the soul. Through us nature strives to reveal herself in every possible way. Forms, color, contours, motions, gestures, words, the voice, the palm, the handwriting, the quantity and the quality of the tissues, the complexion, the conformation of each member, manners, habits, tastes, antipathies—these and countless other outward manifestations depend upon and express the inner life. Confucius said, "How can a man be concealed? How can a man be concealed?" repeating the ejaculation, as if humanity was indeed an open secret to his penetrating glance. It is not unlikely, indeed, that this acute observer found all the forms of expression almost equally indicative. But to us the most legible, if not the completest, revelations of character are inscribed upon the face or embodied in the structure of the brain.

The proper data of physiognomy and of phrenology are not, however, the main reliance of the popular practitioner of these arts. The phrenologist who fingers your skull by no means confines himself to the observation of your "bumps." He knows that were he restricted to these he could give but a very meagre account of you. He judges of your character by all that his trained "perceptives" can observe—by your speech and your silence, by your dress, your movements, your attitude, your temperament, stature, age, your hurry and your repose, your sex, and calling. A hundred things go to make up the estimate which perhaps surprises you for its correctness, and which the fluent operator claims to have based upon his measurements of your brain. If, however, you restrict him to the legitimate data of his own science, he will often, perhaps generally, go wide of the mark. In one amusing instance with which I was acquainted, the same person presented himself on two successive nights to a popular lecturer upon phrenology—the first time assuming the dress and the subdued air of a theological student, the second time appearing with the swagger of a rowdy. The phrenologist had been very successful in his descriptions of character, as long as his subjects made no effort to mislead. But he was completely deceived by the *acted* character, and described the same person, within twenty-four hours, as a devout recluse and as a "Bowery boy." I once proposed to intro-

duce the shaved cranium of a subject through a screen for examination; but the phrenologist declined to submit to so strict a test. He knew that the skull was the least of the means by which he judged of character; and that to restrict him to this field of observation would be to take away his occupation.

Yet the ordinary procedure of the phrenologist is a simple thing, and appeals less to minute observation than to the vanity and ignorance of the subject. Let us suppose that a portly man, florid in complexion, well-dressed and evidently well-fed, presents himself for examination. It needs no study of cerebral convolutions to divine that such a man is generally fond of convivial pleasures. The operator at once declares, not forgetting to feel the "bumps" with a scientific air, that his subject "understands pretty well what good eating is, and sits down often to a good dinner." People like to be estimated according to their own opinion of themselves; and the gourmand is delighted with this accurate criticism, which he believes could have been dictated only by the profoundest science. Henceforth he finds gourmandism justified by phrenology, and phrenology proved by gourmandism. The next caller is a handsome youth of the sanguine temperament. The operator touches his cerebellum, and whispers, "You are fond of the sex; you are a favorite with the ladies;" and the blooming youth wonders, in turn, at the skill of the man who has perceived in him nothing more than a constant and common attribute of healthy human nature.

The phrenologist lives, indeed, largely upon the egotism of the public. As each young mother believes that hers is the unique infant of the race, so the majority of men fancy the commonest qualities to be peculiar to themselves. The shrewd operator, well aware of this, finds it enough to tell one man that he is fond of pleasure, another that he dreads pain, and another that he enjoys society or money-making, to convert each one of them to faith in phrenology. Few people are fully aware of the sameness of men. It is only exceptional natures that perceive how hackneyed a thing ordinary human nature is. None but uncommon men ever find out that men are commonplace. The characters of most people, indeed, can be sufficiently well read not only at sight but *out of sight*. Given the age, sex, temperament, and education of the individual, and a student of human nature will divine pretty accurately the rest. Among men there is much more of likeness than of difference; a few qualities, a few classes, represent the majority of characters. When the phrenologist, like Guildenstern, would "seem to know my stops," and would "pluck out the heart of my mystery" of individuality, he makes little effort to "sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass." He strikes the keys almost at random, confident of sounding some one that shall awake a sympathetic resonance in others. His cultivated skill in observing the whole man often enables him to read a character with remarkable accuracy. He seldom gives fine details; but he will cleverly sketch the broader outlines of his subject.

The skill to do this is by no means confined, however, to the phrenologists. Society is full of equally keen, just, and practiced observers who have never thought of calling their perceptions scientific. We have an insatiable desire to understand our fellow-creatures; and, after seeing an eminent person, we feel that we have in some degree learned the secret of his power or of his success—we comprehend the phenomenon that is called Napoleon or Rossini or "George Eliot." But it is every man's hobby that he "can read character" particularly well. We can, indeed, all read character; we all know something of human nature; but the fallacy is that each one fancies his gift to be special; forgetting that if he were unable to read character, and were ignorant of human nature, he

would be unfitted for the simplest business of life. Simply to be sane and intelligent is to have no little knowledge of human nature. Yet our perceptions are by no means equally acute. A special talent for the criticism of human nature is as rare as any other high endowment. Some of us read more, some less, in that partly-opened volume which contains all the characters that were ever written, from the plainest script to the obscurest hieroglyph—the book of human expressions.

What are the possibilities of phrenology? The brain is a labyrinth, a library, a palimpsest: not a hundredth part of its records are as yet legible by us, yet the phrenologist's lack of success does not prove phrenology to be a failure. There can be no doubt that it is a just metaphor by which we speak of "the head" when we mean "the mind." The spirit is indeed quite at home throughout the body, immanent in every part; no tissue is without some tinge of that delicate infusion; but its favorite seat is the nerve-substance, and its chosen home the brain. The brain is the palace where the guest and monarch of the body is entertained, whence his messengers and his commands are sent; it rules the body, it rules the planet. Its record is not more absolute or more complete than that of the face; but it incorporates impressions more completely with its substance. The face is a sheet of sensitized photograph-paper; the brain is the bulb of a self-registering thermometer. As that instrument, though deeply buried in the ground, is still sensitive to the surrounding changes of temperature, and receives impressions from countless phenomena—feeling the radiations of the stars and the warmth of the central fires, noticing the passing shower, and the flying shadow of the cloud, receiving the down-workings of all the surface heat and cold, and gathering into its bulb a million thermal pulses in order to strike the average of the year—so the brain of man is the exact sum and register of all his experiences, at once the record and the result of all his passions, thoughts, and deeds. To it we look for the completest meanings expressed in the smallest compass. The human brain, as far as we know, is the highest thing that has been as yet developed in the universe.

Phrenology, instead of claiming too much, has claimed by far too little. There are endless data in the convolutions of the brain; physiological science constantly discloses more and more of them, in spite of the difficulty under which it labors—that in studying the brain one must use the brain itself as an instrument. What phrenology has already established it is not my object in the present paper to discuss. Let me point out some further possibilities of the sciences of expression.

Though the brain is the special seat of the mind, it is by no means its only seat. The outposts of the physical kingdom are not unfrequented by the spirit. It is a modern theory that limits the intellect to the cerebral substance. "The Greeks," says Hiram Powers, "did not consider the brain so much the seat of thought, and the exclusive home of the soul, as we moderns do; and this had its advantages in their art." Had we the skill to decipher the fine outlying traces of the spirit, we should recognize in each of the tissues more than its merely physical constitution. Pope said, in his finical, alliterative way, that the divine nature was "as full, as perfect, in a hair as heart." It was a saying which may be called at once profoundly true and profoundly false. Pope did not see that the adjustment of mind to matter is always an affair of proportion—that the spiritual principle does not inhere *equally* in each part of the man; yet he saw that no part of the man is quite devoid of the spiritual principle. In Coleridge's profounder statement, there is a "universal immanence of all in each." The gen-

eralization of the great thinker finds a democratic expression upon the street. There is no more philosophical formula than that of the *gamin* who first said "things is mixed." The aphorism is true, not only in the human body, but in every domain of nature. In each one a single characteristic predominates; but with it coëxists a minor proportion of qualities the most different, remote, and antagonistic. Thus in the scale of organisms, which ranges from the most perfect animal to the lowest plant, we see the spiritual principle dominant in the higher life. As we range downward through the scale, its manifestation becomes less evident; and most plants seem, at first sight, to be quite devoid of anything beside the material. But scientific observation discloses to us their principles of life and of growth, their capacity of motion and of apparent sense; and further inquiry tends to make the arguments that treat of man's disembodied life seem almost equally pertinent to the lower lives of the vine and the fig tree under the shadow of which he reads Plato's doctrine of immortality.

Had we skill to read the mysteries that are expressed in each minor domain of the human body, we should find every portion of our physical frame to be charged with endless meanings, complex, subtle, and inconceivably varied, yet always definite and true. We may never be able to read all these meanings: our science can not become omniscience; but this limitation does not imply the incompleteness of the record which we study. It is because of our dulness, not because of the lack of expression in nature, that we fail to trace her infinite significances. When our senses, through a refining development, become subtler, keener, more penetrant—when our science, armed with new methods, becomes more aggressive and fuller of insight, we shall find that the histories of men and of mankind are written not only in the face and in the brain, but in every member of the body.

Zoological science has already given us an intimation of these surprising possibilities. Who would have believed, a century ago, that the naturalist would ever be able to reconstruct, with no other guide than a single fossil bone, the entire skeleton of an extinct animal—to inform us of the personal appearance and of the habits of species that ceased to exist a hundred thousand years ago? Yet Owens, Professor Hawkins, and others have done this, and found their reproductions verified in the smallest details by the subsequent discovery of complete skeletons. The method that they have employed is capable of the largest application, and will lead to surprising results. Not only the bones of the skeleton, but all the parts of organization and all the phenomena of life are related. It is not inconceivable that by a scientific method more refined and perfect, yet essentially the same as that by which we have already learned to build up the complete megalosaurus or mastodon from a single vertebra, we may yet be able to construct an entire character from a single hair. To do this would be but to take a long step farther upon the path which discovery has already entered. Though the achievement may long transcend the powers of science, yet it lies directly in the line of scientific progress. The same laws of unity and universal relation, which are now proved to pervade the domain of material existence, will be found to extend farther than has been supposed, and to link matter with spirit in ways as yet unknown.

In the domain of anthropology, we shall find endless new applications of this broad law of relation. Future physiologists will not be content merely to reconstruct the frame from its fragment. They will deduce the body from their knowledge of the mind—they will find the character implied in the structure of the body, and will build up the entire organism from its smallest manifestation. As

we already study birds which have left no traces other than tracks in the hardened sandstone, so the least vestige of the human being may yet be found a sufficient clue to its inmost nature—to its past or its future history as well as to its present condition.

Nor, when our knowledge of the signs of character becomes more complete, shall we be strictly limited to the study of those which are contained in the brain and in the face. If character is a record as well as a present condition, a perfect insight would divine not only the present state but the entire career of the man from intimations as slight as the lines on his palm, the quality of his voice, his step, his signature. The whole of man is contained in the least part of him. A dim perception of this truth has expressed itself in a hundred pseudo sciences. Even superstitions and *charlatanerie* have a scientific basis. Palmistry is not so much a false as an imperfect art; the handwriting is more expressive than it has ever been supposed to be. When they are rescued from the hands of pretenders and claimed by science, these half-expressed secrets will be found replete with intense significance.

All expression, indeed, is both *true* and *complete*. Palmistry and divination are not yet placed upon a scientific footing; nor have the more obvious signals of character been fully interpreted. Faces even are less frequently books in plain print than hieroglyphs and obscurely-written palimpsests. Napoleon declared himself, according to Las Casas, "convinced, by long experience, that no reliance was to be placed upon the expressions of the face." This was simply a confession of inability to read those expressions. Though they may baffle and mislead us, they are never essentially false; they are simply too fine for our skill. We may yet find the face to be a legible book. Already we read in it the unmistakable traces of the stronger passions. We know comparatively little of its subtler indications; yet these are destined to be more and more perfectly understood. The milder and less frequent passions are not less inexorably, though more lightly, engraven upon the face than the stronger ones. Though minutely, they are perfectly, expressive. Every experience records itself upon our frame. The very effort to conceal an emotion is itself indicative. The utmost that we can do is to translate into an obscurer cipher the record of that which we would hide. But the record is still there; and though it is modified, it is ineffaceable. Thus, we may so disguise love or hatred that only a single observer among a hundred shall detect its working. We may hide the more obvious signs of the passion; but the *effort to conceal* remains to be hidden; and this effort is itself an affection of the mind. Repression, as well as the most unchecked expression, is an act which disturbs the mental equilibrium, and leaves a more or less recognizable trace in speech, gesture, silence, or some other sign. Outward repose may be preserved; but the serenity that comes of effort cannot be quite identical with that which is spontaneous; it is a semblance, not intrinsic; and the difference between the two betrays, and is the key to the secret. An old aphorism, and a very just one, declares that the perfection of art is to conceal art; and certain concealments are both practicable and indispensable, yet in the final sense it is impossible to conceal art. The face may reveal as much by its lack of expression as by its positive significances. It is like an algebraic summation; even inanity affects the total, as minus quantities are included in the result. "Against stupidity," said Schiller, "the gods themselves are powerless." But we may deduce whole biographies and histories from stupid people, who are simply the incarnation of unfit or dwarfing conditions. In

proportion to our acuteness of perception we can deduce more and more of these conditions from the complex data of the countenance.

Even with our present imperfect knowledge we can understand enough of physical expressions to find in them a profoundly interesting study. When we recognize the fact that not only these but all other phenomena are related with each other and affect each other—when we see that each present fact in the universe is the result, outgrowth, and factor of every other thing that has ever existed or occurred, and that the slightest conceivable difference in the history of the cosmos would have made its present condition different from what it is, we shall be prepared to admit that the brain is not only the perfect exponent of man *but also the perfect exponent of all that is.* Already we recognize principles that we believe to be universal. We find that no atom in the cosmos can escape from the net of gravitation which binds all together, an infinite web of force. A footfall upon the planet jars the whole orb of matter throughout space. "Every particle in motion," says Dr. Buchanan,* "has a continual tendency to impart the same motion to all other particles, whether they be situated laterally, before, or behind, its position. Consequently every particle in motion has a continual tendency to impart its motion to the whole universe. In other words, every motion at any given point is the source of a motor influence which diffuses itself toward the utmost conceivable limits of the universe. However trivial may be the amount at any one spot, after it has become extensively diffused, we can no more suppose that its dispersion or division has destroyed motion than we could suppose matter to be annihilated by its divisibility. Hence .... that perfect sense which could recognize the indefinitely or infinitely small action or motion of atoms would be competent to feel in them the traces of everything that occurs in the world, and thereby to know all that transpires as certainly as our grosser faculties could recognize the explosion of a pistol, or the concussion of the earth by a falling stone."

This is but a one of many universal principles. Dr. Winslow finds that repulsion is coextensive with gravitation; Emerson divines that the latter principle is "identical with purity of heart," and looks "for the new teacher that shall see the world to be the mirror of the soul," and "show that the Ought, that Duty, is one thing with Science, with Beauty, and with Joy." When this unity of relation, this fraternity of forces, this interaction of all things is established, we shall have a restatement, not only of the sciences of expression, but of all possible sciences, based upon the deeper and underlying principles which are common to all: we shall have a new scientific method, a true and final Universology.

T. M. COAN.

* "Anthropology," p. 121.

BRIGHAM YOUNG.

THOSE among us who are not too young to have had "Evenings at Home" for a schoolday companion and instructor will remember the story called "Eyes and No Eyes" and its moral. They will remember that, of the two little boys who accomplished precisely the same walk at the same time, one saw all manner of delightful and wonderful things, while the other saw nothing whatever that was worth recollection or description. The former had eyes prepared to see, and the other had not; and that made all the difference. I have to confess that, during a recent visit to Salt Lake City—a visit lasting nearly as many days as that out of which my friend, Hepworth Dixon, made the better part of a volume—I must have been in the condition of the dull little reprobate who had no eyes to see the wonders which delighted his companion. For, so far as the city itself, its streets and its structures, are concerned, I really saw nothing in particular. A muddy little country town, with one or two tolerably decent streets, wherein a few handsome stores are mixed up with old shanties, is not much to see in any part of the civilized world. Other travellers have seen a wondrous sight on the very same spot. They have seen a large and beautiful city, with spacious, splendid streets, shaded by majestic trees and watered by silvery currents flowing in marble channels; they have seen a city combining the cleanliness and activity of young America with the picturesqueness and dignity of the Orient; a city which would be beautiful and wonderful anywhere, but which, raised up here on the bare bosom of the desert, is a phenomenon of apparently almost magical creation. Naturally, therefore, they have gone into raptures over the energy, and industry, and æstheticism of the Mormons; and, even while condemning sternly the doctrine and practice of polygamy, they have nevertheless been haunted by an uneasy doubt as to whether, after all, there is not some peculiar virtue in the having half a dozen wives together which endows a man with superhuman gifts as a builder of cities. Otherwise how comes this beautiful and perfect city, here on the unfriendly and unsheltering waste?

Well, I saw no beautiful and wonderful city, although I spent several days in the Mormon capital, and tramped every one of its streets, and lanes, and roads, scores of times over. Where others beheld the glorious virgin, Dulcinea del Toboso, radiant in beauty and bedight with queenly apparel, I saw only the homely milkmaid, with her red elbows and her russet gown. In plain words, the Mormon city appeared to me just a commonplace little country town, and no more. I saw in it no evidences of preternatural energy or skill. It has one decent street, wherein may be found, at most, half a dozen well-built and attractive-looking shops. It has a good many comfortable residences in the environs. It has two or three decentish hotels, like the hotels of any other fiftieth-class country town. It has the huge Tabernacle, a gigantic barn merely, a simple covering in and over of so much space—a thing in shape "very like a land turtle," as President George L. Smith, First Councillor of Brigham Young, observed to me. Salt Lake City has no lighting and no draining, except such draining as is done by the little runnels of water to be found in every street, and which remind one faintly and sadly of dear, quaint old Berne in Switzerland. At night you have to trudge along in the darkness and the mud, or slush, or dust, and it is a perilous quest the seeking of your way home, for at every crossing you must look or feel for the plank which bridges over the artificial brooklets already described,

or you plunge helpless and hopeless into the little torrent. Decidedly, a "one-horse" place, in my estimation; I don't see how men endowed with average heads and arms could for twenty years have been occupied in the building of a city, and produced anything less creditable than this. I do not wonder at the complacency and self-conceit with which all the Mormon residents talk of the beauty of their city and the wonderful things they have accomplished, when Gentile travellers of credit and distinction have glorified this shabby, swampy, ricketty, common-place, vulgar, little hamlet into a town of sweetness and light, of symmetry and beauty. For my part, and for those who were with me, I can only say that we spent the first day or so in perpetual wonder as to whether this really could be the Mormon city of which we had read so many bewildering and glorious descriptions. And the theatre—oh, Hepworth Dixon, I like you much, and I think you are often abused and assailed most unjustly; but how could you write so about that theatre? Or was the beautiful temple of the drama which *you* saw here deliberately taken down, and did they raise in its place the big, gaunt, ugly, dirty, dismal structure which *I* saw, and in which I and my companions made part of a dreary dozen or two of audience, and blinked in the dim, depressing light of mediæval oil-lamps? I observe that, when driven to bay by sceptical inquiry, complacent Mormons generally fall back on the abundance of shade-trees in the streets. Let them have the full credit of this plantation. They have put trees in the streets, and the trees have grown; and, when we observe to a Mormon that we have seen rows of trees similarly growing in even smaller towns of the benighted European continent, he evidently thinks it is our monogamic perversity and prejudice which force us to deny the wondrous works of Mormonism. Making due allowance for every natural difficulty, remembering how nearly every implement, and utensil, and scrap of raw material had to be brought from across yonder rampart of mountains, and from hundreds of miles away, I yet fail to see anything very remarkable about this little Mormon town. Perhaps no other set of people could have made much more of the place; I cannot help thinking that no other set of people who were not Digger Indians could have made much less.

In fact, to retain the proper and picturesque ideas of Salt Lake City, one never ought to have entered the town at all. We ought to have remained on this hillside, from which you can look across that most lovely of all valleys on earth, cinctured as it is by a perfect girdle of mountains, the outlines of which are peerless and ineffable in their symmetry and beauty. The air is as clear, the skies are as blue, the grass as green as the dream of a poet or painter could show him. There below, fringed and mantled in the clustering green of its trees, you see the city, with the long, low, rounded dome or back of the Tabernacle rising broad and conspicuous. Looking down, you may well believe that the city thus exquisitely placed, thus deliciously shaded and surrounded, is itself a wonder of picturesqueness and symmetry. Why go down into the two or three dirty, irregular, shabby little streets, with their dust or mud for road pavement, their nozzling pigs trotting along the sidewalks, their dung-heaps and masses of decaying vegetable matter, their utterly commonplace, mean and disheartening aspect everywhere? But then we did go down—and where others had seen a fair and goodly, aye, and queenly city, we saw a muddy, uninteresting, straggling little village, disfiguring the lovely plain on which it stood.

Profound disappointment, then, is my first sensation in Salt Lake City. The place is so like any other place! Certainly, one receives a bracing little shock every now and then, which admonishes him that, despite the small, shabby stores,

and the pigs, and the dunghills, he is not in the regions of merely commonplace dirt. For instance, we learn that the proprietor of the hotel where we are staying has four wives; and it is something odd to talk with a civil, respectable, burgess-like man, dressed in ordinary coat and pantaloons, and wearing mutton-chop whiskers—a sort of man who in England would probably be a church-warden—and who has more consorts than an average Turk. Then again it is startling to be asked, "Do you know Mr. —— ?" and when I say "No, I don't," to be told, "Oh, you ought to know him. He came from England, and he has lately married two such nice English girls!" One morning, too, we have another kind of shock. There is a pretty little chambermaid in our hotel, a new-comer apparently, and she happens to find out that my wife and I had lived for many years in that part of the North of England from which she comes herself, whereupon she bursts into a perfect passion and tempest of tears, declares that she would rather be in her grave than in Salt Lake City, that she was deceived into coming, that the Mormonism she heard preached by the Mormon propaganda in England was a quite different thing from the Mormonism practised here, and that her only longing was to get out of the place, anyhow, forever. The girl seemed to be perfectly, passionately sincere. What could be done for her? Apparently nothing. She had spent all her money in coming out; and she seemed to be strongly under the conviction that, even if she had money, she could not get away. An influence was evidently over her which she had not the courage or strength of mind to attempt to resist, or even to elude. Doubtless, as she was a very pretty girl, she would be very soon sealed to some ruling elder. She said her sister had come with her, but the sister was in another part of the city, and since their arrival—only a few days, however—they had not met. My wife endeavored to console or encourage her, but the girl could only sob and protest that she never could learn to endure the place, but that she could not get away, and that she would rather be in her grave. We spoke of this case to one of the civil officers of the United States stationed in the city, and he shook his head and thought nothing could be done. The influence which enslaved this poor girl was not wholly that of force, but a power which worked upon her senses and her superstitions. I should think an underground railway would be a valuable institution to establish in connection with the Mormon city.

I well remember that when I lived in Liverpool, some ten or a dozen years ago, the Mormon propaganda, very active there, always kept the polygamy institution modestly in the background. Proselytes were courted and won by descriptions of a new Happy Valley, of a City of the Blest, where eternal summer shone, where the fruits were always ripe, where the earth smiled with a perpetual harvest, where labor and reward were plenty for all, and where the outworn toilers of Western Europe could renew their youth like the eagles. I remember, too, the remarkable case of a Liverpool family having a large business establishment in the most fashionable street of the great town, who were actually beguiled into selling off all their goods and property and migrating, parents, sons, and daughters, to the land of promise beyond the American wilderness, and how, before people had ceased to wonder at their folly, they all came back, humiliated, disgusted, cured. They had money and something like education, and they were a whole family, and so they were able, when they found themselves deceived, to effect a rapid retreat at the cost of nothing worse than disappointment and pecuniary loss. But for the poor, pretty serving-lass from Lancashire I do not know that there is much hope. Poverty and timidity and superstitious weakness will help to lock the Mormon chains around her. Perhaps she will

get used to the place in time. Ought one to wish that she may—or rather to echo her own prayer, and petition that she may find an early grave? The graveyards are densely planted with tombs here in this sacred city of Mormonism.

The place is unspeakably dreary. Hardly any women are ever seen in the streets, except on the Sunday, when all the families pour in to service in the huge Tabernacle. Most of the dwelling houses round the city are pent in behind walls. Most of the houses, too, have their dismal little *sucursales*, one or two or more, built on to the sides—and in each of these additions or wings to the original building a different wife and family are caged. There are no flower gardens anywhere. Children are bawling everywhere. Sometimes a wretched, slatternly, dispirited woman is seen lounging at the door or hanging over the gate of a house with a baby at her breast. More often, however, the house, or clump of houses, gives no external sign of life. It stands back gloomy in the sullen shade of its thick fruit trees, and might seem untenanted if one did not hear the incessant yelling of the children. We saw the women in hundreds, probably in thousands, at the Tabernacle on the Sunday—and what women they were! Such faces, so dispirited, depressed, shapeless, hopeless, soulless faces! No trace of woman's graceful pride and neatness in these slatternly, shabby, slouching, listless figures; no purple light of youth over these cheeks; no sparkle in these half-extinguished eyes. I protest that only in some of the *cretin* villages of the Swiss mountains have I seen creatures in female form so dull, miserable, moping, hopeless as the vast majority of these Mormon women. As we leave the Tabernacle, and walk slowly down the street amid the crowd, we see two prettily-dressed, lively-looking girls, who laugh with each other and are seemingly happy, and we thank Heaven that there are at least two merry, spirited girls in Salt Lake City. A few days after we meet our blithesome pair at Mintah station; and they are travelling with their father and mother on to San Francisco, whither we too are going—and we learn that they are not Mormons, but Gentiles—pleasant lasses from Philadelphia who had come with their parents to have a passing look at the externals of Mormonism.

My object, however, in writing this paper was to speak of the chief, Brigham Young himself, rather than of his city or his system. We saw Brigham Young, were admitted to prolonged speech of him, and received his parting benediction. The interview took place in the now famous house with the white walls and the gilded beehive on the top. We were received in a kind of office or parlor, hung round with oil paintings of the kind which in England we regard as "furniture," and which represented all the great captains and elders of Mormonism. Joseph Smith is there, and Brigham Young, and George L. Smith, now First Councillor; and various others whom to enumerate would be long, even if I knew or remembered their names. President Young was engaged just at the moment when we came, but his Secretary, a Scotchman, I think, and President George L. Smith, are very civil and cordial. George L. Smith is a huge, burly man, with a Friar Tuck joviality of paunch and visage, and a roll in his bright eye which, in some odd, undefined sort of way, suggests cakes and ale. He talks well, in a deep rolling voice, and with a dash of humor in his words and tone—he it is who irreverently but accurately likens the Tabernacle to a land-turtle. He speaks with immense admiration and reverence of Brigham Young, and specially commends his abstemiousness and hermit-like frugality in the matter of eating and drinking. Presently a door opens, and the oddest, most whimsical figure I have ever seen off the boards of an English country theatre stands in the room; and in a moment we are presented formally to Brigham Young.

There must be something of impressiveness and dignity about the man, for, odd as is his appearance and make up, one feels no inclination to laugh. But such a figure! Brigham Young wears a long-tailed. high-collared coat; the swallow-tails nearly touch the ground; the collar is about his ears. In shape the garment is like the swallow-tail coats which negro-melodists sometimes wear, or like the dandy English dress coat one can still see in prints in some of the shops of St. James street, London. But the material of Brigham's coat is some kind of rough, gray frieze, and the garment is adorned with huge brass buttons. The vest and trowsers are of the same material. Round the neck of the patriarch is some kind of bright crimson shawl, and on the patriarch's feet are natty little boots of the shiniest polished leather. I must say that the gray frieze coat of antique and wonderful construction, the gaudy crimson shawl, and the dandy boots make up an incongruous whole which irresistibly reminds one at first of the holiday get-up of some African King who adds to a great coat, preserved as an heirloom since Mungo Park's day, a pair of modern top-boots, and a lady's bonnet. The whole appearance of the patriarch, when one has got over the African monarch impression, is like that of a Suffolk farmer as presented on the boards of a Surrey theatre. But there is decidedly an amount of composure and even of dignity about Brigham Young which soon makes one forget the mere ludicrousness of the patriarch's external appearance. Young is a handsome man—much handsomer than his portrait on the wall would show him. Close upon seventy years of age, he has as clear an eye and as bright a complexion as if he were a hale English farmer of fifty-five. But there is something fox-like and cunning lurking under the superficial good-nature and kindliness of the face. He seems, when he speaks to you most effusively and plausibly, to be quietly studying your expression to see whether he is really talking you over or not. The expression of his face, especially of his eyes, strangely and provokingly reminds me of Kossuth. I think I have seen Kossuth thus watch the face of a listener to see whether or not the listener was conquered by his wonderful power of talk. Kossuth's face, apart from its intellectual qualities, appeared to me to express a strange blending of vanity, craft, and weakness; and Brigham Young's countenance now seems to show just such a mixture of qualities. Great force of character the man must surely have; great force of character Kossuth, too, had; but the face of neither man seemed to declare the possession of such a quality. Brigham Young decidedly does not impress me as a man of great ability; but rather as a man of great plausibility. I can at once understand how such a man, with such an eye and tongue, can easily exert an immense influence over women. Beyond doubt he is a man of genius; but his genius does not reveal itself, to me at least, in his face or his words. He speaks in a thin, clear, almost shrill tone, and with much apparent *bonhomie*. After a little commonplace conversation about the city, its improvements, approaches etc., the Prophet voluntarily goes on to speak of himself, his system, and his calumniators. His talk soon flows into a kind of monologue, and is indeed a curious rhapsody of religion, sentimentality, shrewdness and egotism. Sometimes several sentences succeed each other in which his hearers hardly seem to make out any meaning whatever, and Brigham Young appears a grotesque kind of Coleridge. Then again in a moment comes up a shrewd meaning very distinctly expressed, and with a dash of humor and sarcasm gleaming fantastically amid the scriptural allusions and the rhapsody of unctuous words. The purport of the whole is that Brigham Young has been misunderstood, misprized, and calumniated, even as Christ was; that were Christ to come up to-morrow in New York

or London He would be misundertsood, misprized, and caluminated, even as Brigham Young now is; and that Brigham Young is not to be dismayed though the stars in their courses should fight against him. He protests with especial emphasis and at the same time especial meekness, with eyes half closed and delicately-modulated voice, against the false reports that any manner of force or influence whatever is, or ever was, exercised to keep men or women in Salt Lake City against their will. He appeals to the evidence of our own eyes, and asks us whether we have not seen for ourselves that the city is free to all to come and go as they will. At this time we had not heard the story told by the poor little maid at the hotel; but in any case the evidence of our eyes could go no farther than to prove that travellers like ourselves were free to enter and depart. We have, however, little occasion to trouble ourselves about answering; for the Prophet keeps the talk pretty well all to himself. His manner is certainly not that of a man of culture, but it has a good deal of the quiet grace and self-possession of what we call a gentleman. There is nothing *prononcé* or vulgar about him. Even when he is most rhapsodical his speech never loses its ease and gentleness of tone. He is bland, benevolent, sometimes quietly pathetic in manner. He poses himself *en victime*, but with the air of one who does this regretfully and only from a disinterested sense of duty. I begin very soon to find that there is no need of my troubling myself much to keep up the conversation; that my business is that of a listener; that the Prophet conceives himself to be addressing some portion of the English or American press through my humble medium. So I listen and my companion listens; and Brigham Young talks on; and I do declare and acknowledge that we are fast drifting into a hazy mental condition by virtue of which we begin to regard the Mormon President as a victim of cruel persecution, a suffering martyr and an injured angel!

Time, surely, that the interview should come to a close. We tear ourselves away, and the Prophet dismisses us with a fervent and effusive blessing. "Good-bye—do well, mean well, pray always. Christ be with you, God be with you, God bless you." All this, and a great deal more to the same effect, was uttered with no vulgar, maw-worm demonstrativeness of tone or gesture, no nasal twang, no uplifted hands; but quietly, earnestly, as if it came unaffectedly from the heart of the speaker. We took leave of Brigham Young, and came away a little puzzled as to whether we had been conversing with an impostor or a fanatic, a Peter the Hermit or a Tartuffe. One thing, however, is clear to me. I do not say that Brigham Young is a Tartuffe; but I know now how Tartuffe ought to be played so as to render the part more effective and more apparently natural and lifelike than I have ever seen it on French or English stage.

No one can doubt the sincerity of the homage which the Mormons in general pay to Brigham Young. One man, of the working class, apparently, with whom I talked at the gate of the Tabernacle, spoke almost with tears in his eyes of the condescension the Prophet always manifested. My informant told me that he was at one time disabled by some hurt or ailment; and, the first day that he was able to come into the street again, President Young happened to be passing in his carriage, and caught sight of the convalescent. "He stopped his carriage, sir, called me over to him, addressed me by my name, shook hands with me, asked me how I was getting on, and said he was glad to see me out again." The poor man was as proud of this as a French soldier might have been if the Little Corporal had recognized him and called him by his name. There is no flattery which the great can offer to the humble like this way of addressing the man by his right name, and thus proving that the identity of the small creature

has lived clearly in the memory of the great being. Many a renowned commander has endeared himself to the soldiers whom he regarded and treated only as the instruments of his business, by the mere fact that he took care to remember men's names. They would gladly die for one who could be so nobly gracious, and could thus prove that they were regarded by him as worthy to occupy each a distinct place in his busy mind. The niggardliness and selfishness of John, Duke of Marlborough, the savage recklessness of Claverhouse, were easily forgotten by the poor private soldiers whom each commander made it his business, when occasion required, to address correctly by their appropriate names of Tom, Dick, or Harry. Lord Palmerston governed the House of Commons and most of those outside it with whom he usually came into contact, by just such little arts or courtesies as this. In one of Messrs. Erckmann and Chatrian's novels we read of a soldier who declares himself ready to go to the death for Marshal Ney because the Marshal, who originally belonged to the same district as himself, had just recognized his fellow-countryman and called him by his name. But the hero of the novel is somewhat grim and sarcastic, and he thinks it was not so wonderful a condescension that Ney should have recognized an old comrade and called him by his name. Perhaps the hero of the tale had not himself received any such recognition from Ney—perhaps if it had been vouchsafed to him he, too, would have been ready to go to the death. Anyhow, this correct calling of names, and quick recognition has always been a great power in the governing of men and women. "Deal you in words," is the advice of Mephistophiles to the student, in Faust, "and you may leave others to do the best they can with things." I was able to appreciate the governing power of Brigham Young all the better when I had heard the expression of this poor Mormon's gratitude and homage to the great President who had shaken hands with him and addressed him promptly and correctly by his name.

This same Mormon was very communicative. Indeed, as a rule, I found most of the men in Salt Lake City ready and even eager to discuss their "peculiar institution," and to invite Gentile opinion on it. He showed us his two wives, and declared that they lived together in perfect harmony and happiness; never had a word of quarrel, but were contented and loving as two sisters. He delivered a panegyric on the moral condition of Salt Lake City, where, he declared, there was no dishonesty, no drunkenness, and no prostitution. I believe he was correct in his description of the place. From many quite impartial authorities I heard the same accounts of the honesty of the Mormons. There certainly is no drunkenness to be observed anywhere openly, and I believe (although I have heard others assert the contrary) that Salt Lake City is really and truly free from this vice; and I suppose it goes without saying that there is little or no prostitution in a place where a man is expected to keep as many wives as his means will allow him. Intelligent Mormons rely immensely on this absence of prostitution as a justification of their system. They seem to think that when they have said, "We have no prostitutes," all is said; and that the Gentile, with the shames of London, Paris and New York burning in his memory and his conscience, must be left without a word of reply. Brigham Young, in conversation with me, dwelt much on this absence of prostitution. Orson Pratt preached in the Tabernacle during our stay a sermon obviously "at" the Gentile visitors, who were just then specially numerous; and he drew an emphatic contrast between the hideous profligacy of the Eastern cities and the purity of the Salt Lake community. I must say, for myself, that I do not think the question can thus be settled; I do not think prostitution so great an evil as polygamy. If this blunt declaration should shock anybody's moral feelings I am sorry for it; but it is none the less the ex-

pression of my sincere conviction. Pray do not set me down as excusing prostitution. I think it the worst of all social evils—except polygamy. I think polygamy the worse evil, because I am convinced that, regarded from a physiological, moral, religious, and even merely poetical and sentimental point of view, the only true social bond to be sought and maintained and justified is the loving union of one man with one woman—at least until death shall part the two. Now, I regard the existence of prostitution as a proof that some men and women fail to keep to the right path. I look on polygamy as a proof that a whole community is going directly the wrong way. No man proposes to himself to lead a life of profligacy. He falls into it. He would get out of it if he only could—if the world and the flesh and the devil were not now and then too strong for him. But the polygamist deliberately sets up and justifies and glorifies a system which is as false to physiology as it is to morals. Observe that I do not say the polygamist is necessarily an immoral man. Doubtless he is often—in Utah I really believe he is commonly—a sincere, devoted, mistaken man, who honestly believes himself to be doing right. But when he attempts to vindicate his system on the ground that it banishes prostitution, I, for myself, declare that I believe a society which has to put up with prostitution is in better case and hope than one which deliberately adopts polygamy. I am emphatic in expressing this opinion because, as I am opposed to any stronghanded or legal movement whatever to put down Brigham Young and his system, I desire to have it clearly understood that my opinions on the subject of polygamy are quite decided, and that no one who has clamored, or may hereafter clamor, for the uprooting of Mormonism by fire and sword, can have less sympathy than I have with Mormonism's peculiar institution.

Let me return to Brigham Young. I saw the Prophet but twice—once in the street and once in his own house, where the interview took place which I have described. The day after that on which I last saw him he left Salt Lake City and went into the country—some people said to avoid the necessity of meeting Mr. Colfax, who was just then expected to arrive with his party from the West. My impressions, therefore, of Brigham Young and his personal character are necessarily hasty, and probably superficial. I can only say that he did not impress me either as a man of great genius, or as a mere *charlatan*. My impression is that he is a sincere man—that is to say, a man who sincerely believes in himself, accepts his own impulses, prejudices and passions as divine instincts and intuitions to be the law of life for himself and others, and who, therefore, has attained that supreme condition of utterly unsparing and pitiless selfishness when the voice of self is listened to as the voice of God. With such a sincerity is quite consistent the adoption of every craft and trick in the government of men and women. Nobody can doubt that Napoleon I. was perfectly sincere as regards his faith in himself, his destiny, and his duty; and yet there was no trick of lawyer, or play-actor, or priest, of which he would not condescend to avail himself if it served his purpose. This is not the sincerity of a Pascal, or a Garibaldi, or a Garrison; but it is just as genuine and infinitely more common. It is the kind of sincerity which we meet every day in ordinary life, when we see some dogmatic, obstinate father of a family or sense-carrier of a small circle trying to mould every will and conscience and life under his control according to his own pedantic standard, and firmly confident all the time that his own perverseness and egotism are a guiding inspiration from heaven. After all, the downright, conventional stage-hypocrite is the rarest of all beings in real life. I sometimes doubt whether there ever was *in rerum naturâ* any one such creature. I suppose Tartuffe had persuaded himself into self-worship, into the conviction that everything he said and did must be right. I look upon Brigham Young as a man

of such a temperament and character. Cunning and crafty he undoubtedly is, unless all evidences of eye, and lip, and voice belie him; but we all know that many a fanatic who boldly and cheerfully mounted the funeral pile or the scaffold for his creed had over and over again availed himself of all the tricks of craft and cunning to maintain his ascendancy over his followers. The fanatic is often crafty just as the madman is: the presence of craft in neither case disproves the existence of sincerity.

I believe Brigham Young to be simply a crafty fanatic. That he professes and leads his creed of Mormonism merely to obtain lands and beeves and wives, I do not believe, although this seems to be the general impression among the Gentiles who visit his city. I am convinced that he regards himself as a prophet and a heaven-appointed leader, and that this belief prevents him from seeing how selfish he is in one sense and how ridiculous in another. Any man who can deliberately put on such a coat in combination with such a pair of boots, as Brigham Young displayed during my interview with him, must have a faith in himself which would sustain him in anything. No human creature capable of looking at any two sides of a question where he himself was concerned, ever did or could present himself in public and expect to be reverenced when arrayed in such uncouth and preposterous toggery.

I cannot pretend to have had any extraordinary revelations of the inner mysteries or miseries of Mormonism made to me during my stay at Salt Lake City. Other travellers, nearly all other travellers indeed, have apparently been more fortunate or more pushing and persevering. I fancy it is rather difficult just now to get to know much of the interior of Mormon households; and I confess that I never could quite understand how people, otherwise honorable and upright, can think themselves justified in worming their way into Mormon confidences, and then making profit one way or another by revelations to the public. But one naturally and unavoidably hears, in Salt Lake City, of things which are deeply significant and which he may without scruple put into print. For example—there was a terrible pathos to my mind in the history of a respectable and intelligent woman who, years and years ago, when her life, now fading, was in its prime, married a man now a shining light of Mormonism, whose photograph you may see anywhere in Salt Lake City. She has been superseded since by divers successive wives; she is now striving in a condition far worse than widowhood to bring up her seven or eight children, and she has not been favored with even a passing call for more than a year and a half by the husband of her youth, who lives with the newest of his wives a few hundred yards away. I am told that such things are perfectly common; that the result of the system is to plant in Utah a number of families which may be described practically as households without husbands and fathers. I believe the lady of whom I have just spoken accepts her destiny with sad and firm resignation. Her faith in the religion of Mormonism is unshaken, and she regards her forlorn and widowed life as the heaven-appointed cross, by the bearing of which she is to win her eternal crown. Of course the Indian widows regard their bed of flames, the Russian women-fanatics behold their mutilated and mangled breasts with a similar enthusiasm of hope and superstition. But none the less ghastly and appalling is the monstrous faith which exacts and glorifies such unnatural sacrifices. These dreary homes, widowed not by death, seem to be the saddest, most shocking birth of Mormonism. After all, this is not the polygamy of the East, bad as that may be. "Give us," exclaimed M. Thiers in the French Chamber, three or four years ago, when Imperialism had reached the zenith of its despotic power—"give us liberty as in Austria!" So I can well imagine one of these superseded

and lonely wives in Salt Lake City, crying aloud in the bitterness of her heart, "Give us polygamy as in Turkey!"

That the thing is a religion, however hideously it may show, I do not doubt. I mean that I feel no doubt that the great majority of the Mormon men are drawn to and kept in Mormonism by a belief in its truth and vital force as a religion. I do not believe that conscious and hypocritical sensuality is the leading impulse in making them or keeping them members of the Mormon church. I never heard of any community where a sensual man found any difficulty in gratifying his sensuality; nor are the vast majority of the Mormons men belonging to a class on whom a severe public opinion would bear so directly that they must necessarily wander thousands of miles away across the desert in order to be able comfortably to gratify their immoral propensities. To me, therefore, the possibility which appears most dangerous of all is the chance of any sudden crusade, legal or otherwise, being set on foot against this perverted and unfortunate people. Left to itself, I firmly believe that Mormonism will never long bear the glare of daylight, the throng of witnesses, the intelligent rivalry, the earnest and active criticism, poured in and forced in upon it by the Pacific railroads. But if it can bear all this then it can bear anything whatever which human ingenuity or force can put in arms against it; and it will run its course and have its day, let the Federal Hercules himself do what he may. Meanwhile it would be well to bear in mind that Mormonism has thus far cumbered the earth for comparatively a very few years; that all its members there in Utah counted together would hardly equal the population of a respectable street in London; and that at this moment the whole concern is ricketty and shaky, and threatens to tumble to pieces. I know that some of the ruling elders are panting for persecution; that they are openly doing their very best to "draw fire;" that they are daily endeavoring to work on the fears or the passions of Federal officials resident at Salt Lake by threats of terrible deeds to be done in the event of any attempt being made to interfere with Mormonism. Many of these Mormon apostles, dull, vulgar and clownish as they seem, have foresight enough to see that their system sadly needs just now the stimulus of a little persecution, and have fanatical courage enough to put themselves gladly in the front of any danger for the sake of sowing by their martyrdom the seed of the church. "That man," said William the Third of England, speaking of an inveterate conspirator against him "is determined to be made a victim, and I am determined not to make him one." I hope the United States will deal with the Mormons in a similar spirit. At the same time, I would ask my brothers of the pen whether those of them who have visited Salt Lake City have not made the place seem a good deal more wonderful, more alluringly mysterious, more grandly paradoxical in its nature, than it really is? I feel convinced that if people in Lancashire and Wales and Sweden had all been made distinctly aware that Salt Lake City is only a dusty or muddy little commonplace country hamlet, where labor is not less hard and is not any better paid than in dozens or scores of small hamlets this side the Missouri, one vast temptation to emigrate thither, the temptation supplied by morbid curiosity and ignorant wonder, would never have had any conquering power, and Mormonism would have been deprived of many thousand votaries. For, regarded in an artistic point of view, the City of the Saints is a vulgar sham; a trumpery humbug; and I verily believe that it has swelled into importance not more through the fanatical energy of its governing elders and the ignorance of their followers, than through the extravagant exaggeration and silly wonder of most of its hostile visitors and critics.

JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

POLLY MARINER, TAILORESS.

TAUNTON street is long and high. A wide road, skirted by equally wide strips of turf, in whose shallow gutters (a single furrow of the plough, grassed over by time) grow May-weed, yarrow, and nettle, herbs of repellant touch and vile odor, it runs on the top of Taunton Hill, from whose broad and long crest you can see more of western Connecticut, in its development of bare round hills, mullein-stalks, stones, and life-everlasting, than is good for the soul of the thrifty, or pleasant to the eyes of the discerning.

Whatever is agreeable to behold lies on either hand in the white, red, or brown farm-houses, each in its own green yard, with a garden on one hand and a lane leading to the barn and shed on the other; some more adorned than others with lilac-bushes and sticky rose-acacias, others more neatly ordered about door-step, chip-yard, and picket-fence; but all wearing a certain patient and pathetic homeliness that must have risen thousands of times before dying eyes, and filled them with homesick tears.

On the very top of Taunton Hill, or, rather, on the middle of its broad back, stood the old white meeting-house, and behind it, on the eastern slope, the grave-yard. No elegant cemetery where one can return to dust regardless of expense in rosewood and velvet, wept over by marble angels holding cold blossoms; but a quiet, deserted-looking place of burial, wearing the natural loneliness of death; altogether separated from life, except at the rare and silent funerals that gathered there on business; or when, once in a decade, some profane antiquary, fumbling after dates among the brown stones, discovered among those gaping and agonized cherubs a record to the effect that Mrs. Lovina Jinkinson's "etherial parts became a seraph on the 15th of June," and smiled behind his silk handkerchief.

Half a mile beyond this abode of religion and mortality was a small red house, standing in its own yard and having a little garden to the south, but neither lane nor barn; a drooping elm tree shaded it in front, and one huge apple-tree spread its gnarled growth over the end of the garden; cinnamon-roses grew on either side of the flat, gray door-stone; but no further floral decorations softened the grim aspect of those always-shut windows, behind whose green glass, greener paper shades preserved a ghastly twilight in the "front room." But a little sidling path, well worn through the turf, led round the corner to the south door, a place of cheerier countenance, where broods of chickens peeped and pecked; where the cat washed her face in the sunshine; and where the opened door gave pleasant glimpses of a clean kitchen, with 'Sire Mariner in a tall, list-bottomed arm-chair sitting by the fire doing nothing, and Polly, his daughter, bustling about doing everything. Desire Mariner (commonly called 'Sire) was a placid, weakly, peace-loving old man, who had been sexton and shoemaker time out of mind in Taunton street. If you wanted a pair of shoes he could make them in three weeks, if nothing happened; if you wanted a grave dug it took him all day to do it. His wife had lived in a state of bustle and aggravation while she did live. And when she died her child carried on the business.

"Well, Polly, what be you a goin' to do now?" said Mrs. Perkins, the deacon's wife, to Polly, as she entered the house behind her, coming home from Marah Mariner's funeral.

"Learn a trade," said Polly, nowise resenting the freedom of speech which interfered with her private affairs on what should have been a solemn and sad occasion.

"The land's sake!" and up went Mrs. Perkins's eyes. "Learn a trade! well, I never! 'n here you've had a real good edication, 'n might jest as well get a good deestrick school as not, 'n stay to home 'n take keer of him!"

"I han't had no great schoolin', Miss Perkins, though I s'pose I could make shift to knock what little I had into childern's heads, but keep school I never will. Firstly, I hate damp boys, they're always gettin' damp and steamin', and I'd as lieve be choked to once. Secondly, I hate boys any way; they're nothin' but torments; an' thirdly, I hate school-keepin'. You don't never suit: if you're strict, then folks sez you're cruel and bad dispositioned; if you're easy an' jest git along, then you're slack and lazy. I'd jest as willin'ly be a minister's wife as a schoolma'am, an' I can't say no more'n that. No, my mind's made up; mother 'n me talked it over. Aunt Roxy's goin' to stay here 'long of father for a year, while Sammell and his wife goes out to Indianny to get settled; and then she's goin', too, and by that time I'll have got my trade learned and come home."

"Well, well, I s'pose you'll do jest as you'd ruther."

And so Polly did; vain were all the remonstrances of friends and neighbors, off she went the next week to Hartford, and there, by dint of hard work, "doing chores" for her board, and grubbing through all the mysteries of cutting, pressing, turning, and button-holing, she became mistress of her art, and returned to Taunton street as accomplished a tailoress as the times afforded; but, alas! her fair plans of a busy and vivacious life, going out day by day to the neighboring farmers' houses with her beneficent press-board, shears, and headless thimble, where she would be regaled with the best of food and the freshest of gossip, all fell through. 'Sire Mariner was hopelessly bed-ridden when Polly came back, and Aunt Roxy all packed for her western journey.

Nothing very serious seemed to ail the old man—he had been rheumatic, taken cold, gone to bed, and found it was a warm, comfortable place, and lain there till the unused muscles and dulled circulation became a fixed physical habit, and he had no energy of mind or elasticity of nerves to combat the mild depression that held him as it were in cobweb chains.

Still, he needed constant care and made constant trouble. Polly could not leave him for more than an hour, and he would spill his food, and drop his snuff, and tip over the tallow-candle, till Polly's hair crinkled more fiercely than ever, and she scolded and bustled like a domestic blackbird. Whatever tailoring she could take in at home she did, and did well, and even condescended to plain sewing at odd times. She hoed the garden, after old Isr'el Grubb had dug and planted it; she made root beer to sell, and concocted syrups of great power in cases of "humors" and "spine in the back." Sometimes she made election cake, a Connecticut institution that takes as much "judgment" to its final success as a salad, and nobody made such hop-yeast as Polly. All these things eked out a frugal existence for the two during the next ten years, and then one night 'Sire Mariner went to sleep and never woke up. Mrs. Deacon Perkins had on the same black bombazine, the same figured lace veil over a brown silk bonnet, and the same gray-centred broché shawl that adorned her before, when she followed Polly into the house this time after the funeral, with the same question on her thin lips,

"Well, Polly, what be you goin' to do, now?"

"Tailorin'," says Polly, undauntedly.

"I want to know! You ain't calculatin' to live here all alone be ye?"

"I don't expect to take boarders."

"Laws sakes! I wa'n't thinking o' that. I should suppose now you'd go an' make it your home with somebody, there's your Aunt Sary, she hain't got nobody to help her, 'n she's dreadful feeble this year, and I should think 't would be a kind of a dooty for ye, and a good home."

"Well, now, Miss Perkins," said Polly, sitting down deliberately and evidently resolved to finish the matter. "I a'n't a goin' into nobody's house that way. I don't b'lieve in 't. Whilst I live by myself an' take care of myself I a'n't beholden to nobody, and I know when my work's done and what's to pay for 't. I kin sing, or laugh, or cry, or fix my hair into a cocked hat, and nobody's got right or reason to say 'why do ye so?' Fact *is* I've got my liberty, 'n I'm goin' to keep it; it'll be hard work p'rhaps, but it's wuth it."

"Well, I never did see sech a contrayry creetur in all my born days," sighed Mrs. Perkins—"you'll live to repent it, sure as I'm alive, Polly Mariner! 'n what's more I don't b'lieve you'll stick to 't more'n a month!"

Polly felt no sinkings of heart at this denunciation; what had she to be afraid of? She shut her door and went to bed, no more solitary than she had been before. Her work was lightened of its heaviest routine, and when she had cleared away the traces of her father's occupancy, and cleaned her tiny house from top to bottom till the very tins shone, she sat down to her needle with a stout and contented heart, with nobody to make her afraid, though there were a few to molest her.

Now if Polly had been sixty instead of thirty-five she might have been let alone, except for the kindly gifts of their abundance that the neighbors might send in; but here was a strong, healthy, intelligent woman, cast on her own resources, and without a relative near enough to interfere with her choice of livelihood. What a help and treasure she would be in a family! not as a mere servant, but one of the household, ready to fill all gaps, fasten all loose threads, and be the general "knitter-up of unconsidered trifles."

Aunt Sary came first. Aunt by courtesy, as the second wife of Polly's step (not half) uncle. She was a thin, pale, dreary, bilious-looking woman, with dark eyes set in dismal hollows, drooping lips, emaciated temples, and a little iron-gray hair scratched up here and there on her head and crowned with a fearful black lace cap, that in its turn wore patches of dull purple ribbon. Aunt Sary was an invalid and a desponding woman.

"And what more can I say? she said." Talk about Ossa on Pelion! what were Chimborazo on Popocatapetl compared to dyspepsia and liver complaint on constitutional melancholy? To her, every wind blew from the east; all clouds were tempest; and all sunshine torrid; if snow killed or "kilt" her, heat and verdure had as bad an effect; the grasshopper was more than a burden to her, and the mourners had gone about the streets of her soul for so many years that everybody else had got worn out hearing their wails and howls, and fairly wished the funeral over. Yet Aunt Sary had, like all the rest of us miserable sinners, her good and loveable points. She was kind-hearted when she could be brought to consider anybody else's woes, she was a dutiful wife and mother. Though her husband's mental thermometer always sank when he entered the door, and her children kept out of her way, there were few women in Taunton more conscientiously dutiful than Mrs. Sarah Platt. Her fate was hard, for nobody loved her, and everything fretted her; shall not one rather pity than condemn the nettle whose bloom is so trivial and its foliage so repellant?

Polly Mariner did not feel any special compassion for nettles!

"Well Polly!" sighed Aunt Sary, painfully laboring up the two steps into the kitchen and dropping into the nearest chair. "You've been quite afflicted since I saw ye! It's a real mysterious Providence 't you should be left so to yourself!" (As if she was!)

"No 't a'nt," snapped Polly.

Aunt Sarah groaned.

"Well, I'm glad to see you don't feel your par's loss."

"Who said I didn't, Aunt Sary? I an't one to go a wipin my eyes on everybody's han'kercher. I hadn't never felt a call to cry on the meetin'-house steps nuther; but that don't say but what I've got feelings somewhere!"

"You hadn't got a monerment ready to put up for him I s'pose? Husband's got a slab to spare, I b'lieve; he got two when Malviny and Jane Maria was both so took down with fever, but you see Malviny got well, an' the slab's there in our back shed, and he's dreadful afraid it 'll get scratched and sp'ilt, so he'd let you hev it cheap."

"Well I don't know but what I'll come over an' dicker with him," said Polly, respectfully, somewhat softened by the prospect of a bargain.

"But that a'n't the most of what I come to say, Polly. I know 't you'll be dredful lonesome here, and husband and I 'll be real glad to have you come 'n make it your home with us; I have so many poor spells—and I don't seem to get the upper hand of 'em, they ruther gain on me—that I should be proper glad to have some grown woman in the house, though I calkerlate to do the heft of the work myself. You could have time to sew consider'ble, and I'd give ye the back chamber, where Hanner sleeps, and you could bring along what beddin' an' furnitoor you've got, and I guess the rent of this house would pay for your clothin' and I wouldn't begrudge ye what it didn't; and moreover it a'n't quite to my likin for a young woman to live to (by) herself so: 'n there!"

Mrs. Platt stopped, exhausted; wiped her face with a printed cotton handkerchief, and began to rock.

Polly had been sitting speechless, with her eyes fixed on her aunt, as if to hear what she would say to the end; and it was no pleasant thing to have those black eyes, so keen, so apprehending, so persistent, looking behind one's words into their thoughts! No wonder Aunt Sary's face shone with unwonted drops of sweat!

"What did you pay Marthy Wade last year," said she, at length.

Aunt Sary stared, but spoke.

"Well, I gin her a dollar a week." (Dear reader this was forty years ago!)

"Well now, Aunt Sary, I don't expect to go out to doin' chores for nobody, and ef I did I wouldn't do it for nothin! Work's wuth pay, 'n when I can't I'll go to the town-farm 'n be took in."

"Oh, Polly! Polly!"

"And what's more, if I an't old enough to take keer of myself, 'n live by myself, I don't know who is. I'm five-an'-thirty year old last December, 'n I'd cut my eye-teeth quite a spell ago, and I a'n't a goin' to live with nobody, much less for nothin', as I told ye before."

"Oh Polly! I'm dredful disapp'inted I do declare. I'd lotted on havin' ye to my house; but I han't got no strength to battle it out with ye, an' come to think on't I guess it's all for the best, as providences generally be, for I shouldn't want your fellers round in the keepin'-room evenin's!"

At this last little feminine fling Polly blazed; for it was a notorious fact in the village that no young man had ever cared to face her temper and her tongue enough to "keep company" with her.

"There, now you've done it! I never knew a dreadful good, sickly woman but what could sting jest as well as a honey-bee. No ma'am! you won't be troubled with me nor my company, but I wish you well and good afternoon, and I hope you won't be troubled with nothin' wuss—nor your husband neither!"

Mrs. Platt began to wipe her eyes and snuffle so violently that Polly knew she had driven her to the wall, and watched her retreat down the yard with grim satisfaction.

Next day came another afflicter of her peace in the sweet guise of Cousin Rachel Green, a Quakeress of the gentlest sort: one of those "sporadic cases," as the doctors call them, of Quakerism, that now and then blossom out in remote New England villages.

Peace on earth and goodwill toward men embodied Rachel's moral creed, and peace lived in her pure eyes, smoothed the fair old forehead, and almost bloomed on those sweet, faded lips. Something like a south wind in early spring sounded in Polly's ear as she sat by the window stitching a pair of overalls, though it only said—

"Good-day, Polly; thee is as busy as ever, I see."

"Why, Miss Green! do tell if it's you? Walk right in and sit down. I've been kind of expectin' ye quite a spell!"

"And I should have been to see thee before, Polly; but I have been down to Westerly, to stay with Jonathan's father, who was nigh death for quite a while. I only came back yesterday, and heard thee had experienced a great loss. So I came over as quickly as I could."

"Well, yes; father was a kind of a loss. He hadn't been no great company for several years along back, and it was consider'ble of a chore to keer for him jest as one had oughter; but I expect I miss him as much as most folks would, though I a'n't one o' the frettin' kind."

"Thee has been a good daughter to him, and that is a comfort; and then thee must feel also that he is better off without the affliction of the body, and rejoiced to meet thy mother."

"Well, I don't know about that," rejoined Polly, a refractory smile twisting the deep corners of her mouth in spite of herself. "I expect we're all kind o' made over in another state; ef we a'n't I don't see much use in goin' there."

Friend Green looked hard at the cooking-stove. She was undeniably shocked; but her habitual and unbounded charity speedily put its own construction, like the outpouring of a golden mist, on Polly's speech.

"Yes, we shall all be changed, it saith in Scripture, and I think, with thee, it is a blessed change to lay off our mortality, and take on us spiritual garments white and clean."

Polly looked at her, but said no more.

"I came to see thee also, Polly, to ask about thy plans; not in the spirit of curiosity, but that I might help thee if I could."

"My plans is pretty much cut an' dried, Miss Green. I guess I shall git enough tailorin' to do, now't I can go out an' do't; 'n Isr'el Grubb 'll fix my garden for me, and I understand plantin' and weedin' pretty well. I can raise what green sass I need to hev', an' yarbs, 'n I guess potatoes enough; because I expect to get a good deal o' boardin', you know; 'n that's why I'd ruther go out than take work to home. Besides, it's kinder refrashin' to go round and see folks. I don't hanker no great to travil to see mountains, and sea-sides, and what folks in the newspapers call 'natur'.' I'd sights liveser see folks. I like to hear talk, and talk myself, 'nd git sorter interested in what's goin' on. I expect

that's what people were meant to do—not go pokin' around with their noses in the air after stumps and trees, and sightly places thet can't say nor do so much as a fannin'-mill any time o' day."

"If those is thy feelings, Polly, don't thee think it's a leading for thee to find a home in some family where thee'll be one of the household, and have thy interests, as it were, all in a place? There is many a family here and elsewhere would be glad to have a capable person like thee amongst them."

"Oh dear! Miss Green! who'd ha' thought you was goin' to pester me about that, too! I tell you what! I've made up my mind about it, 'n it'll take a sight to change it. I a'n't one o' them complyin' and good-natered critturs that'll give up, 'n give up, 'n give up, till they can't call their souls their own; them's the kind that's good to live in other folks's families, 'n to go into the ministry; and they a'n't good for nothin' else. I want to do what I'm a mind to, 'n I can't be yoked up to other folks's wants anyhow; leastways no more'n just for a spell—say a day or so. Also, I must use my tongue if I have to speak in meetin'. I've got to call a spade a spade, an' a lie a lie; and you know that don't allers sound savory; but it doos appear better, a heap, in them that has house an' land o' their own, and a place to hid their sassy heads in, than in them that's allers under foot. Now hain't I got reason to roast my eggs by?"

"I don't deny that thee has reason, Polly: thy talk sounds well-considered; but I am fearful that by-and-by thee may get to hanker after those family ties that seem burdensome to thee now. Thee knows the Scripture, 'It is not good for man to be alone,' which, I think, meaneth not a man but the whole humanity. It hath pleased the Lord to leave thee solitary in respect of relations, but 'He setteth the solitary in families.'"

"Well, I don't feel, to be sure, that they're other people's families; 'n if I han't got no relations, 'pears to me, ef you git to talkin' about Providence, that it looks 's though I was kinder intended to be left by myself!"

Rachel had to smile; the inherent dry sense of humor that seems to be the calyx of a Quakeress blossom like this was tickled by Polly's ingenious defence of her own will and way.

"Well, thee must act by thy lights, Polly, and remember thee has plenty of good friends if thee changes thy mind."

"Thankey, kindly, Miss Green. I guess I ain't like to forget you amongst 'em."

This was so much more sentiment than Polly often indulged in, that she retired behind the overalls under pretence of some omitted overcasting, and only said "Good-by," in a prim and grim way, when Friend Green departed.

Alas for the weakness of human nature! No sooner had the little gate clicked to than down went those friendly overalls on the floor.

"I swan to man, it's enough to crisp one's eyelashes to have sech pesterin' goin' on all the time; why in the name o' judgment I can't be left to do what I darn please is musical to me. Anyhow, I guess I'll do it, or I'll know why an' wherefore, as true 's my name's Polly Mariner."

But Polly was troubled no more; on the contrary, aid and comfort came to her in the person of Isr'el Grubb, no later than the next morning, when he thrust his grizzled head and shrewd wrinkled face into the back door, early.

"Mornin', Miss Polly. Say! Jehiel wants to know if them overhauls o' his'n a'n't nigh about done?"

"Why yes! they be. I set the last stitch into 'em last night."

"Well, Jehiel's wife she wants you to come over there a spell next week and fix up her boys; school's a goin' to keep next week."

"Yes; I'll go any time after Tuesday night."

"I declare for 't! you're real prompt. I do hate to see folks fiddlin' round 's though they was so shif'less they didn't know nothin'. Say! I heerd down to the store you giv Miss Platt an all-fired dressin' when she come for to git you to go 'n live with her."

"Well, now, that's a Taunton lie! I didn't do no sech thing; first she pestered me, 'n then she sassed me, 'n what I said back didn't no way square the bill, you'd better believe."

"I don't say but what I think you had the right on't ef you did," pursued Isr'el, taking off his hat as if to find his rag of a handkerchief, and settling himself on the doorstep, where he resumed the hat after shaking and turning it round. "It allers seemed to me the foolishest thing a woman could do 't hadn't got no folks, to go 'n take 'em on. Good land! *did* ever anybody see men-folks do sech a gawpin' thing? I guess it 'ud look pooty to see old Granther Styles, or me, took into somebody's house to do chores for nothin! I don't know as men-folks ginerally knows more 'n wimmen, 'bout house, 'n sich; but they do know enough to work jest as long as bones an' sinners (he meant sinews) 'll hang together, 'n then go to the town-haouse 'thout makin' no fuss."

"I guess there's all kinds o' folks in the world, Isr'el, 'n I'm glad I a'n't one on 'em, as Miss Purkis used ter say, 'nd I do s'pose there's some wimmen 's jest as good as some men, an' some men jest as good-for-nothin' as some wimmen!"

"Well, I guess there be. Naow, I calkerlate to dig your garden for ye next week, 'nd in case you want anything o' me dredful bad any time, you can jest put a white handkercher or suthin in your keepin'-room winder, or a lamp ef so be it's night-time, 'n ef I or my folks sees it, we'll be raound pootty spry, I tell ye."

"Well, I don't know but what I will, though I guess I shan't get skeered."

"But ye might be sick: folks is flesh an' blood, if they be dredful mighty. I'll tell Jehiel to come round for ye real early Wednesday."

Isr'el sauntered off, and on that next Wednesday began the public life and services of Polly Mariner, tailoress. It needs a personal acquaintance with the lonely and hard lives of New England farmers, and more especially their wives, to fully comprehend how Polly became at once a power in the land. She was a woman of strong character and great courage. Had she lived in these days, the very queens of the women's rights party would have been domineered over, outscolded and out-dressed by her. She would not have stopped short of masculine garments in the adoption of masculine privileges; for she had that rarest of feminine gifts, except one, a logical mind; and beginning at the end of a clue would unwind it with precision and skill to the very end, bitter or not, as it might be. But, happily for this generation, she lived in the last, and Fate, always intelligent and benign under its severest aspect, even when we hesitate to call it by its Christian name of Providence, compelled her to a sphere where she did good less mingled with evil than it might have been in the unrestrained possession of pulpit, platform, and press. If Polly (forgive the misquotation)

To a village gave up what was meant for mankind,

mankind and the village were both the better. She circulated among the solitary farm-houses far and near, like a racy newspaper, for one thing. She had a faculty, frequent in old maids, of having genealogies at her tongue's end. She knew who everybody's grandfather's first wife's second cousin married, and where all their children had settled. All the children's ages in every house were referred to her as final authority, if they chanced to have been left out of the family

record. She was infallible on pickles, sweetmeats, "jell," curing hams, and corning beef: nobody made such soap, or such yeast. Hens that recalcitrated from their yearly duties quaked before her, and began to set under her "methods" as if nothing could please them better. She even knew how to eradicate smut from wheat and cut potatoes for planting better than half the farmers; and as for news! not a mouse squeaked anywhere within her rounds but she could and would tell the next cat of it. Judge what tireless gossip flowed from her vivacious tongue and tickled the dull pool of many a household into ripples of laughter, regret, or astonishment, full of mental healing for those stagnant lives.

Then Polly had another gift, equally beneficent if more poignant. She had the power and the will to tell truths, pleasant or unpleasant, in a manner that was as convincing as caustic; for the strong common-sense that gave her insight its practical value weighted all her shafts and sent them deep into the mark. Nobody seemed to be much offended, or if they were they sulked awhile and got over it, for Polly was as impervious to sullen looks or sharp words as a duck to rain, and she was too necessary to be lightly set aside. Poor Mr. Evarts, the minister, who was once, for his sins, preaching as "candidate" in Taunton, dated his disappointment there from the day a sewing-circle met at Deacon Griswold's, and Polly "freed her mind."

"What do I think about him, Miss Gris'l'd? Well—I think he's small pertaters and few in a hill. I don't hev no faith in a man 't gits up in a pulpit an' preaches away about flowers, 'n stars, 'n love, 'n crystal springs, 'n all that. A'n't we sinners? 'n pretty bad ones, too, at that. And what on airth did he expect to do when he set up to preach ef 'twan't to make folks better? I don't like to hear his posies no better 'n I did to hear Parson Tinker allers thunderin damnation, and 'lection, an' decrees. What I like 's to have him preach so 't the men-folks 'll go home an' try to behave better to their wives, an' their children, an' their helps; and the wimmen 'll stop frettin', and whinin', and fault-findin', and sayin mean, stingin' things to each other when they get vexed. Fact is, I want to get kinder licked smooth myself, 'nd git some patience drummed into me. I don't want a snip like that set up, to hash verses and reel em off cos he's paid to do sumthin an' that's all he can do. Supposin' you was took dredful sick 'n struck with death, and naterally enough your folks sent for the minister to come 'n see ye! What kind o' use or comfort would this little peepin crittur be a talkin' about harps 'n angels 'n sech? I tell ye, Miss Gris'l'd, a minister had ought to be a man, and a smart un', and a good un'. Ef the Lord's work's worth doin', its worth doin' well jest as much as yourn or mine is; thet's what I think about it!"

"Well, I don't know but what ye're in the right on't, Polly. I don't think husband reelly sets by him much."

"Husband" was duly regaled with Polly's speech after the feminine conclave had folded their work and gone home to bed.

"Darn it all!" said the Deacon ("darn" is a harmless expletive even for deacons), bringing his right hand down on his knee with a forcible slap, "Polly Mariner is a master-hand to speak in meetin' as ever I see. Them is jest my idees about the young man, though I shouldn't never ha' ben so free-spoken afore folks: 'twon't do; folks had oughter hev more caution, partikerly ef they're deacons. I guess I shall tell the brethren 't I don't think Brother Evarts is equivalent to our work. Ye see he's kinder feeble, an' our congregation is dreadful scattered, 'n winter's comin' on, 'n so! Thet's all trew, an it won't hurt his feelin's none, and 'll fix it just right. But I swan I do b'lieve Polly 'll git into a real fix some day, speakin' her mind!"

"Law! no she won't!" said Mrs. Griswold in the intervals of her vigorous setting the kitchen to rights at once. "There sot Miss Peters, 'nd she's Parson Tinker's fust cousin, 'n she jest larfed. Nobody gits mad with Polly, 'ta'n't no use. Why I tried it once; fact is, I was pipin' mad when she come out about your 'stillin' cider-brandy 'n sellin' it down to the corner: and I give it to her, I tell ye! but she sot there with her press-board, as composed as a clam, a waitin' till I got through, 'nd then she sed, sez she—'What's the use o' gettin' riled, Miss Gris'l'd? 'tis *so*, a'n't it?' Well, I couldn't deny but what it was; 'nd then, come to think, I knew I' better ha' held my tongue, 'n Polly was a lookin' at me with them eyes o' hern, jest like two gimlets, and she see I was coolin' off. 'I shan't never say nothin' to nobody else about it,' sez she, 'now I've told ye, nor I shan't to you, Miss Gris'l'd. I've cleared my conscience, 'nd thet's as far as consarns me; so I guess we'll kinder let it alone now.' So I did. She was pootty near right; 'nd I never got mad with her sence; fact is, besides, we've got three boys, 'nd they get through their coats 'nd things most amazin' fast, and'—with which disjoined conjunction Mrs. Griswold stopped and took breath.

"Well, she is the beateree, no doubt on't!" rejoined the deacon, picking up his boots and going off to bed.

So Mr. Evarts was not called to Taunton street, but wended his way meekly to Mount Holyoke Seminary, married a well-recommended young person on five days' acquaintance; and was forthwith shipped to the wilds of Southern Africa, there to learn, let us hope, though by deadly experience, what preaching the gospel is; and what it is good for.

Perhaps the only things that defied Polly's common-sense and experience were the love affairs that, even in hard-working, unromantic Taunton would spring up "even as a flower." The little god was no less capricious when properly "clothed upon" with good homespun and flannel than in his classic costume of wings and bow. Alike in either garb he snapped his pink and dimpled fingers at the crabbedness of reality and the warnings of sense. Blessed little apostle of unreason! What a world of solitude and tears we should have if all the ineligibles were forsaken in their uselessness, and only the good, sweet, prudent, and well-dowered people got married! Here was poor Louisa Platt, daughter of the aforesaid "Aunt Sary"—a tall, weedy, sallow girl, as became her mother's daughter, yet with great eyes, whose dark splendor blazed beneath clustering curls of equal darkness, and full red lips, capable of a sweetness as intense as their ordinary sullen droop. She had led, for all her eighteen years, such a life as the sensitive daughter of a woman like Mrs. Platt must lead. Constantly fretted at, found fault with, shut in, as it were, in her narrow round of duty, which no tenderness, no sympathy overflowed, with a hungry heart and an active mind, no wonder that the first hand that offered her food was grasped at eagerly; no wonder that in her want and ignorance, she glorified into a hero almost too sublime for a husband, Alonzo Sprague, clerk in the country store at the corner, a youth whose adorableness consisted chiefly in a great deal of hair-oil used on his light locks, an unlimited amount of simper, some fine language, weak good-temper, and tolerable manners. But he loved "Lowisy," as Taunton pronunciation hath it, as much as he could love anything but himself; her unequal but unusual beauty, for beauty it was, once lighted up by fun or feeling, excited his admiration; and her father's reputed "means" enhanced the feeling to seriousness that might otherwise have died out like a thousand other of his temporary loves. But to such a connection neither Mr. nor Mrs. Platt would give any countenance.

"Lowisy's a fool, and you can clear out o' my premises, 'Lonzo Sprague!"

was the short and sharp dictum of the father, while Aunt Sary overwhelmed Louisa with a persistent flow of tears, reproaches, taunts, sniffs, and a sort of mongrel ridicule that had in it no glitter of humor or spark of fun, but was simply senseless chatter. And in the middle of these tirades entered Polly Mariner, shears and press-board in hand, come to repair the "trouses" of a small Platt, for time and necessity had long ago grown grass over her quarrel with Aunt Sary; and, beside, the Platt boys wore out clothes particularly fast.

"Good mornin', Miss Platt! good mornin', Lowisy!" But the girl burst into a flood of passionate tears, welcome enough to her hot eyes and face, and ran out of the room, making no reply.

"What kettle's upset now?" inquired Polly, making herself at home in a low chair, and turning her sharp nose and sharper eyes toward Mrs. Platt.

"Oh dear!" (rocking violently) "Lowisy's jest the ongratefullest crittur in the univarse! here's her father an' me been an' gone an' waited on her, and fetched her up, and done for her all her days, 'nd now jest as she's a gettin' good for somethin', she ups and takes a shine to that ninkum of a 'Lonzo Sprague, 'nd wants to marry him, I hope! He's a poor, mean, shiftless feller as ever stepped; he han't got the fust cent to call his own, an' he never will hev, 'nd that girl wants to leave a good home, and me so dredful miserable, to go'n try her fortin' with him! It's jest my luck!"

"Folk's luck is generally their makin'," dryly put in Polly.

"I wish't you'd give her a piece o' your mind, Polly; she don't seem to set by what I say to her the least mite! and you've allers had a faculty at talkin' folks over."

"Well, I don't know's I hev got any partikler great faculty," said the secretly-gratified Polly; "I generally tell folks the trewth; there's some'll take it in, an' some won't."

But before dinner she got a chance, not unaided by Mrs. Platt, to tell Lowisy the truth, or rather fling it at her, stone-fashion.

"So, Lowisy, I hear tell you've been a takin' up with 'Lonzo Sprague down to the corners?"

No answer.

"I should ha' thought you could ha' done better'n that! he's a real shiftless feller, jest like his father afore him, and his grandfather afore that. I've allers noticed that shiftlessness runs in families pretty much like scrofooly, 'nd I tell *you* there a'n't no harder row to hoe than a woman's got that's got a shiftless husband. She han't, so to speak, got nobody. Fact is, I'd ruther have a real sperrity man ef he was real ambitious, than one that didn't never fix up, nor provide, nor fly round real spry, at least!"

"What sort of a husband was yours, Miss Polly?" interpolated Louisa, inspired by feminine instinct; but Polly was arrow-proof and put this little shaft aside.

"That han't nothin' to do with it. I've got eyes 'nd I've used 'em, an' I've seen consider'ble many folks, both married an' single sence I was born, and I know what I'm a tellin' ye. You'd better think twice on't; you hev to lie on a hard bed ef you make it; 'n when you're once tied up to him, you can't noway get away, that's the worst on't; there you be, an' there you'll hev to be; an' you may kick the breechin' to bits, 'nd break the bridle; but 'twon't be no good: the lines'll hold ye."

This, as we have said, was forty years ago, before Connecticut made it even an easier matter to break the marriage tie than to form it.

"I don't care a mite! there!" burst in Louisa. "If I want to marry a man that a'n't wicked, nobody's got any right to say I shan't, anyway!"—ante-dating the later axiom of our New England philosopher, that "the soul has inalienable rights, and the first of these is love;" a more lucid and practical form.

"Mighty Cesar!" ejaculated Polly, "ef you a'n't a highflyer, Lowisy Platt! ha'n't lost your senses, hev ye?"

"Guess I've got what 'll keep me alive," said the girl, her whole face settling down into a sullen resolution that seemed to make Polly Mariner's curls crisp with fresh vigor as she pierced her with the penetrative eyes beneath them.

"Well!" said the astonished tailoress, drawing a long breath; and that was all she said. Here was one thing that surpassed her comprehension. Never in all the long years of her life had that organ popularly supposed to be the heart given within her one unreasonable flutter; no delicious folly had ever kissed her eyelids down; no fire of passion ever kindled its resistless blaze in her respectable bosom. She had but a spare gift of the gentler affections; and here, flung in her very face like a hen defending her brood, was an inexcusable foolishness that regarded nothing beyond the insatiable hunger of the moment. Here was a soul parched with mortal thirst, intent on slaking it from the first woodside puddle, and Polly had never been thirsty—how could she understand it? For once her spells had failed; truth itself is powerless against love; and so Louisa Platt and her simpering lover made a flitting over the State line, happily not far off, the first moonlight night, and being married in Massachusetts, came home to Taunton and settled down to reality.

Whether in her future life, when the little frame house swarmed with puny children, and Alonzo developed the hereditary talent he possessed, and she burned with the fever of frequent headaches, and writhed with the torture of a lame back, in her hard but inevitable labor, Lowisy ever wished in her secret heart that she had been wiser and calmer, or even at the last moment taken Polly's advice, I do not know and cannot tell; but one thing I do know, that Polly lost no opportunity to say "I told you so," either in word or act, or by significant words and sniffs that added fresh thorns to poor Lowisy's burden, already rasping enough.

Partly, the wise woman did this from the natural instinct of humanity; partly to vindicate her own superior wisdom; and partly because, as the cynical Frenchman said, "there is something pleasant in the misfortunes of our best friends"—particularly when we have told them so.

But notwithstanding this one failure of method, Polly's life went on with its wonted usefulness and fearlessness, year after year, though, be it observed, she never again meddled with a love affair, observing once, with a sniff of defiance and contempt, "Them that meddles with fools gets a fool's-cap for their pains," *à propos* of somebody else's folly quite as bad as Lowisy's.

Yet, as the years rolled on and brought Polly Mariner to the goodly age of fifty, she met with one of those signal discomfitures that, now and then, befall both the best and the wisest; oftener perhaps befall women than men, by reason of that lack of poise, of caution, of far-seeing, that is characteristic of the feminine mind. Strange enough it was that Polly, who had so successfully engineered the affairs of other people so long, should at last make a fatal and ludicrous blunder in her own; but it was after all the gradual result of a process like that which loosens and disintegrates the base of a granite boulder, and sends it slipping with still accelerated impetus down the grassy slope where it has reposed so long. In fact, Polly was an illustration of that great law, "the eternal fitness of things," in the result of its infraction. In spite of her strength, her courage,

her self-assertion, her rage for independence, she was, after all, a woman; and she is not a woman, but an anomaly if not a monster, who can wear out a long life of social solitude with no quiver of failing resolution, no sinking of heart. To be a woman without a home, without a family where she is at least dear and necessary if not supreme, is to be a dweller in the desert, lost and famished; if not in the bright days of youth and strength, yet at least when the feebler pulses and the more faithful heart demand help and consolation against the desolation of age and the hour of death. And slowly, as time laid one finger after another on her life, as her eyes became dim, none the less that she brandished her new spectacles defiantly before everybody, as if they had been an ornament instead of a necessary aid; as she began to find her active limbs stiffen with every winter's frost, and her quick ears lose their acuteness of hearing; when it grew a weariness and a burden to go home to her own solitary house at night, unlock the door, kindle the fire, and sit down beside it, tired and depressed, with not even a cat to purr under her hand, Polly began, no doubt, to feel what Rachel Green had said to her long before—that it is not good for man to be alone, nor women either.

Now there lived on Taunton Hill, on a road running at right angles from the street, a certain elderly man, long time a widower, whose name was Timothy Bunce. He was not a favorite in the village, being somewhat simple in mind, but crabbed in manner; not that he really was cross-grained, but he was weak and knew it, and defended himself with such weapons as he had against his craftier and stronger brethren. But he had a good farm, and money in the bank and everything comfortable about him; his cows were sleek and his fowls abundant; his crops always fair, if not remarkable. And to a stranger it seemed odd enough that no woman had stormed his castle, and taken possession of him and his, long ago. But beside Timothy Bunce's weakness and snappishness, there was one thing that separated him yet more widely from the Taunton people—he was an Episcopalian. He was not born or "raised" in Taunton, where everybody that could go anywhere went duly to the big white meeting-house and took in pure Calvinism with unquestioning simplicity; he had gone from a neighboring village to the city early in life, and there fallen into what Taunton held to be the wrong religion and wrong politics; and when he had amassed some money, at the age of forty, he bought this farm on the hill and took up his abode there, religion, politics and all, clinging to his old ideas simply because he had not wish or will to change them.

He had always had a niece to keep house with him; but a few weeks before he fell into collision with Polly the niece had died and left him in a peculiarly helpless and friendless condition, which was fully discussed in and about Taunton, not only as to its present wants but their prospective supply; but nobody seemed to suggest just the right thing: in fact nobody thought of Polly as a person attainable to fill Mary Ann Bunce's place. She was altogether too important to the town; but in Polly's mind there was a certain stir of expectation, a balancing of probabilities, an appraisement, as it were, of what was and what might be, that prepared her to receive a call from Mr. Bunce with a proper degree of composure, and to show no signs of its unexpectedness.

It was late Sunday afternoon, and Polly sat by the open door of her clean kitchen, rocking placidly. All her belongings were as spotless and orderly as ever; she herself looked in her Sunday gown of black silk something softer than usual; age had not changed her except to a kindlier aspect, a little threading of silver in the black curls, less fire in the blacker eyes, less snap and crackle in

her movements and her voice—yes, Polly was really mitigated, and when she said to Tim Bunce, "Set down, set down, Mr. Bunce—take this cheer!" there was something almost like suavity in her tones.

Timothy sat down; he was a little man, and in bodily presence contemptible enough, his narrow face, wandering blue eyes, sleek and scanty light hair, the very crack in his voice, bespoke him a weak brother; and yet he considered himself able to control and direct any woman on earth, regarding them as inferior creatures, useful about a house, as others have done before him. But Polly's aspect, exceptionally subdued as it was when he encountered it alone, rather daunted him. He began to stroke his hair nervously, to roll his eyes about like a timid rabbit, to clear his throat and fidget on his chair; symptoms which Polly regarded with a critical eye and judged favorable.

"Well 'm, Miss Polly," at last he stammered, "pretty good weather for corn."

"Well, yes 't is, dredful growthy kind o' weather for most anything; garden sass seems to be partikerlerly favored this year."

"Doos—doos it. I should think so by the look o'yourn: quite a hand with a garden you be, I guess!"

"Well, I don't know. Some hes faculty, an' some hesn't."

"Mary Ann she was a master-piece of a gardener. I don't reelly know how to git along without her."

"It was quite an affliction for ye. I should think 't you'd miss her a heap."

"I do, reelly now; I miss her consider'ble. Seems as though I couldn't get along no longer 'thout somebody." Here Timothy happened to look sidewise, and caught those black eyes fixed upon him with unwinking sternness, and his own rolled fearfully: the ground seemed uncertain under his feet, he was scared; but he went on: "Fact is, I don't feel as though I could stan' much more on't. Mary Ann she'd lived to our house a spell along back afore Miss Bunce died, so't she staid right along 'n did for me, 'nd I didn't feel so kinder lost without Miss Bunce as I should hev otherwise; but now I do, I tell ye! And I've heered a lot about how dredful smart you be, and knowin'; and I stepped over to see ef mebbe you'd take her place" (oh, Timothy! Timothy! your last proper noun was "Miss Bunce;" and Polly knew it, though you didn't!) "I'd fix up the haouse 'nd I'd"—

Polly never let a driven nail go unclinched; some vague instinct of femininity made her drop her eyes, but she spoke. "I declare for't! Mr. Bunce, you *hev* took me clean by surprise! I hadn't never thought of changin' my condition—"

"Oh," gasped Timothy, turning red and blue—but she did not hear or see him.

"But seein' you're so kind, and your lonesomeness, 'nd all, I don't know but what I'd as lives merry you as the next one!"

"O-h!" gasped Timothy again; "oh, dear! I—I—I didn't, o-h!"

"Why, suthin' ails ye don't there? 'pears as ef you was overcome; 'tis kind of a tryin' time; won't ye hev some peppermint?"

Timothy sat with both hands on his knees, convulsed with rage and terror; perhaps she would marry him then and there in spite of him, and carry him home in triumph; and his dry tongue refused more words.

"Now do hev some, or smell to the camphire. Time you had a wife to look after ye; I understand fits real well."

"O—h!" shrieked Timothy, rising to his tottering feet in fresh fury that loosed his speech. "I didn't! I don't! I a'n't agoin' to. I didn't say nothin about marryin'! I won't, I don't want to."

Polly was purple herself now; her eyes snapped like sparks, her nose went up higher yet in the air, her chin quivered, the very curls on her head seemed to bristle. She was a spectacle of terror to Timothy, who literally shook in his shoes.

"Well! I should think! you pitiful little rat, 't can't hardly squeak in your own barn, a comin' round me, a respectable woman, to make me your music! Fust a askin' of me plain as a pike-staff to marry ye, 'nd then a backin' out on't right off! You're the meanest critter the Lord ever made, 'nd I guess you *was* made out o' the bits 'nd ends that was left! I wouldn't pick ye out o' the dirt with the tongs!"

"I didn't, I didn't, oh! I didn't, I never thought on't. I don't want to."

"Now go to lyin' will ye!" ejaculated Polly, calm with excess of anger, like a buzz-saw, and equally dangerous. "Hain't I got ears? 'nd didn't I hear ye ask me to take Miss Bunce's place jest as plain as the nose on your little sneakin' face, that's most all nose?"

"Oh, I didn't!" reiterated the abject and thoroughly terrified Timothy; "I didn't! I never! I said Mary Ann."

"Well, keep on a lyin', do! I might ha' know'd there wan't no good in ye, nothin' but a 'Piscopalian anyhow! don't know enough to say your own prayers; what the Lord above made 'Piscopalians and muskeeters for I *don't* know 'xcept to keep up an everlastin' buzz; they hain't nyther on em got souls 'thet's worth savin', nor bodies enough to hold 'em if they hed. Come!" Polly advanced in wrath. "Clear out 'o my house! quit, afore I ketch ye by the back 'o your neck 'nd drop ye out o' the window. Clear, I say!"

A whole troop could not have alarmed the luckless Timothy more. Snatching up his hat from the floor he fled, ejaculating as he went, in broken accents:

"Oh Lord! oh my! Good Lord deliver us from all—oh, darn this gate! Thunder—oh" far into the distance, finding, poor fellow, nowhere in the Litany, which involuntarily sprung to his lips, a petition for deliverance from furies or old maids!

Polly sank into her chair, breathless. For awhile the excitement of rage supported her, then came the bitter after-taste of mortification and disappointment; as she sat in her door the melancholy range of bare hills that lay before her sent unawares a chill into her heart. Polly was not ordinarily sensitive to Nature, but Nature, like air and love, acts upon us without our consciousness or connivance, and the sad peace of those rolling summits, the plaintive quiet that settled round closing day, all the solitary depths of the summer sky, untroubled with one spark as yet, seemed to close about the exasperated and lonely woman like the walls of a cloister, and sink deeper into her soul the conviction that for her there was no centre, no home. It may do for men to live their own lives and die alone, with the courage or the stoicism that is their birthright, but not for women. The strongest, the best, the most audaciously independent of us will be conscious as age assaults us, of our weakness and helplessness, bitterly conscious if we are solitary.

Polly's mood of regret and bitterness was new to her and exquisitely painful; but at last she roused herself from it, growling, as she went about her work for the night,

"Well he *was* a fool, that's a fact, 'nd I was consider'ble of one myself; but I skeered him mightily, anyhow!"

Neither of the parties cared to tell the tale of their mutual discomfiture; but Timothy sold his farm and removed to the wilds of Vermont, haunted by the

fear of Polly Mariner: and people noticed as years passed that Polly grew less and less aggressive, even more friendly. She spared, and pinched, and saved, till there was enough laid up in the Folland Bank to give her rest in her last days; but rest she could not take. Action was the breath of her existence, and happily for her, a sharp and brief fever ended her long and busy life; a decline would have tortured her both in her own incapacity and that of any available help. But for a few days of delirium and unconsciousness there was resource enough in neighborly kindness; and Rachel Green, herself lingering on the verge of her days, but sweeter and gentler than ever, came and staid to superintend the nursing she was unable to do; while "Aunt Hanner Bliss," the only professional nurse for miles about, was sent for and installed as the doctor's aid, and at times substitute, since a country doctor must needs be "here and there, and everywhere."

At last, worn with the cruel violence of fever, Polly woke from her delirium weaker than a child, but clear-headed as ever: her eyes fell first on Rachel Green's calm face, where the very peace of heaven seemed almost dawning.

"Well, Miss Green, I'm a dredful sick woman I guess!"

"Thee has had a severe fever, Polly, and it is not over yet.'

There was something ominous in the sad tenderness of the old lady's voice that struck Polly; a strange look passed over her countenance as this shock of an untried and awful experience stared her inevitably in the face, and her voice was even feebler and more quivering when she spoke again.

"Struck with death I be, a'n't I."

"Thee is almost home, Polly," softly replied Rachel.

"Home?" said she, vaguely, "oh dear!" and then rousing herself—"I han't never had a home. Miss Green, do you rek'lect what you sed to me quite a number of years ago; well, I'd ha' done better ef I'd ha' done your way; tan't more 'n honest to tell ye I've hankered after a home 'n folks 'o my own many a time since; but I wouldn't tell on't, 'nd now I'm a dyin', so to speak, by myself, or I should ef 'twon't for you."

"Anyhow," said Aunt Hanner, with the skill and experience of one of those Spanish nurses who thrust their elbows into the stomachs of the dying to shorten their agonies—"anyhow, ef you hain't got nobody to cry for you, you han't got nobody to cry for, 'nd you've hed your way."

"Folks's way is worse 'n the want o'nt," whispered Polly: they were her last words—the death-mist passed and settled upon her sunken features, as Rachel Green stooped over her, saying, low and clear—

"'As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you,' saith the Lord of Hosts."

Two tears, the first and last that mortal ever saw her shed, stole gently out of Polly's closed eyelids; she smiled—and died.

ROSE TERRY.

TEN YEARS IN ROME.

RANDOM NOTES OF ROMAN SOCIETY.

A PERSON may live a long while in Rome without getting any knowledge of its society. When I speak of society I need to add a little explanation. A man invites you to dinner and introduces you to his wife and daughters. If that man is rich, powerful, and well connected, *that* is called "going into society." The phrase, has ceased to be meaning. At one time, in Paris, in the days of the Hôtel de Rambouillet, and de Sevigné and Scarron, the phrase *réunion* was always qualified by the epithet *litteraire*. And these literary assemblies are still considered the most *recherché*. The late Rossini, as still does the living Auber, never styled his delightful musical gatherings "*réunions musicales*," as Mrs. Smith or Jones does her attempt to do the same thing with an indifferent Chickering and a violin. They called them "*réunions sociales*." Well, they deserve the name.

Living under a ban, which forbids converse on politics and religion, the *society* of Rome is restrained to be musical, or literary, or artistic. Certain houses have their specialty. Every one knew, when invited to the late Mrs. Jameson's, that it would be a gathering of artists specially. So, various palaces in Rome have their peculiar clique, and you may pretty well divine beforehand whom you will meet there. Of course, there are in Rome, as in New York and London and Paris, certain houses where you *must* go if you wish to be thought "*in society*." Into these no *parvenu* can enter. Mere wealth will not entitle to recognition. This is a great chagrin to foreigners, especially our dear American and English friends. Will they permit me a friendly word? To all well-bred persons, purse-pride is most offensive. What do we understand by a well-bred person? I fear he is rare. A man whose sense of delicacy is so acute that *intuitively* he knows what will be offensive to his neighbor: who, if he is talking to a half-educated person, tries to make him feel he knows something by talking on subjects upon which he possesses information: who does not boast of his ancestry and reveal antique blazonry before one whose forefathers were tallow-chandlers only: who is not awestruck by titles, and does not consider a peer exempt from the casualties of ordinary mortals. These are oft-repeated maxims; but travellers to Rome will do well to remember them. There you meet an aristocracy that not only traces its origin to the Cæsars, but whose old, heroic names recall magnificent scenes of history, grand deeds of bravery, triumphs in art and science or diplomacy. An aristocracy the proudest in the world, yet the best bred; intolerant of purse-pride, or anything approaching to it; recognizing the dignity of art and letters; doing honor with delight to talent, however lowly its accessories. So, when John Bull and Uncle Sam come to Rome, ignoring these peculiarities of society, and fancying a large income, a name powerful on 'Change, will secure ready recognition, they are painfully undeceived. They are received by persons of like tastes and inclinations, but they do not get into society. A brute who laughs at a Roman's bad English while he himself slaughters Italian barbarously, cannot be tolerated. The result is, many go away and say there is *no* society in Rome.

Really, the mistakes Americans and the English make are too amusing to be anything but subjects of mirth. Sometimes it is ultra-Protestantism that is at

fault. A person inflamed with zeal once armed himself with a bundle of fierce "No Popery" tracts *to convert the Pope*. He went into the presence with Bishop Hopkins's work, "The Pope Antichrist," and a tract entitled, "The Pope the Man of Sin," but he had not the courage to deliver them. At the solemn Corpus Christi procession, an Englishman would persist in keeping on his hat as the Pontiff passed, carrying the Host. A guard admonished him, but he only squeezed it on the tighter. Was it likely that he, a free-born Englishman, belonging to a liberal-minded country, should show the least respect to the religious opinions of others? The guard looked in his firmly-set face, then stuck his halbert in the beaver and sent it flying over the heads of the crowd. Now what would be thought of a party of Italians going into Grace Church or Trinity during divine service, and behaving as I have seen a party of English and Americans do in St. Peter's, at the Pope's Mass? They chatter, talk small-talk, criticise the cardinals, tell anecdotes sometimes, like Mr. Culp, "of a warm complexion," and behave in the most scandalous manner. In the most solemn part of the Grand Mass, on Easter Day, while the assembled thousands were adoring the elevated Host, and far up in the lofty dome there pealed forth sweet, melodious notes from silver trumpets, swelling in waves of richest music, then melting away into the vast sublime, I once heard a lady—well she had £40,000 a year —say to the footman in gorgeous livery, "While that man in violet (the writer) is not looking, Jeames, bring out the luncheon!" And luncheon they had, as I have since seen them eat it at Exeter Hall, during the speech of "that dear man," Dr. Cummings, or the Earl of Shaftesbury. Now, some people can discuss lobster-salad and champagne anywhere. But it may be permitted us to ask what would be the feelings of Dr. Morgan Dix or Dr. Potter if any attempt of the kind was made at Trinity or Grace Church?

A little Italian, in going to Rome, will be found very useful. Also a slight acquaintance with the usages of the Catholic Church will prevent a person from making an exhibition of himself. Thus, at a Pontifical ceremonial, where the cardinals wore plain mitres of white silk, a lady asked me "why they wore those queer *paper caps*." It may convey an idea to the reader what opinion an ultra-Protestant has of Roman Catholic religious ceremonial when I inform him that I once offered an order for a reserved place to a dean of the Church of England, for Easter Day, when places are very difficult to obtain. He seemed really shocked, and replied, "I never go to *any place* of amusement on Sundays." It was just the same as the Argentino or any of the theatres.

These and many other points, such as a determination to see no merit in anything not American and English, deter people from getting correct ideas of Roman society. Nothing is more distressing than this disposition. A man starts with the belief that his own country is "A1." Of course, after that everything he sees is second rate. So it was that the American gentleman from out West, when he saw Vesuvius, exclaimed, to the horror of everybody, "I guess we'd make a better one than that at home." So, the Irishman who went to Niagara, being totally unable to see why the people flocked there in such eager crowds, asked a bystander, "What's the sight?" "Don't you see that vast volume of water rushing over the rocks?" was the reply. "Well," said the Irishman, "and what's to hinder it?"

The French commandant, General Count de Guyon, by his position, led society for some time. I say by his position, for in himself the Count was not calculated to act in this capacity. He was a successful *parvenu*. He had never changed his manners as he rose step by step in the ladder of promotion. He

used to beard the Monsignori, and otherwise act very rudely, in right, I suppose, of his position. But, as commander-in-chief, he drew very select people to his residence. Madame de la Haye, an Irish lady, daughter of the Dean of Down, whose sister married the English chaplain, Mr. Woodward, was distinguished at these receptions. Of course, the most honored guest at all times was the Cardinal Minister, Antonelli. I would fain do justice to this celebrated character. It was no common mind that made its way from obscure origin, unsupported by anything but self-possessed perseverance, unflagging application, undaunted courage, and conscious power. The quick eyes of Lambruschini and his cabinet saw in this young aspirant to fame and position a very dangerous rival. Like Mr. Disraeli, he once believed in Liberalism. In the beginning of his political career, he inspired the large heart of Pius IX. with the desire to be a reformer. Yet, in the very midst of the applause that followed, while the courtly minister was greeted with the "*vivas*" of his enthusiastic countrymen, he became the victim of necessity. Like Macbeth, he was compelled, against his will, I sincerely believe, to yield his honors in their newest gloss. How many a man in like position has had energy enough to carry a liberal measure, yet quails before domestic reforms! To endure the sneers and coldness of those whose smiles he courted was, to a proud man like Antonelli, insupportable. The *palace* was to be reformed, if reform was to be carried at all. In supplying its never-ceasing expenditure, the people had been mercilessly taxed. The taxes must continue if the necessity continued. Antonelli failed here. The people treated his promises as insincere. The demands of the court needed more money; the ingenuity of the Minister was taxed to the uttermost to find it. The suffering Romans regarded him as their enemy, and grew to hate him. The hatred was returned. What had been at first a weakness became a policy. He grew to regard it as unsafe to trust the people. He has constantly said, "Great minds are born to rule, lesser minds to obey." Without a single friend he can trust, fearing those who seem most devoted to his interests, smiling on those who would give large sums to hear of his ruin, inscrutable in his plans, silent, thoughtful, serpentine, swift and sure, he moves about Rome, its guiding spirit, the mainstay of its half-bankrupt exchequer and political credit—balancing the frowns and favors of kings, absolutely *alone*. Yet meet this political sphinx, whom Napoleon III. said was worthy to be the successor of Richelieu, in a drawing-room, discourse to him of art and music, and you will find him a delightful companion. No gallant can compliment a lady in more elegant terms. No one has a better tact in finding out the intentions, almost the *thoughts* of others. His political machinery is most complicated, yet most secret. No one instrument is acquainted with the other. He is believed to have nobles in his pay, as informers, as well as bravos. His maxim is, "No one is too great to be won, none too mean to be safely despised." He is not without misgivings, nevertheless, that some weak spot in this armor of proof, so cunningly wrought, may escape his notice. He possesses an iron nerve and will. It enables him to bear up against any amount of fatigue and mental exertion. The moment he grows a little paler than usual, or a rumor is circulated that he is indisposed, how quickly his enemies flock to his rooms to ascertain if they may really congratulate themselves on the fact! For these rumors are very deceptive. Once it was reported that the Cardinal Secretary was very ill; brain fever, some one said. A tale loses nothing by telling, and in a very short time afterward it was reported that he could not possibly survive. Already there were little meetings on the quiet, already speculations as to who should succeed, when, lo! the sup-

posed dying Premier was seen in his carriage at Monte Pincio, apparently never better in his life. *Apparently*, but that was all. His physician warned him of the extreme danger of venturing abroad, and every movement of the carriage must have given him pain—but he willed it; that was enough. He has come to regard the execrations of the populace as compliments to his ability. He invariably bows with most unequalled grace and politeness to their loudest execrations. At no time has the Papacy been in greater difficulty internally and externally. The schemes for raising money and credit, which his subtle brain has devised, are marvellous. The court believes his resources to be inexhaustible, and disburses with spendthrift prodigality.

The discipline and management of the Pontifical army has always been a disagreeable difficulty. Of course, the Cardinal Minister, having to find the sinews of war, naturally desires a voice in the matter. Respecting the Swiss mercenaries, it is as true now as ever, *pas d'argent, pas de Suisse.* They fight for pay, and there is no sentiment of any other kind in the matter. Being the most stolid and apathetic creatures imaginable (the Count de Guyon used to call them rather graphically though inelegantly, *military sausages*), they are incapable of understanding such ephemeral matters as religion and glory. Of course, the Zouaves despise them. This corps, gathered from all lands, containing very well-educated and frequently well-born men, is enthusiastically devoted to the Pope. No Moslem follower of Ali the Lion of God, no Janizary of the days of Orkhan, no crusader fired by the wild eloquence of the Hermit Peter, ever felt more eager for occasion to display his valor than these do for the Pope. The occasion is fast hastening, and will be none the less terrible for the brief delay. The present commandant, who is also Minister of War, General Kanzler, is simply a martinet, with no ideas above discipline. He is fast training his men into excellent troops. They regard his commands as inflexible. The outrider of the Pope presented himself some time ago at a post where the General had given orders that no one was to pass. The sentry challenged him and stopped his progress. He explained his office, but in vain. Presently the Pope approached, to whom the officer explained the stoppage. "Why don't you arrest me?" said the Holy Father, smiling. "You must be reported for breach of duty in letting me pass. I shall tell General Kanzler." The Pope passed on, and really kept his word, for the man was promoted. The General's predecessor, Monsignor de Mérode, now an archbishop *in partibus*, was a person of very different type. A Belgian, of noble family, high military training, and very great knowledge of the world, he seemed well fitted for the post. But his plans annoyed, first, the Cardinal Antonelli, and, secondly, the French commandant. At length he resigned; some said he was dismissed. He retired in high dudgeon to Belgium; but was afterward recalled and promoted.

In private life his Eminence is convivial after a severe type. His rooms are most tastefully furnished. There is no crowding of incongruous articles of upholstery. A unity and artistic finish pervade everything. The rarest paintings and statuary, cabinets of *intaglios* and antiques, royal and imperial *souvenirs*, a most select library, priceless manuscripts, engravings, cameos, mosaics, china, carvings—yet all in perfect taste. If you are English, he will show you most valuable relics of the unfortunate Stuarts; if American, correspondence of Franklin, Motley, Lincoln, Seward, and numerous others. He will be your courteous, urbane host—thorough gentlemen, but no politician. Never presume to name politics, dare not to try to pump him, or you will find yourself ingloriously defeated. If you dine there, you will see no servants. The centre of the table, like

the one shown at Versailles, descends and returns to its place replenished with viands. The dishes are Sévres ; he has some that belonged to Napoleon I. The plate is gold, chased in a style worthy of Benvenuto Cellini. In wine the Minister is a connoisseur. It requires an education, they say, to be a judge of wine. I incline to think experience will answer as well. My excellent friend, the author of that exquisite pamphlet, "The Art of Dining," says a knowledge of good wine is a sign of good-breeding. If so, how well-bred is our Cardinal! But he keeps special wines for special people. The Cardinal is French enough to enjoy a good cigar (may I say American enough? for all ecclesiastics smoke *here*); but under the rose, and away from the nostrils of those who anathematize smoking but patronize snuffing. In England it is *infra dig.* for a priest to smoke. I remember my horror at seeing an amiable prelate, since deceased, in a London cigar shop, buying Havanas! When his Holiness began to patronize snuff, it immediately rose in price, especially that kind which he affected, which is half Scotch, half prince's mixture (so-called, I believe, because patronized by George IV. when Prince Regent). An enterprising tobacconist advertised this mixture as *mistura benedetto*" blessed mixture—giving as his reason that it was used by the Pope. I used to wonder why snuff is so generally used by ecclesiastics in Rome. Every friar you meet has a snuff-box concealed in his *manico largo.* The late Cardinal Piccolomini had ruined a costly chasuble of cloth of silver embroidered in gold by the continual droppings of his snuff. I once saw a priest saying mass with snuff-box and coarse red-cotton *mouchoir* lying on the altar. This was, however, in a country parish. Why should a taste for red-cotton *mouchoirs* have sprung up among Roman ecclesiastics? Perhaps it is holy poverty. A Roman priest has no admiring women, like an English clergyman, to present him cambrics by the dozen.

A propos of snuff: Put a priest in the confessional from nine in the morning till four in the afternoon, bring close to his nose, within two inches—correct measure—a continuous string of *contadini* who have dined heartily on black-pudding and garlic, and you will perhaps discover a justifiable excuse for snuff taking. Just before Easter and the great festivals it is quite a common thing, at the Gesu, for a priest to remain sixteen hours in the confessional. It is not the most agreeable employment in the world either.

Many persons who have applied to see the Vatican Library will recall the venerable Cardinal Mai. He was like the majority of Roman priests as to means. A man becomes a priest if he is devout, if he is indolent, if he has no capacity for business. For under these three heads most of the priests may be classed. It is not very difficult to get an education. Alas! it is not very difficult to pass the Bishop's examining chaplain. Not one in fifty studies to do more, or aims at a degree. Then he is ordained. If lucky, he gets a curacy, or says a daily mass at an altar for the magnificent remuneration of thirty sous. How does he live, say you? You will find him in a very small *trattoria,* his daily dinner soup and maccaroni—*dolce far niente.* Of course, poverty leaves him open to any offer of easy employment. Generally he is not *very* scrupulous. Yet there are many devout men in Rome who study, though without any definite aim. They attend the Divinity Lecture at the Roman College, and other classes. They pinch themselves to get a few books, and generally they retire to a monastery, where their abilities find active employment. Cardinal Mai had lived this life—his particular object of study being chemistry. In the course of his experiments he discovered the palimpsest. The monks, in the days when parchment was scarce and costly, we now all know, had an art of covering up the first copy

to make room for the second. Mai's discovery removed the second and revived the first. By this means he brought to light Cicero's lost work, "De Republica." The present Pope rewarded the discoverer with the Cardinal's hat and the librarianship of the Vatican. The Cardinal made the *fac simile* of the Vatican Codex now shown to visitors.

Those who have known the genial hospitality of the palace where Cardinal Mai resided, the Palazzo Altieri, opposite the Gesu, the most popular church in Rome, will recall the Prince Cardinal, its proprietor: a man whose exterior utterly belied his character. Looking at him, you thought, almost involuntarily, "What would this man be without his princely rank, and his costly surroundings? He could not battle with the world, could not face its dangers and trials. Providence has been good to him in placing him where he is." Yet that man had a great and generous heart. I remember an English priest telling me this story: He had been a regular attendant at the Gesu, and also at the Collegio Romano. He knew no one but the excellent and kind-hearted Mr. Tempest, an English philanthropist, who lived, at San Eusebio, almost the life of a monk. This young priest was friendless, but he lived in a world of his own, giving lessons, very poorly paid, for his daily bread. Unknown to himself, the Cardinal Prince Altieri had made inquiries about him, feeling an interest in his welfare. One morning, after saying mass at the Gesu, a person wearing the Altieri livery requested him to follow him. He led him across the street, up the staircase, remarkable for a colossal thumb three feet long, into the Cardinal's presence. The Prince invited him to breakfast, and afterward gave him a handsome check and a letter of introduction to Prince P——, who, on his recommendation, engaged him as private tutor to his sons.

When the cholera broke out in his diocese, the priests nearly all fled. Anxious to keep them at their posts, despite the entreaties of his relatives, the Cardinal repaired to the scene of danger. There his presence encouraged the timid and hesitant. He went about where the plague raged worst. He heard confessions from the plague-stricken. At last, one morning, he was called to a bedside where he consoled the dying man and administered the last sacraments of the church. There he took the contagion, and three hours after was dead. Once again the example of the venerable Bishop of Marseilles and of St. Charles Borromeo at Milan had been copied to the death. It was only revealed after his death that this good man had bestowed the larger part of his income in private charities.

In speaking of the leaders of Roman society, let us not omit one of its chief ornaments, the Princess Doria Pamfilia, *née* Lady Talbot, sister of the last Roman Catholic Earl of Shrewsbury. In her magnificent palace in the Corso she gathered all that was most select among artists, musicians, authors, churchmen, and soldiers. Her hospitality was royal, not only in its abundance, but in its mode of bestowal. Many tears were shed when her sister, the Princess Borghèse, died so prematurely. She is buried in a magnificent chapel of her family in Santa Maria Maggiore. Her daughter, who much resembles her, both in sweetness of disposition and beauty, the Duchess di Sora, gave great offence at the Vatican by espousing the Italian cause—a high crime, indeed! She drives an English phaeton with two splendid Arab ponies, wears her hair dishevelled *a l'Anglaise*, and drives half the young men of Rome wild with her beauty. She continues all her mother's charities, which were very numerous. It is quite possible that, at no distant period, two English names may be added to the list of canonized saints, the Princess Borghèse, and the Rev. Dr. Faber, poet,

preacher, and theologian, a man of most sweet and angelic nature. His work "All for Jesus" is a great favorite with the Pope. He was among the early converts, among whom we all recall Dr. Edward Manning, Dr. Newman, and Mr. Ffoulkes. The first, now archbishop, is much trusted at the Vatican, while Dr. Newman, immeasurably his superior in learning and powers of mind, is coldly regarded. Dr. Newman was discountenanced in his project respecting the Romanist college at Oxford, because the Ultramontanes could not trust him. He will not abuse his old friends of twenty years' standing, so he remains neglected, a simple priest. The Rev. Mr. Ffoulkes, with the Rev. Mr. Oxenham, represent a new class of English converts. They are men who believe in the validity of Anglican orders, and the possession by that church of true sacraments, yet regard the Roman See as having right to obedience. Mr. Oxenham is one of the best writers in the "Saturday Review." He is a friend of the famous German theologian, Dr. Dollinger, and the translator of his works. Mr. Ffoulkes represents another strange anomaly in the Roman Church—men who claim the right of private judgment while remaining in a church that most severely anathematizes it. The Roman position is strictly logical. If the claim to infallibility is admitted, those who claim the right of thinking for themselves on matters already authoritatively decided by the Roman Church are thoroughly illogical. Yet no one can help admiring such a work as "The Church's Creed and the Crown's Creed." It is simply unanswerable. Mr. Ffoulkes is so cold and phlegmatic in his temperament—a man who thinks at least half a dozen times before he speaks—that more weight attaches to his utterances. The only reply accorded his book was a threat of excommunication. This gentleman was contemporary at Oxford with a man very much in favor at the Vatican. The Honorable and Very Reverend Monsignor George Talbot, M. A., privy chamberlain to his Holiness, was formerly a Somersetshire vicar. He is honored with the Pope's confidence, and is probably the most violent bigot and Ultramontane in all Rome. Two very important measures are attributed to him—the establishment of the English Roman Catholic hierarchy and the foundation of the Collegio Pio. This college is intended for gentlemen converts from the Church of England, previously clergymen, who intend to study for the priesthood. It is held in a house which belongs to the Pope. There is no doubt that the way to promotion is to pay court to Monsignor Talbot. It is generally known that Dr. Manning was appointed to succeed the late Cardinal Wiseman as Archbishop of Westminster mainly by his influence. His book on the "Temporal Power of the Pope" had made a timely appearance. The wishes of the English Romanists were in favor of the Right Reverend Bishop Grant, a man of saintly life and great usefulness; but he was not considered pronounced enough for Monsignor Talbot.

While on the subject of converts, let me mention an anecdote which is vouched for on the very best authority. The venerable Archdeacon Wilberforce, brother of the present Bishop of Winchester, a most learned and devout person, seceded from the Church of England, renouncing great preferment. Yet he seemed, like Mr. Ffoulkes, to think that the church of his fathers had a true, historical claim to a genuine priesthood. He fell ill at Rome, a short time before the period fixed for his reordination in the Roman Church. It is said that he prayed most fervently that, if his doubts were correct, he might be prevented from committing sacrilege. The prayer was answered, for on the day fixed for his ordination he died.

Monsignor Talbot's great dream is the conversion of England. He has caused boxes to be placed in the majority of the churches at Rome to solicit

alms for this purpose; an announcement very distasteful to thousands of English who half support Rome for six months every year.

At a time when preaching is engaging public attention, both here and in London, a few words about Roman preachers may be interesting. The Dominicans and the Jesuits are the chief preachers. Their style is quite peculiar, and might, I think, be advantageously imitated by ourselves. Why have we adopted certain canons which almost compel the preacher to excise from his sermon all that is interesting? To make it amusing is, of course, quite scandalous. Yet, we say it with utmost reverence, the Evangel is highly amusing. The parables will divert even a child, while the record of the Acts of the Apostles is a most exciting book of travel. The grandeur of the preacher's theme ought to preclude dulness. Yet you will find a man, who is a delightful associate in a drawing-room, unable to keep his audience awake for half an hour, in the pulpit. The sermon in Rome is not, as with ourselves, an integral part of the service. It is separate, and the preacher is not limited in space, manner or subject. To begin with, if he is at all ambitious to be effective he uses no pulpit. Magnificent as some specimens of rostra are in Continental cathedrals, such as Malines, perfect masterpieces of carving, they are not calculated to give ease to a free speaker. The habitual use of them renders a priest quite ill at ease if he has to speak without one. He scarcely knows what to do with his arms and legs. It is, beside, the ruin of gesture. The sawing of the air which Shakespeare deprecates seems the only possible gesture in a square box. A preacher who is thoroughly in earnest likes to address his auditors at different points. A pulpit only allows him to address a limited few. The favorite style at the Gesu is a low platform, about five feet from the floor, and as spacious as a good-sized room. It is covered with green-baize, and has a chair and a large crucifix. The church is partially darkened, and the preacher wears no other robe than the dress of his order.

Retreats are frequently given here—occasions when the public is invited to bestow a little extra attention on spiritual affairs. At such times most eloquent sermons are preached. For the Roman believes, as does Mr. Beecher, that preaching is a great engine of good. A popular Roman preacher always divides his sermon into three parts—1st, the *doctrinal*; 2d, the *pathetic* or *terrible*; 3d, the *practical*. He may begin with a text or without one. A text is frequently very restrictive and not at any time necessary. He explains the doctrine involved in his subject, then maps out his discourse. All this time there is a profound silence. After this is concluded, the preacher sits down and refreshes himself with a pinch of snuff, then all the suppressed coughs, sneezes, and yawns are allowed full vent, and acolytes "improve the occasion" by making a collection. The *baiocchi* being all gathered, the preacher resumes. He is in no way confined by strict logical reasoning. If a humorous story occurs to him he tells it, and the audience laughs, and he laughs with them. He will press into his subject illustrations from art, painting, music, poetry; then he sits down again and the pent-up coughs, etc., have another opportunity. The acolytes again collect as before. The third head obliges the preacher to summon up all his energies. He grows terrible in the style of Dante when depicting the Styx. He grows pathetic, and women sob and moan. The torrent of his speech rolls on like an avenging flood. It electrifies the hearers: they rise to its height in enthusiastic ardor. And when he retires, it is with some profound and awful thought left to their silent meditation. As his shadowy figure disappears, men and women still gaze on the crucifix he raised over them in imploring gesture; its

red wounds seemed to glow; there is life-like expression in its pictured agony; its quivering muscles seem instinct with animation; the organ breaks forth in soft, low music, and the vast crowd kneel in adoration.

One of the most finished orators I ever heard is Father Bannon, an American Jesuit, who brought dispatches from Jefferson Davis to the Pope, with which he had run the blockade. He wore then a very fine dark-brown beard. His gestures are eloquent, dignified and noble; his utterance rapid but clear and distinct; a preacher like Henry Parry Liddon, framed for an enlightened audience. I have a dim recollection of Ventura. He was considered the greatest preacher of his day. On the occasion of O'Connell's death, he delivered an oration which lasted three days, three hours each day. The subject was the best mode of government. It contained these remarkable utterances. "Liberty is the people's life-blood; it is neccessary to the full development of a national manhood; it is an emanation from the soul of God; for all *His* works are free; despots who seek to crush it are trying to blot the light from heaven, the air from the atmosphere. Could they do it, it would be the death-knell of humanity. No, there is not a single right invaded and dethroned, not a heart made to bleed beneath oppression's ruthless hand, not a tear wrung from the widow and the orphan, but O, ye crowned desecrators of the handiwork of God, it will be stored up in the arsenal of the future to come forth a newly-furbished weapon in the hands of vengeance." This was not palatable to the court, and Padre Ventura had to leave Rome. Padre Luigi da Trento, the court preacher, is not a Bossuet or a Massillon. He has a suave and bland manner, at times rising into poetic eloquence. But he aspires at safety, and keeps clear of all points likely to involve dogmatic definition. He reminds one forcibly of the prophet's saying respecting himself, "Thou speakest as one that playeth well on an instrument." The Padre's organ may be a flute, for it is very melodious and its modulation is pitched with great care. But go to the Gesu when Père Ravignan is there, and listen to the fiery ardor, the rapt poesy, the ecstatic eloquence of that gifted preacher: a man who if he could dare be free, and true to his convictions, would carry multitudes away with his ardor.

The child-preacher at St. Maria, in Aracoeli, at Epiphany, is quite a curiosity. A boy gets up in cassock and surplice, supposed to represent the boy Jesus preaching to the doctors in the temple. He repeats a discourse learned by heart. The strange blending of the theatric with the religious grates unpleasantly on English and American tastes. It is, of course, a remnant of the ancient mysteries. I remember hearing a sermon on hell during Lent, in which the utmost reach of the horrible was aimed at. The church was quite dark. Around the platform of the preacher hung three lamps of red glass, that glowed, in the immense blackness around them, like fiery eyes. They threw an indistinct radiance on a very large crucifix singularly real. Around it were grouped large paintings of the damned, in a variety of excruciating tortures. They were evidently copied from some illustrated edition of "Dante's Inferno." There was Count Ugolino gnawing his foe's skull; the miserable wretch whose entrails are devoured by serpents; the hungry who sees visions of tempting viands beyond his reach; the lover of ease in this life, who is slowly devoured by every conceivable species of vermin and reptile; and other representations of the same general sort. The visions of a man in an advanced stage of delirium tremens, could not be more weird and awful. The preacher interpreted literally his text, "where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched." He described the tortures of slowly consuming by fire, he gave heart-rending descriptions of mothers separated

from children, and children from parents, he seemed to revel in images of horror. Now and then he broke out in screams of agony, then in plaintive wailings, then in the low moans of speechless despair. He ended thus, descriptive of the soul being dragged down to hell, "It looks in vain for pity in the face of the Judge. It has heard the terrible 'Go ye cursed!' It is a rallying signal! Millions of fiends have waited only for this to rush from their caverns of fire! In every wild shape they come! The sinner shrieks at their approach! They seize on him, he struggles, he begs for mercy, he calls on Christ, on God, on the blessed Virgin; still the demons drag him down! down! down! down! through chasms of sulphurous flame, through pits of bitumen, through torture chambers, echoing the slow agonies of the damned, still down, and down! *Where? Ah, where?*" With this very pregnant query he slowly glided from the pulpit, and the slight motion his fluttering robes gave to the pictures seemed to add life to them.

The crowded confessional showed the effect of the sermon. A long time after, I heard of it again. An English clergyman, not very successful as a preacher, having a style that recalled Artemus Ward's description of his singing—"I'm saddest when I sing, but those who hear me are sadder still"—heard this sermon, and was deeply impressed by its effect on the congregation. He adjourned to his hotel and carefully made notes of as much as he could remember. On his return the parish church was filled, and he thought it would somewhat astonish the natives if he preached the Roman sermon. But alas! he had forgotten the preacher's modulation of voice, the impassioned gesture, the rushing hither and thither, the shrieks and moans and groans. He delivered the words, it is true—but in the same half-whining, lachrymose tone he was wont to use; then *he* gathered up his surplice and retired from the pulpit. The sleepers all woke up—astonishment sat on every face; and, finding the rector did not return, the churchwardens were dispatched to inquire if he had been taken ill!

THE BEDOUIN'S REBUKE.

NEBAR, a Bedouin of noble heart,
That from all men received of praise the fee,
Owned a brave horse, with which he would not part,
Because from death he once had run him free.
The man and beast were friends, and it is vice
To sell our friend or friendship for a price.

The horse was black and strong, his step was proud;
His neck was arched, his ear alert for sound;
His speed the tempest's, and his mane a cloud;
His hoofs woke thunder from the desert ground;
His eyes flashed lightning from their inmost core:
Victor of Distance was the name he bore.

Daher, a Bedouin of another tribe,
Had often wished to buy this famous beast;
And as he smoked, and heard his friends describe
Its comely parts and powers, the wish increased;
But Nebar said the horse should not be sold,
Though offered wealth in camels and in gold.

Then Daher put on rags, and stained his face,
And went to wait for Nebar, seeming lame.
Him soon he saw approach with daring pace
Upon the envied horse, and as he came
He cried to him, "For three days on this spot
Have I lain starving; pity me my lot."

And seeing Nebar stop, said on, "I die—
My strength is gone." Down Nebar sprang,
And raised him gently, with a pitying sigh,
And set him on his horse. A laugh outrang,
And Daher shouted as he plunged his spurs,
"Fair price refused, one sells at last for burrs."

"Stay! stay!" cried Nebar: Daher paused to hear:
"Since Heaven has willed that you my beast should take,
I wish you joy; but tell no man, for fear
Another who was really starved might make
Appeal in vain; for some, remembering me,
Would fail to do an act of charity."

Oh, sharp as steel to Daher seemed remorse.
He paused a moment, then sprang to the ground,
And with bowed head brought Nebar back his horse;
And falling on his honest breast, he wound
His arms about his neck for true amends,
And ever afterward the two were friends.

If all of us, whene'er we suffer wrong,
Should bear it mildly, since God wills it so,
Nor lend our speech to anger, like the song
The morning stars sang life would pass below:
For he who lightly draws the sword of wrath,
Wounds most himself, and crowds with strife his path.

HENRY ABBEY.

THE OVERSOUL OF MANSE ROSEBURGH.

I.

CARLYLE describes mankind as a park of heaven's artillery, thundering and flaming in long-drawn grandeur across the unknown deep.

The metaphor seems too noble to include Mansfield Roseburgh: not that his spiritual piece was absolutely contemptible, either in calibre or vigor of action; but he had managed it as if it belonged to any park rather than that of heaven; his thundering and flaming had been on his own account, at the best; altogether in the service of the devil, asserted many.

At the age of thirty he had come to find his lonely battle uninteresting. It is a noticeable fact—a fact that proves the closely-woven unity of the race—that when a man attempts to live altogether for himself, he fails to attain happiness, or even amusement. He fails with a certainty and completeness which leads us to suspect that bachelor buffaloes and beavers may also find life a burden.

It was in vain that Manse Roseburgh had been a dandy; that he had visited Paris as a rake, and Italy as a lounger, and Syria as a curiosity-monger; that he had passed gay winters at New York, and gay summers at Newport and Saratoga. He ended by discovering that he was cursed with a soul larger than he had suspected, and that all which Paris, Italy, New York, and Saratoga represented to him, could not fill its craving abyss.

"I am tired of this bibble-babble and fiddle-faddle," was the reflection of an egoist who was little accustomed to reflect, and whose reflections would not be worth putting on paper had they not brought about a series of incidents. "I am sick of running round the same course; and yet what other course is there to run in? Suppose I should go to some deuced dull place, and come back from it? Then this might do a while longer."

Why did he not turn his hand to art, or science, or literature? Why is it that the wealthy and leisurely young New Yorker never thunders and flames in those directions? The Earl of Derby translates Homer for us, and the Duke of Argyll gives us an essay on Primitive Man, and the Prime Minister of England discusses the Greek Mythologies. But the *bourgeois* patrician, half Carthaginian and half Sybarite, who inhabits the island of Manhattan, has no other idea of life than to pass it in either earning or spending money. Heaven, however, may sometimes make him better than he would make himself; it may arouse him to live for others through the sentiments, if not through the intellect. Let us see what can be done with the heart of this idle, frivolous, and selfish dandy.

He went alone to the Ramford Point House, a little sea-bathing resort on the coast of Connecticut, much frequented by the thriving and quiet citizens of New Haven. At the end of three days he decided to go to Saratoga; no, not Saratoga—hang Saratoga! he would go to Newport. As was customary, the Point House omnibus took him to the station too early, and he had to wait there half an hour for the shore-line train to Providence. Waiting is the toughest and dullest of known work. He bought three successive glasses of ale at the shop across the road; he got totally tired of the steeples of Ramford village, winking at him a mile and a half away; still time, his old enemy, beset him like a gladiator.

At last occurred an event of a nature to interest a dandy. In an open buggy, drawn by a capering youngster of a horse, arrived two girls of nineteen or twenty, a brunette who was pretty, and a blonde who was beautiful.

"She's just peaches and cream," said Roseburgh, as he stared at the lily and rose complexion, the blue eyes and golden hair. "I should like to take a spoon and eat her."

The buggy stopped at the back door of the little station, and he could overhear the flute-like chatter of its inmates.

"I do believe he'll run away," said the brunette.

"That's what I came here for," replied the blonde.

"What! to run away?" Joke emphasized by a giggle.

"No, but to teach him not to run away. I must break him to the railroad. Grandfather is awfully afraid of him, and wants to sell him. But if I can break him to the railroad, I hope to keep him, the dear little chap! Doesn't he arch his neck nicely?"

A practised adventurer, and as saucy as a spoiled beau can be, Manse commenced patrolling the platform near the buggy, meanwhile making eyes at the two girls. Educated in the freedom of the country, and unsuspicious of insult or harm, they were soon in a twitter of amusement. The brunette nearly laughed outright; the blonde, however, was more shy and self-controlled. Roseburgh thought once or twice that he could see her rosy lips twisted into the whisper, "We mustn't!"

The approaching train whistled. Roseburgh gently raised his hat to the buggy in sign of farewell, and had the satisfaction of seeing the brunette nod to him with a merry laugh, and the blonde turn away her head to conceal a smile. He bolted into the station; the door on the opposite side was fastened; he bolted out again and bowed once more to the buggy; this time the laughter was irrepressible. He had barely turned the corner, and come face to face with the snorting engine, when he heard a brace of screams behind him, and guessed that fright or harm had befallen his new acquaintances. He wheeled quickly back; saw the youngster of a horse standing up as straight as a steeple; ran to the buggy, jumped into it, and seized the reins; no other way of preventing a catastrophe. Then came a run, a severe struggle for the mastery, and eventually a victory of man over beast; by which time the train was off for Providence.

"There! you have lost the cars, sir," exclaimed the girl who sat with him on the front seat, the one whom he had wanted to eat—the blonde one.

"But my trunk hasn't," smiled Roseburgh. "That has gone to Providence."

"It is too bad. I am sorry! And we are so much obliged to you!"

"Are you? Then perhaps you will let me drive you home."

"Oh! But it will take you out of your way."

"Do you think I want to stay at this little station and stare at that beer-shop?"

"No, I don't suppose you do," she laughed. "Well, you may drive us home. But it is a long way off. It is in the village, almost two miles from here."

"I wish it was twenty," said Roseburgh.

The brunette, of whom we shall hear nothing further, was first taken to her dwelling-place. Then Roseburgh had a drive of two or three minutes with the blonde, concerning whom he had already discovered that her name was Susie. By the way, the discovery gave him pleasure: not that he specially fancied the dissyllable; the mere knowledge of her name was what produced his satisfac-

tion: thus far already was he interested in her; agreeable to know that she was Susie.

It must be understood that Roseburgh was one of those men who have a love affair with the entire female sex. It must also be understood that this Susie was not only handsome, but that she had two or three expressions which were almost irresistible, and that she used them upon people without being fully aware of it. There was a little look which confessed shyness, and at the same time appealed for protection; there was a little smiling pout which uttered frolicsome defiance. They were romps of expressions, gay and innocent hoydens of instantaneous feeling, full of spirits and unencumbered by reflection or intention, dancing and sporting like children or like fairies.

These changes in her face, these rapidly-succeeding and lively masques, made her conversation seem full of meaning even when it was not. She was one of those girls who charm you just in proportion as you look at them; who unfold new petals of beauty and grace under the gaze of interest; like rosebuds turning into roses to reward the sun. Impossible to describe this kind of loveliness, except to a man who has been fascinated by it. He knows that it is boundless; that there is no attaining the end of the exquisite mystery; that the further he ventures, the more powerfully he is drawn onward. By the time these two had reached Susie's residence, Roseburgh, hero as he was of a hundred flirtations, was so far bewitched that he had decided not to leave Ramford for the present.

The house, old-fashioned, and plain, and squatty, but decorously clothed with tolerably fresh white paint, reminded one of a country deacon in his Sunday suit, and in general of homely people who are good. Facing a quiet street, its windows winked across the young grasses of a deep yard, and beneath the shadows of two elms well stricken in years. Along the front of the yard, between its still turf and the scarcely less tranquil dust of the highway, flowed the race or flume of a mill which stood below, a slow, silent current of fifteen or eighteen feet in width, and of a sombre depth not measurable to the eye. Crossing a narrow bridge, the loose and warped planks of which bounced and rumbled under the wheels, Roseburgh drove through a large gate and pulled up in the shadow of the elms.

Out of the respectable old house came a respectable old gentleman. His long and thin face was chalky with sickliness, and with a tendency to scrofulousness, which further appeared in the tumidity of his lips, the only feature that was not meagre. His scant hair, his narrow and closely-trimmed whiskers, and the heavy, short beard under his chin were all snowy white. His form was tall, thin, and stooping; his gait slow and feeble, not merely with time, but evidently also with disease and pain: it is probable that even with the aid of his staff he could not have walked a mile in an hour. He seemed to be eighty years old, and yet he was only sixty-eight.

"Grandfather, pony has been cutting up a caper or two," said Susie, as she sprang out of the buggy and met the old gentleman.

She hated to confess it; she was afraid that now the pony would be sold; but it was necessary to account for this agreeable stranger.

"Oh, nothing dangerous," she added. "He didn't quite like the first sight of the engine. And this gentleman was kind enough to help us and drive us home."

"My name is Mansfield Roseburgh," said the New Yorker, taking the cold, nerveless hand which was slowly raised to his. "I shall be happy if I can make your acquaintance."

Susie was much set at ease; the moment that Roseburgh told his name she supposed that she knew him. Such is the hospitality of Ramford.

"My name is Ridley, sir—Amos Ridley," said the old man, in a slow, tremulous voice, which, like himself, was rheumatic and almost paralytic. "Won't you walk in, sir?" he added. "Our man and brother here," nodding to a mulatto boy, "will take care of the horse."

Then his eye rolled about in search of Susie; obviously she was his heart's comfort and mind's crutch; he could be easier and talk better when he saw her. Obedient to the glance, she slipped to his side, put her round, firm arm under his elbow, tossed up one of her sunny smiles into his face, and walked him slowly to the house.

"So the pony has been standing on his head," he went on, with a make-believe growl. "I knew he never would do. I can't ride after horses who stand on their heads."

"He's not a bad little beast, though," put in the cunning Roseburgh. "He's naturally good-tempered and intelligent. I think he'll soon be safe."

Susie gave him a glance of gratitude which would have paid him for a thousand fibs.

"He'll do for young folks," quavered Ridley. "But when a man gets to be three or four hundred years old, like me, he wants horses as old; and he wants grandchildren as old. Susie here is altogether too young for my purpose. What I need is a good, steady grandchild of seventy-five."

He had a way of gently chaffing the girl, as a mother chaffs her petted baby. The phrases had an inmost soul of affection; they were the words of unmeant bitterness whereby we utter the excess of love; the shy and sidelong pettings of an old man who was a Puritan and considered praise a snare of Satan.

"Mr. Roseburgh has lost the train to Providence on our account," interposed Susie, anxious to extend the hospitalities of the house to her deliverer.

"Have you so?" said the old gentleman. "There is no other train to-night. You must stay to tea with us, sir. Susie, will you tell the woman and sister to serve the tea, if there is any?"

He added these last words with the smiling air of a man who has prospered in the world and knows that his table never lacks.

Amos Ridley had, in youth, studied for the pulpit, but had been diverted from his profession by consumption. Several voyages as supercargo or commercial agent had measurably restored his health, and had given him a nucleus of capital which forty years' nursing had developed into a fair fortune. During most of those forty years he had held a secretaryship in the Bible Society, and thus had retained much of the unworldly and puritanic character of his original vocation, being, as he was accustomed to say, a *quasi* clergyman.

His only son had died, leaving two children, a boy who was at Canton in the tea trade, and this Susie, whose duty it seemed to be to nurse her grandfather. In this couple, and especially in the girl, the old man was absorbed, as much as earth might absorb him. So far as concerned this world, he only lived through them and to rejoice in their life. It was mainly for Susie's sake that he had returned, ten years since, to his native village, and repurchased and restored the family homestead. He wanted to give her the health of country air and the purity of country existence. This was the innocent and ill-guarded fold into which had crept that wolf in a morning cap and travelling suit, that wild beast of graceful carriage and attractive visage, Manse Roseburgh.

Mr. Ridley suspected, from the man's dress, that he was worldly, and from his

easy and engaging manner, that he was wicked. During his secretaryship he had seen such wolves go by the Bible Society's windows, and had heard somewhat concerning their tricks and their ravages, and had conceived an alarming horror of their breed. He did not want to invite this stranger to eat at his board, and he only invited him because gratitude and hospitality demanded it; and when these demands had, as he thought, been satisfied by the payment of one meal, he would do no more. Neither Roseburgh's frank account of his respectable connections, nor Susie's pleading glances, and petting attentions, and coaxing smiles, could induce the timorous, fastidious old man to ask the wolf to stay over night.

"Mr. Roseburgh will have a horrid room at the tavern," the girl ventured to whisper to her grandfather.

"I can't help it—that is his lookout," thought Mr. Ridley. "He has no business to force himself on us. I don't know him, and I don't like him."

For one thing, he was jealous; he could not abide possible rivals in Susie's affections; he selfishly and lovingly wanted her all to himself. This instinct was so strong in him, that he had been in the habit of sneering, not only at all the beaux whom she had in the village, but also at her girlish intimates. Whatever person liked Susie, or whatever person Susie liked, that person he pecked at. The pecking was good-natured in appearance; he was half ashamed of it, and therefore he did it jocosely; but it was just as serious in purpose as open anger.

So, after Roseburgh had done his best to make himself delightful, he had to depart. But the devil is not easily discouraged; he may be said to have a saint's perseverance. When Susie lighted this wretch to the door, he said to her, "This afternoon I was about to leave for Newport. Now I shall go back to the Point House."

"Shall you?" she replied, coloring with excitement, for the news was pleasant and the compliment heart-shaking. "I am afraid you will find it very dull."

"Not if I may call here."

"Of course you may call," her beating heart drove her to say. "We shall be very glad to see you."

She knew and Roseburgh knew that the "we" meant only "I," and that grandfather Amos Ridley would have no part nor lot in the gladness. It is thus that the young generation will commune and league together in spite of the generation that is about to depart, and often against it. All the society of man, yes, and all the infinite society of nature, is full of this revolt of the new against the established. The instinctive indifference of children to the counsels of their elders is like the careless singing of spring's foliage above the mournful rustle of last autumn's dead leaves. Child of hope and parent of energy, the feeling is no doubt wholesome, and without it there would be no progress.

Roseburgh walked a mile and a half to the station, telegraphed thence to have his trunk sent back from Providence, and then walked another mile to the Point House. Once more alone in the hotel, he had a sentiment to the effect that he was a ninny for staying on in this dull hamlet to see this chit of a girl. But, on grave reflection, what better was there to do? Flirt here or flirt elsewhere: that was about all that life had to offer him; and, on the whole, he decided to flirt here.

II.

WE must take a long, audacious leap now, and plunge into the middle of a love affair. There were calls at the Ridley house; there were drives, and then walks through the country; there were sail-boat trips to the light-house and

islands. The grandfather objected, but the granddaughter smiled, petted, and pleaded, and the young generation was too much for the old. Susie was soon in love, and she was so much in love that she could not conceal it, at least not from such a vivisector of woman as Roseburgh.

In loving she was charming. She had the perfect confidingness of perfect innocence. She was like those wild birds which Denham found on the banks of Lake Tchad, which, having never received injury from man, approached him without fear. She was as much at home in this new element, or medium of sentiment, as a fish who is thrown into water, or a bird who is let loose into air. It was her native sky; the moment she found her wings, she soared aloft in it; she wanted it all for her dartings and her warblings. The change from an unloving life to a loving one, this change which was so immense that it could not be foreseen or prepared for, had come upon her so swiftly and yet so naturally that it had not startled her. At first she had hailed Roseburgh as an amusement; then, a little depressed with the old, grave life of her home, she had regarded him as a comforter; and while she was still calling him her comforter he had become her deity. No butterfly, gliding from a bending leaf, was ever launched upon the wing more gently.

Roseburgh, too, had suffered an unlooked-for and prodigious transformation. Of a sudden he was surprised by finding that he was a better man than he had thought. He detected this innocent interest in him; and the moment he detected it he was seized with a desire to be worthy of it; he was grasped by man's native and noble instinct to protect whatever is weak and confiding.

"Would I hurt a dog that was fond of me?" he said indignantly, when Satan whispered to him to do this child a harm. Satan must have been roundly astonished at hearing such words from Manse Roseburgh, hitherto one of his faithful followers and favored pets. The great reprobate of eternity ought to have known better than to let his disciple become intimate with a girl who could love him with perfect purity, and whose nature was so transparent that her holiness of affection beamed through her and made for her a heavenly aureole. Of course, the immense, sweet sentiment which holds society together must, in general, be damaging to the kingdom of darkness.

Sometimes Roseburgh was a little ashamed of his inconsistency. "What would the fellows say of me if they knew I was being good to a good little girl?" he muttered. "But I can't help it. For once I must be as much of an angel as I know how to be. A man who lives in heavenly society must behave himself accordingly. In Rome, do like the Romans. Some day I shall go back to New York, and then I shall be myself again."

He twirled his cane; he tried to feel that he was naughtily strong and free; but even then he doubted whether he should ever again be what he called "himself."

"Am I really on the road to the New Jerusalem?" he occasionally queried; "and can't I get out of the narrow way, not even in Vanity Fair? What if it should turn out so? And what if it should be the best thing in the world for me? What if this is my last chance for becoming a decent man and saving my soul from the devil—if there is a devil?"

"Really, she shouldn't," he reflected at another time. "She is a church communicant, and she knows that I am not, but quite otherwise. A church communicant shouldn't care for such a fellow as I am. And yet—I suppose love is woman's career; I suppose she must make other things chime with it. Probably woman can't afford to let the church interfere with her love-making, any more than man can afford to let it interfere with his money-making."

Five minutes after he had syllabled this idea to himself he was blushingly ashamed of it. Impute unscrupulousness to Susie? It was his affair to make himself worthy of her; to become a church communicant, if that were necessary to place himself on a level with her; to think nothing against her until he was at least half as good as herself. You see that he was already well on the way toward being heartily, purely, and nobly in love.

Susie thought, and before long Roseburgh came to think with her, that nothing was ever so charming as their walks together. Delightful to be with each other, and still more to be alone with each other; delightful in narrow paths to walk one by one, the hindmost gazing at the foremost, and the foremost turning to smile at the hindmost; delightful in wider ways to go side by side, so that a hand could easily reach an arm for assistance; delightful to aid and be aided in climbing walls and fences. The wise and witty conversations gradually became less wise and witty, but more full of meaning: You are tired—Not at all—Then we will go a little further—If you please. Such trifling phrases soon came to have a heart-shaking significance, partly because they expressed mutual and tender consideration, and partly because they were winged by looks which gave tenfold puissance to the words.

It was wonderful how they admired the landscapes, and how quickly and truly they perceived their beauties. It seemed to Roseburgh that hitherto he had been looking at the tapestry of nature (yes, and of all life, physical and moral) on the wrong side, and that now for the first time he beheld its designed and finished face. Standing in spots where he had once been indifferent, he was amazed and captivated. He was surprised to find himself an adorer of woods, slopes, lights, shadows, etc., and he tried to account for it. "I see these beauties because I am trying to discover them for her amusement," he decided. The explanation was a good beginning; but it did not cover the whole mystery, and we must add a word to it.

How nature may appear to us depends much upon the medium of sentiment through which we look at it. At nightfall, under the cold light of a leaden sky, you see the leaf of a mullein, for instance, and either fail to take especial note of it, or think it indifferently homely. Next morning you see it again, diamonded now with a thousand dewdrops, the pale green tint and delicate threads showing silvery through the lucid globules, and the whole wonder lighted up to its extremest glory by sunrise. You look at it in surprise, and exclaim, "What a beautiful leaf!" Yet the leaf has not changed; it is only that you behold it through an exquisite and adorning medium; you see it under a bridal veil of dew and of beams. It is thus that the world is transformed to those who survey it through the sweetness and light of love.

Effect is only a new birth of cause. The beauty which these two now discovered in nature was but a prolongation of the beauty which had entered into their souls. They were better, and nobler, and lovelier beings than they had been a fortnight previous. If humanity could remain at the height of purity and tenderness, self-abnegation, and worship to which it is carried by that love which beckons to marriage, it would be little less than seraphic, and earth little less than millennial. It is a blunder and a calumny to say that the affection of sex for sex is solely the result of passion. There must be a broader and grander explanation than the carnal one for this exquisite, exalted, and purifying sentiment. The heart-history of many who have wedded in age, the heart-history of almost every mother and child, proves that love unassisted can win love.

Roseburgh was astounded both at the nature and at the power of the change

which he discovered in himself. At times he was alarmed; charged himself with being ridiculous and reckless; desired, or tried to desire, to escape from the charm. But he could not fly. More than one encumbering miracle had been wrought in his being. He was like a man who should be furnished with wings, and who finds that he can no longer walk as of old, but must absolutely fly. For instance, sense of honor had suddenly sprouted in his hard heart: a wonder almost as great as a new growth of hair on a completely bald head. He began to think that he had gone too far with this girl to desert her, and that, if she seemed to want him, he must pay for his flirtation by marriage. Moreover, the moment her face shone upon him, all his plans of escape melted into air, like a mist in a black valley vanishing before a sunrise. Her smile! He could not begin to describe it. It pouted, implored, offered, and tempted; it spoke a hundred languages, and all perfectly and eloquently; it would have been understood by the men of the antipodes; it would have persuaded cannibals and pagans. He no more wanted to run away from it than a moth wants to run away from a candle.

And Susie? She was still more fascinated. To her pure heart, suspecting no evil, Roseburgh was a god; she loved him, and therefore she worshipped him.

"I think," she once said to him, "that you must be the very best man in the world. I know that you only stay here because you see that I am lonely and occasionally a little unhappy."

"How can you give me such credit?" he exclaimed, in surprise. "I wonder, for my part, that the whole world doesn't want to stay here."

As time went on, and the two hearts drew nearer together, bolder things were uttered.

"I was wondering whether you would ever look at me again," she smiled when he glanced at her, after walking for a minute in meditative silence.

At another time, when she caught his eye, it was, "Were you thinking of me then?"

All this was made mighty, and the more so as it was made modestly pure, by that smile. It was sunshine; you could no more suspect it of cunning or selfishness than you could suspect the day-dawn; it was as imposing, and at the same time as tender, as the aureole of a madonna. It attracted him to adore her, and yet made him adore at a distance. While he looked at it he was all hers, wanting to live for no other end than her happiness, and yet abhorring himself because he was unworthy of so living.

Meantime, our half-forgotten grandfather, Amos Ridley, was miserable. He cringed at the thought of losing ground in Susie's affections, and he feared that Roseburgh was no proper man for a lover or husband. But as for saying that the girl should not drive, sail, and walk with a beau who was obviously a gentleman, such fastidiousness would have been so contrary to the old ways of Ramford that it would almost have seemed wicked, and moreover it would have been unpleasing to Susie. How was a doting grandfather to be hard upon a beautiful granddaughter who never insisted, but only coaxed, and petted, and smiled? The girl was as fond of the old man in one way, as she was fond of the young man in another. In each case her affection drew affection; and oh, how hard it is to love and to govern!

But Mr. Ridley had a sense of duty, and under the pressure of it he wrote to New York, asking what manner of man was this Mansfield Roseburgh. After a time responses came from trusty old Bible House intimates, to the effect that the person inquired about was a dandy of good position and fortune, but of loose life and atheistical opinions. And now, affectionate jealousy being reinforced by

moral obligations, the old gentleman tottered hysterically up to the girl's love, and tried to bind and slay it.

"Susie, he is a vile man," he said, pale and shaking with feebleness and excitement. "He is a son of Belial, and a denier of the truth. I won't have him in my house. I won't have my character as a *quasi* clergyman stained by intimacy with such a corrupt creature. I won't have my grandchild countenancing him with her society. He is not good enough for us. He is not good enough even to tread this wicked earth. He is of his father the devil. It fills me with horror when I see him stalking by, flown with insolence and wine."

Considering that Mr. Ridley did not know exactly what evil things Roseburgh had done, and that he had never met him when his breath was tainted with anything stronger than ale, it must be admitted that he was bearing on quite hard enough. But his Biblical education had rendered him familiar with the energetic language in which sin is habitually denounced by serious pepole, and when he denounced at all he did it in that tongue. Moreover, such was his native gentleness and lovingness that he could not carry on a contest at all, unless he first got into a passion. He was no cold-blooded fault-finder and hater, but a man of quick and warm impulses, almost a woman. Finally, he was a feeble old invalid—his nerves altogether stronger than his judgment; his excitability so great that hardly any words seemed sufficient to express it; his sickly brain clogging with blood so easily that the moment he fretted he was in danger of raving. His usually milk-white face was now of a pale pink from chin to forehead; his eyes were a little bloodshot, his tumid lips quivering as he talked, and his hands shaking all the way to his elbows. It was pitiable to see so good and sweet a nature suffering so undeservedly, and yet putting itself seemingly in the wrong by exaggeration and violence.

"Now you shan't be so severe, grandpapa," pleaded Susie, catching him by the wrists and reaching up to kiss him. "You don't mean it. Don't you know that you always scold awfully when you do scold? He isn't bad. He is very good. He is just as quiet and gentle as he can be. If you would only watch him without prejudice, you would admit that he is good."

"He isn't, Susie! he isn't!" insisted the other child, the grown-up one, the old one. "He's as false as hell; he's as deceitful as the serpent; and you are being led away and blinded by him. You don't know anything about men; you are a baby. When you have had my experience you will understand these children of Satan. I know them. I know all about them." (Remember that he had seen them pass the Bible House, and had read of them in the papers.) "They are as cunning as their father. They are like Mr. Flattery, who deceived and slew Parley the Porter. They are covered all over with smiles, as a serpent is with scales, and within are full of poison. Oh, my child, I have done wrong to let you go with this man. I must stop it. I will stop it. It must stop. It must stop at once. Susie, I say it must. It must."

From tottering up and down the room he sank into a chair, gasping for breath. The girl was crying, but she had followed him about like an attached kitten, and now she smoothed and kissed his white hair, damp as it was with agitation.

"Grandpapa," she asked, "can't I see him again?

"You can see him just once, to bid him good-bye."

Junius Brutus, condemning his sons to death, did not perhaps suffer more than did this soft-hearted old man in pronouncing this sentence. And when Susie, unable to bear bravely any longer, ran out of the room to seek some place

where she could cry freely, he too drew out his handkerchief and wiped a little moisture from his reddened eyelids.

It was evening. Susie recollected that Roseburgh would soon call, and she said to herself that she must see him alone. She washed her face, glided down a back stairway, hastened to the bridge over the mill-race, and awaited him there. He came. She saw his shadow in the moonlight before she saw him; she recognized it at a glance; the darling shadow!

"How good you are to come out to receive me!" he laughed as he took her hand.

"Oh, Mr. Roseburgh!" gasped the girl, "I can only see you for a few moments, and then I can never see you again."

"What is the matter?" he asked, with a bigger lump of lead in his heart than he had ever thought could get there.

"I will tell you everything. Grandpapa has written to New York and inquired about you. He has heard—oh, it is not true; I know it is not true. Don't believe that I believe it. You are very good. But grandpapa believes it, and oh, he is so—so cruel! He says I must never see you again. And I—"

Of a sudden this innocently-frank kitten discovered how much of her heart she was revealing, and fell silent, not less with maidenly shame than with a grief which could not be uttered with a clear breath. The next moment an arm stole around her waist, and she was drawn into the shadow of some lilacs. What could she do but lean her aching head against the nearest shoulder and begin to cry upon it? It is all very well to talk about lady-like modesty, but one can't easily control one's hysterics. Between a bold lover and an agitated, agitating grandfather, and a heart which throbbed as if it were a volcano, Susie was nearly as incapable of self-government as if she were insane.

Roseburgh, who was no novice in such scenes, and who had had his arm around many waists before, was amazingly upset by this emotion of a pure nature. True, he retained some selfish wisdom; fearful of losing his jovial bachelor liberty, he had not the grace to propose marriage; but neither had he the nerve to refrain from words which bound him in honor to propose it sooner or later. He called her by the sweetest names he knew; whispered protestations which he had often whispered to others, but never meant; held her close against a heart which now was beating honestly and fiercely for the first time; kissed her hands, and only failed to kiss her face because in his adoration he did not dare.

"Never see you again!" he whispered. "Oh, my child, that must not be; it would make me too wretched; I won't have it; there is no sense nor right in it. If I have not been good heretofore, I will be good hereafter, for your sake. I will change my whole life as far as you demand it. Tell your grandfather so. May I tell him? Shall I go in and see him now?"

"No, no!" gasped a girl who was at the moment both as happy and as miserable as she well could be. "Not to-night, my dear friend, my consoler. Please don't hold me; please let me go. Grandfather would be dreadful to-night. He is so excited! he is almost sick. It might make him quite ill for you to talk with him! There! you *mustn't*. Oh, don't be vexed with me. How good you are to comfort me so! I ought to go in. I shall go in—as soon as you go."

"But I never shall go," said Roseburgh, still holding her fast.

"Oh, my dear friend!" she could not help laughing, "what an obstinate man you are! Oh, I wish that you would go, so that I could go in. I ought not to stay out here with you."

"But you never were afraid to stay with me till now."

"But it was never forbidden till now."

"My dear child, I will respect your conscience."

"Oh, I knew you were good."

"I am not good; but I can just barely let you go. There! run before I stop you."

He went off, wild with love, and anger, and shame, and longing, and all sorts of agitations, to reach his hotel before it seemed to him that he had fairly started for it, and to pass the greater part of the night unslumbering.

Nor did Susie fare better. If her heart could have let her sleep, her grandfather could not.

"Have you seen him?" he asked as soon as she re-entered the house.

"Yes, grandpapa."

"Did you tell him what I said?"

"Oh, grandpapa!" protested the child, "how can you think so hard of him! He is not bad. He says he will live any life we wish. He wanted to tell you so to-night, but I wouldn't let him, because I was afraid it would make you sick to talk with him. I don't think you ought to judge him so severely. You don't know him, and you are unjust to him, indeed you are."

"There, there, there!" stammered the old man, rapidly. "There, there, there! I don't want to hear any more. You don't know what you are chattering about. You don't know anything about it."

While the girl had been talking with Roseburgh, Mr. Ridley had boiled with jealousy, and suspicion, and alarm, and his sickly excitability had risen to a fever. His face was now streaked with white and red, as if his heart were on fire and streaming upward in flames. It would have been obvious to a physician that the blood-vessels in his brain were overcharged, and that he was in danger of paralysis or apoplexy. His mental organs thus burdened, he was incapable of speaking coolly, or even of reasoning with perfect sanity.

"I can't say anything more," he stammered on, with an irritation which was made pathetic by grief. "I can't hear about it now. I don't want to hear about it at all. I won't. I am going to bed. Susie, please call the woman and sister." (He tried his time-worn joke in the vain hope that it would relieve his agitation, or, at least, partially hide it.) "Tell her to see to my room: I may want some hot water. And tell her to put the morphine where I can get it. I don't suppose I shall sleep. I know I shan't. Oh, dear! it's awful to be old and feeble. This is a hard world; it's hard upon all of us, young and old. God have mercy upon us!"

Susie herself saw to the bedroom, lighting the candle, putting the morphine on the dressing-table, and then ordering water to be kept on the kitchen fire. The old man eyed her suspiciously; it seemed to him that she was trying to coax him out of his right purpose; and he resolved that he would not be wheedled into consenting to wrong. When she led him up stairs he was not willing to lean upon her, and he tried vainly to go alone. In bed he grew wilder; he shouted for his door to be opened; then he began to talk to her through it. The talk was a scold about Roseburgh, mixed with a whimper about Susie, and a moaning over himself.

"He's a vile man," he kept repeating; "he's a son of Belial. Oh, I never ought to have received him under this roof. I warmed a serpent, and he has poisoned me. Yes, he has, Susie. You don't love me any longer."

She came into the room in her dressing-gown, put her arms about his head

and kissed him. She was not crying because of his invective, for she knew that he was sick and that his talk was a kind of delirium, and she was just then more anxious about him than about her own affairs.

"No, you don't care for me," he insisted, making as if he would draw away from her. "Not for me, but for that son of Belial. Nobody cares for me. Nobody in the wide world. Oh, dear! oh, dear! It's awful to be alone. Oh, merciful God, what is the use of old people? They are in the way; they prevent young folks from treading the broad way which is pleasant to their feet. Well, Susie, I shall go. I shall soon be gone. I shan't live to forbid the banns. You can have this man, this atheist, and make shipwreck of the faith."

"Grandpapa, don't," pleaded the girl. "Come, you are sick; you must be perfectly quiet; you mustn't talk."

"I must, I must!" insisted the half-crazy invalid. "I must protest against this iniquity, this snare and ruin. As I hope to be saved, I must protest. You don't understand the—the—what was I saying?"

His mind was beginning to stammer, as well as his tongue. After a momentary struggle to recover the last train of thought, he lighted by chance upon another and proceeded with his tirade.

"I shan't cut you off. You can have my money; you and Charles can have it together. I won't try to make you poor. Take it; it's poor, fragile dross. Take it and let *him* spend it for you. It won't last, any more than my poor life will last; they are both mists and vapors."

"Grandpapa, you must have your feet bathed," said Susie, with that merciful dictation which nurses use toward sick people. "Come! the water is here."

In spite of remedies it was hours before he slept. The scene was an excerpt from Bedlam; it was an alternation of scolding, pleading, crying, and groaning; askings for drinks of water, and snuffs of salts, and doses of morphine; threatening to get out of bed and leave the house; begging that he might not be sent to an insane asylum; dropping the quarrel, to resume it with increased violence; sending Susie to her room, and calling to her to come back; having his hands rubbed, his head swathed, and his feet poulticed; at last dropping into a slumber of starts and screams.

Susie bore the trial as a life-boat bears the surf, or an eagle the tempest. She was used to this sort of thing, and she dearly loved her sick and unhappy grandparent, and she was determined to make him like her lover. Still, it was wonderful that her hand could be so ready and her smile so sweet under such provocations of fretfulness. Now and then a little laughing reproof, but not a glance of vindictiveness, not a word of repining. From time to time a few tears, some drawn by the weeping of the old man, some by the attacks upon that noble Roseburgh, and some by the fear that her love might end in sorrow. But the drops were almost instantly cleared away by a brave effort of self-abnegation, or sense of duty, or native cheerfulness. She soothed and excused; she evaded the subject of dispute; she brooded for hours over the invalid; she was the most perfect of nurses and housewives; she had half a dozen restoratives cooking at once; yet she never seemed to leave the sick-room for a minute. You have seen a bee or a humming-bird darting away from a flower and instantaneously back to it. Just such were her goings and comings; just such her quickness, noiselessness, delicacy, and tact; just such, too, the sweetness of her mission. Her smiles, her little mouths of reproving and pleading, her eager watching for the invalid's betterment, her occasional tears of anxiety and sorrow, all made her exquisite. Every word and expression and action was like a new facet added to a jewel, cutting into its life, but increasing its brilliancy.

III.

HER reward was that her charge at last fell asleep, and so granted her a little rest. Next morning she discovered that the good fight which she had fought to keep both her grandfather and her lover had been all in vain. Mr. Ridley awoke sick—too feeble to get up to breakfast; head hot, eyes seeing black specks, mind seeing monsters; confident, nevertheless, that he knew the whole duty of grandfathers; resolved to end this affair between Susie and Roseburgh; angry and tremulous the moment he thought of it. The "son of Belial" called, and Mr. Ridley saw him in his sick-room, and had it out with him.

"I don't want to hear about your character, sir," he said, in a shaky, mumbling voice, and in that ecstasy of excitement which sometimes does, more or less ill, the work of real firmness. "It's nothing to me, sir—nothing to me. I've made my mind up. I can't have this thing going on any longer. I can't have it, sir. I don't want to discuss your intentions. I decline to discuss them. I dare say they are an honor. They might be grateful to some people. It's all very well, if one thinks so. No, I don't mean that. I can't express myself clearly. My head troubles me. I beg you won't continue, sir. I thank you. I dare say you don't mean ill; but I prefer not to discuss it. My soul is fixed. I know I am in the path of duty. If I am not, forgive me. I mean right. You must know I do. And, meaning right, I must be firm."

"Well, sir, if you positively will not hear me, I will leave," replied Roseburgh. "Good morning, sir."

Although he had come resolved to be patient, he had ended by feeling himself offended. Not a keen observer of men, at least not of old people and invalids, he did not see how much of what seemed injustice and incivility was merely fever.

Going down stairs, he discovered Susie, awaiting him in the parlor, although she knew that she ought not to see him again. The temptation of touching her once more dissolved at once his anger and his sense of what was best; and joining her, he took her hand, placed her arm in his, and walked the room with her in silence. No need of telling her what had been said; she saw it all in his troubled face. After a moment she stopped walking, and laid her head on his shoulder, first looking up in his eyes with a piteous smile, and whispering, "Mayn't I?"

"It is very pleasant to be once more together," he said, feeling as if they had been long separated, although they had met the evening before.

"Oh, darling, this is making believe," she sighed. "This is making believe."

The interview was suddenly broken off by a call, summoning Susie to take care of her grandfather.

Roseburgh, as sensitive now as people in love always are, thought that she left him too promptly and willingly. He went off in a storm of excitement; he had as many conflicting emotions as fancy might attribute to a dry leaf tossed in the wind; he was a little angry with Susie, and a good deal angry with her guardian, and much mortified at being ejected from such a humble roof. In one moment he wished that he had led a worthier life, and in the next he thought that he had been treated with ridiculous harshness, and in the next he resolved that he would have this girl in spite of opposition. An hour later, pacing the hotel veranda with a glass of whiskey in his head, he perceived that he had been insulted to an extent that was unbearable.

"Serve her right for having such a relative, and for giving way to his nonsense!" he muttered, as he left for Newport. "The old fool and the young fool together have saved me from being an utter fool. But for them I should have hooked myself hard and fast. Now I am a free man once more."

So we go, up and down the slopes of passion; loving at ten o'clock, and hating or seeming to hate at eleven; driven by the winds of circumstance, and tossed on the billows of the great law of undulation. But at Newport Roseburgh found himself in the trough of the sea again. He met plenty of acquaintances there; but he could take no manner of interest in them, man or woman; and it followed that he did not make himself agreeable.

"What the deuce is the matter with you, Manse?" protested Harry Witherspoon, a brother dandy. "You are the dullest company I ever met, even here. You stare at the table-cloth as if it were a winding sheet. Are you repenting of your ways? Or are you in love?"

Roseburgh did not blush with shame; he was too far gone in sentiment for that. He was so infatuated with Susie Ridley, that he did not think his infatuation ridiculous. Amazing to tell, he was proud of it, and proud of it to that extent that he longed to confess it. It would have pleased him to take the girl's hand, step out with her in presence of the whole world, and declare, "This woman I love with my whole heart, and for her I mean to live my whole life."

But to Witherspoon he would not say this, for he knew that the young man was a hard, coarse trifler, just what he himself had been only a few weeks previous; and he felt that such a precious pearl as the name of Susie was not to be thrown before such swine.

How was it that this tough and selfish worldling had been inspired by such a pure and sublime passion? It was not Susie's beauty merely that had done the work; he had, of course, met other girls as handsome as she; it was mainly her magnetic power of loving. As the sun draws leaves and flowers from the bare stalks of spring, so her affection had drawn profuse and sweet sentiment from his hitherto sterile soul. She was grand in loving; by this alone she was nobler than most women; for this alone she deserved him, and deserved far better than he. Long as he had lived in the Mammoth Cave of vice and selfishness, he had retained enough of his spiritual vision to perceive these things. Moreover (and here we come to a truth of highest import), in the matter of loving, the species is mightier than the individual. Roseburgh was no longer his own self; he had lost his sharpest peculiarities, his viciousness and egoism; he was the universal man-soul, in love.

The absent Susie haunted him. In his lonely walks he seemed to see her by his side, and he slackened his step to let the dear little phantom keep pace with him. He could summon before his mind's eye every outline of her form and face, and every change of her expression. Out of vacancy the blue eyes looked at him; in darkness the starlight smile beamed upon him; amidst a crowd he was called to by her voice. The word "dearest" continually lingered near his lips, begging for the brief, delicious lifetime of utterance. Her little question, "Were you thinking of me?" more than once came to him so distinctly that he answered aloud, "Yes." In fact, he was such a Manse Roseburgh as he had never before dreamed of, and as he would once have laughed to scorn.

At last the world without this one girl seemed to him so narrow that his soul could not breathe in it; and he determined that, despite his social pride and his love of independence, and despite of her grandfather, he must have her. In the purest and sweetest mood of mind that he had ever known, he wrote her an offer

of marriage. During the rest of that day, anticipating no delay nor rejection, he was perfectly happy. He seemed to be already her husband, protector, comforter; he saw himself watching over her through all his life; he was unspeakably glad and proud of her.

But when three days had passed without a reply, he slid down from his crest of confidence into a most gloomy hollow of surges and buffetings. He was so silent, or when he did talk he was so morosely cynical, that people kept out of his way. A thousand mocking imps of fancies persecuted him with explanations as to why he got no letter. Her grandfather? hang him! Susie? how could she be so cruel? The postman? careless brute! This world has seldom been blessed with the sight of a more humbled, troubled, and irrational lover than Manse Roseburgh.

After three days came a trembling moment—when he tore open a little note, and found a photograph and a confession of love. Never, it seemed to him, was any human composition more innocently frank and simply eloquent than this letter of Susie Ridley's.

"Oh, my love, my love, my love," it began, and just in that delicious style it went on. "Oh, my all, how happy you have made me! How could it come into your heart to make me so happy? You are the best and kindest man in the whole world. Nothing but goodness could lead you to care for a poor little girl like me."

Here Roseburgh nearly dropped on his knees at the thought that he should be so overvalued.

"But oh, my darling, what shall I say to you?" he read on. "My grandfather, my poor, sick, loving grandfather, will not hear of my marriage. We have talked over it and cried over it—yes, my dear, we have both of us cried over it—for two whole days. He cannot see things right; he says that if I marry you, it will break his heart; and, darling, my own darling, how can I break his heart? I think that no one was ever so wretched as I, and, at the same time, that no one was ever so happy. The knowledge that you love me is such a consolation that it nearly drowns all my great sorrow. Be sure of one thing, that I never will marry any one else—never, never, never! And, oh, my love, however you may be separated from me, do not quite forget me. Though so much nobler than I, and though my love is of so little worth to you, do sometimes remember me, my love. Your loving, always loving

"SUSIE."

In a tumult of affection, Roseburgh hastily wrote a reply: "My dearest, I shall return. I cannot accept your refusal; it would make me too miserable. Please tell your grandfather that I respectfully, but earnestly, insist upon another interview with him," etc.

In the next train after his letter he went off to Ramford, reaching there at nine in the evening.

Meantime, poor, sick, troubled Mr. Ridley had gone into a state of excitement which was little short of insanity. The man was excellent; his life had been absolutely spotless; his heart was one of the gentlest and warmest that ever beat; it is enough to bring tears to one's eyes to see him wretched; it is a case of undeserved and pathetic suffering. And yet it does seem as if his prejudices outran both the demands of reason and of righteousness. He was so bitter against bad men that he would not believe that they might become better men, except they openly confessed their sins and joined themselves to the church. He would not allow that any human affection could make such a one as Mansfield Rose-

burgh a harmless member of society, and a decent head of a family. And now this conviction, one of the strongest moral motors of his life, was roused to a passion by the fear of losing his darling granddaughter, and by the excitability of invalidism. His mind, weakened by the weakness of his body, was so tossed by affection, anxiety, and terror, that he absolutely talked nonsense, and was in a fair way to act it.

"I won't see'm, I won't see'm," he stammered, walking feebly up and down his parlor. "I'm not obliged to. A man's house 's his castle. Nobody 'll come into it against my will. I forbid it—I forbid it. I've a right to resist it."

He talked thickly, as if he were intoxicated; for his agitation not only half clouded his brain, but also half paralyzed his tongue. Susie made no reply, and even struggled to repress her tears, fearful of increasing his perturbation.

"Well, what time will he be here?" he asked, after a moody silence.

"He says he shall come on the nine o'clock train. Perhaps he may come immediately here."

"Quarter past nine," muttered Grandfather Ridley. "He'll be here then. He's sure to come—like Satan; *I'll* sit up for him. Yes, I guess I'll see him; I guess I will."

As he uttered these last words there was a sly expression on his scarlet face, which Susie noticed but did not comprehend.

At half-past eight that evening the old man, now absolutely though temporarily a lunatic, turned back the parlor clock a quarter of an hour. At nine, his breath short and his face crimson with eagerness and anxiety, he stole out of the house and tottered down to his front gate. It will be remembered that between the yard and the street ran a mill-race, a moderately wide and deep current, spanned by a plank bridge over which every one who entered the Ridley grounds from that side must pass. On the bridge he stopped, looked, and listened; the night was moonless, starless, and very dark; the street was perfectly quiet. Then did this good old man, set on and strengthened by the "bee in his bonnet," carry out one of the strangest tricks that ever a good man was left to devise.

With great labor, his head full of blood and his breath wheezing, he pulled up and carried away a dozen of the loose planks of the bridge, until he had opened a gap of eight or ten feet in the centre. He did not mean to drown Roseburgh: he knew that the man was a good swimmer; but he did mean to duck him. At the moment it seemed to him a very proper way to serve a son of Belial, who was coming to invade him in his castle, to rob him of his beloved grandchild, and to make her wretched for this life and also for the life to come. He thought it a very justifiable and praiseworthy method of thwarting and throwing scorn upon such a prowling Satan.

He accomplished his work without interruption. Susie, as he had guessed, intended to meet her lover and have a preliminary word with him; but Susie, deceived by the retarded clock, was still in the house, waiting for the last and best moment. The trap being set, the breathless trapper drew back among the lilacs, seated himself in a garden-chair, and attended the result. Presently a rapid, firm tread informed him that some male being was approaching. Knowing it would be wrong to let any one but the son of Belial fall into the race, this conscientious and clear-headed old gentleman called, "Is that Mr. Roseburgh?"

"Yes," was the response of a cultivated and musical, yet dreaded and detested voice.

"Come on," said Mr. Ridley, choking and shaking, but firm in purpose.

Roseburgh stepped upon the bridge, stepped upon the abyss, and splashed into the race. Suddenly terrified lest the man might drown, Mr. Ridley staggered hastily forward, felt out the timber edge of the flume with his cane, stared into the darkness beneath him, saw nothing, tottered down the stream, and continued to stare. The buzzing in his head would not let him hear the strong, quiet strokes with which Roseburgh was already gaining the opposite bank.

"Are you there?" called the old gentleman, in an agony of elation and terror.

"Yes," growled the young man, who had just reached firm earth again. "What under heaven does this mean?"

No answer. Mr. Ridley was speechless with the excitement of a dozen or so of emotions. Roseburgh, without a hat, and exasperatingly wet, made a shrewd guess at the cause of his misadventure, and turned his back on the house in high anger, resolved never to seek entrance there again. He had not taken a dozen steps when a faint shriek clove the night, followed, or rather accompanied, by another splash. These sounds he did not hear distinctly, for his ears were still filled and dulled with water. But the old man heard them and guessed their cause truly. Susie had come out, had fallen through the opening in the bridge, and was drowning between the two beings who best loved her. It was a horrible commixture of farce and tragedy.

Unable to swim, and knowing that, for all he could do, his child must die, Amos Ridley raised a scream, which for sharpness and distress was not a man's but a woman's. There was such an unmistakable accent of agony in it that Roseburgh stopped, turned about, hesitated an instant, and then called, "What is the matter?"

"She is drowning," was the shrieking reply.

The lover guessed: he had that in his heart which made him a diviner; and in three bounds he was at the race-way, peering into its gloom.

"Oh, save her, save her!" yelled the old man. "She is drowning."

Presently there seemed to be a pale gleam, momentarily showing through the glossy darkness, as of some object which had risen near the surface of the water, spectral, evanescent, a mockery of life. Toward this whiteness Roseburgh leaped, striking out with the vigor of a Newport surf-swimmer, clutching from moment to moment at what he could no longer see, now groping along the surface of the current, and now diving to its depths. Thus passed a minute which seemed to the two distracted men like an hour. At last Roseburgh climbed the side of the race-way, bearing in his arms a form which was already limp and cold, and which answered not to the words and tears that saluted it.

"Oh, my God!" groaned the old man. "Oh, I have killed her! Susie! Susie!"

He tried to drag the girl out of the lover's arms, as if he could warm her into life with embraces.

"Let her alone," said Roseburgh, roughly. "Into the house! Blankets and a fire!"

A doctor was sent for; women of the neighborhood rustled in; the usual restoratives were applied. Ridley and Roseburgh, the latter still in his wet clothing, waited in an outer room without speaking to each other, until they were summoned out of their despair by a bustle of joy.

"She's come to," said a lean and sallow granny, who at the moment seemed to them an angel.

Mr. Ridley tottered up to Roseburgh, seized both his hands and clung to them, whispering, "God bless you! God bless you!"

"God bless you for calling me!" said the young man. They had spoken their last words of ill-will to each other; a common anguish and a common joy had made them friends.

When the physician called them in to see Susie, she had recovered her strength and senses, and lay smiling upon a sofa.

"I am quite well," were her first words. It was an exquisite expression of that sweetness, that thoughtfulness of others, that self-forgetting affection, which had made her the object of so much love. She had scarcely spoken ere the two men were bending or kneeling beside her, the elder kissing her forehead and the younger her hands.

"Oh! I am so happy!" cried Susie, divining with a woman's quickness that the misunderstanding was over.

An hour later, when it had been settled that the love-making had become a betrothal, the girl looked Roseburgh in the eyes with a gaze which said more than language, and whispered, with a half-terrified, pathetic joy, "Oh, how I shall love you! It frightens me to think how I am going to love you."

Frankness, earnestness, simplicity, innocence—she was the incarnation of them all, and she was charming.

Will she be happy with this man? Unknown. We cannot predict how he will wear; we are not yet acquainted with him. In all this story the Manse Roseburgh that was, and that once more may be, has not appeared. We have not seen the selfish, corrupt, passionate follower of fashion and slave of vice, who has heretofore been known to men and women by that name. All his special traits and tastes—not only his libertinism, his lack of faith, his general lack of sympathy, his cynic views of life, but also his lighter habits of practical joking, of reckless frolicking, of scoffing and chaffing—all have been for a time overwhelmed by the fervent revelation of a first love, liable however to reassume their dominion.

We have seen the species, rather than the individual; we have studied the possibility of strong and pure sentiment which exists in almost every one of us; we have been favored with a view of the great, original, universal oversoul in love. Some day Roseburgh will more or less go back from this noble largeness of expression, to his old and own personality. That day he may, or he may not, become a bad husband, first unsympathetic, then faithless, then loveless, then cruel.

But if ardent, persistent, and self-sacrificing affection can keep him in the right and happy way, he will be kept there by his wife.

VENTILATION AND WARMING.

SO intimately are ventilation and warming connected, that it is almost impossible to speak of one without mentioning the other. Moreover, they both depend, directly or indirectly, on the action of heat. It is therefore natural and proper that we should consider them together in the present article.

Heat, or, as Professor Tyndall terms it, "that curious, quivering motion of molecules or atoms," being the basis on which processes of ventilation are usually founded, we must understand its action on the air before we can comprehend how it is to be utilized for the purposes of ventilation. If we turn to the works on natural philosophy, we find that if a given volume of air or any gas at 32 deg. Fahr. is warmed, it increases in size or expands about one five-hundredth of its volume at 32 deg. Fahr. for every degree we warm it. If the temperature is raised to 532 deg. Fahr. the volume is twice, and if to 1,032 deg., thrice that at 32 deg. Fahr. It consequently follows that, as we have increased the bulk of the air without increasing its weight, it is lighter, and will rise through the surrounding cold air. Of this we may easily satisfy ourselves by holding one of our hands over a stove in which a fire is burning, when the warm ascending current of air may be easily perceived.

Though many and various mechanical appliances have been suggested and employed for the purpose of ventilating buildings and apartments, none can compare in simplicity or reliability with the principle described above, if it is correctly applied and properly managed. But herein lies the difficulty: though the principle is perhaps known and understood, it is neither correctly applied nor properly managed. A good illustration of this lately occurred within the range of the writer's own observation. Chancing to go with the builder over a newly-erected first-class house, we went on the roof, and after calling attention to the thorough manner in which it was constructed, he pointed triumphantly to a small tin tube about two inches in diameter and four inches in height that surmounted a sky-light. "There," said he, "there is the ventilator; what do you think of it?" "Very little," was the reply. And we thought still less of it when, on examining its connection with the interior of the house, it was discovered that a colored glass window intervened between it and the halls it was intended to ventilate, shutting off all communication with them, and rendering it entirely useless even had it been of sufficient size to accomplish any good. Yet the builder mentioned was an intelligent man, and has the reputation of erecting, and does erect, excellent houses; but neither he nor the great majority of his fellow-builders in this city have given due attention to the application of the principles that lie at the basis of the usual system of ventilation, and which are—

1. To provide a suitable vent for the foul air.

2. To arrange the vent or flue in such a manner as to accomplish its work properly.

3. To introduce fresh air to take the place of the foul air as fast as it is removed.

Though these conditions are exceedingly simple and easily provided, yet how rarely is the desired result attained. A current of cold air usually comes down the flue that is intended to act in the opposite direction and convey warm air out of the room; and if there is an opening provided for the admission of fresh air, it generally fails entirely of its purpose because it is not properly arranged.

In the construction of the vent or flue of exit, care should be taken to make it of sufficient size. The object to be accomplished is the ventilation of the room; there must, therefore, be some relation between the size of the space and that of the vent. Due consideration should also be paid to the uses to which the room is applied. If it is in a private dwelling, where only a few persons are to meet, a flue of the usual size, as now constructed, will answer; but if it is in a brilliantly-lighted theatre or public hall, in which people congregate by thousands, a much more generous allowance must be made. If by the term ventilation we mean the frequent and entire renewal of the air in a space, in order to keep it as nearly as possible pure, it is evident that the miserable half-dozen six-inch openings that we see in some of our public halls are a perfect mockery. They are utterly incapable of accomplishing the work that requires a half-dozen openings six feet in diameter.

Another necessity, which is very generally overlooked in the construction of the ventilators in public buildings, is that of a perfect communication of the ventilator with the external air. If complaint is made of the ventilation of a certain hall, the proprietor asserts that it is a mistake; and, in support of his statement, points out an opening ingeniously concealed in the ceiling, and ten or a dozen feet in diameter, and insists that it is amply sufficient for the purpose. So it might be if it communicated with the external air; but in place of that, it opens into a garret which, in the majority of cases, is hermetically sealed from the outside air, or, at the best, is only provided with two or three insignificant windows, one of which may at rare intervals be open, more by accident than by design. Such an arrangement is worse than none at all; for, while it keeps the promise to the eye, it permits the air to become more and more laden with gases which, by their accumulation in the blood, render it impure and unfit to sustain a healthy action in the brain, in consequence of which the senses and imagination are likewise debased, and less able to resist the evil effects of the scenes of doubtful morality that are now so commonly presented on the stage.

Even though a vent of suitable dimensions may have been provided, it is in many instances arranged in such a manner as to be useless. The builder, ignoring the fact that air must be warmed to establish an upward current, places the flues and ventilating openings in positions that are selected rather with regard to symmetry in the walls and rooms than to the purpose for which they are intended. As a consequence, we frequently find a ventilating flue in an outside wall, where, by exposure to cold, it either does not act at all, or, at best, has its action reversed, and introduces cold instead of removing warm air. The proper position for such vents is in the chimney-stack that communicates with the kitchen fire, where, by contact with a fire-flue that must of necessity be warm at all times, they are also warmed and imparting warmth to the air they contain, and an upward current is established which is supplied by air drawn from the apartments into which they open.

In the discussion of the position of ventilating flues their existence has, of course, been taken for granted; but when we examine the matter more closely, we find that in the vast majority of houses there are no ventilating flues whatever, the fireplace or grate-opening in the chimney being considered amply sufficient for the purpose. Though this is better than no ventilator at all, it is a very imperfect substitute; for since it opens near the floor of the room, it can only draw air from the lowest strata, and these, as we have seen in a previous article, are the purest. The great bulk of the impure air having, by its warmth, ascended to the ceiling, the opening near the floor cannot remove it

until it has become cool and by gradual diffusion reached the lower strata, after having rendered all the air in the room impure. While such a system of ventilation might do very well for an animal that carries its nostrils close to the ground, it is evidently but poorly suited to the wants of man, who is constrained by his erect position to obtain his supply of air at a higher level. If ventilating openings are intended for his advantage, they should be placed as high as possible; or they might be concealed in those marvellous *ornaments* that builders delight to place in the centres of ceilings, from which, by a hollow iron beam or horizontal tube under the floor of the upper room, they could be made to communicate with its chimney, or with the ventilating flue of the chimney-stack.

The admission of fresh air into the space to be ventilated is only in rare instances provided for; yet an outward current cannot be established unless air is drawn from some source to supply the place of that removed. In practice this is accomplished by leakage through the crevices around the windows and doors, or through cracks in the floor and wainscoting. As a consequence, it is almost impossible for a delicate person to sit in the vicinity of a window without risk of "catching cold" from the draught that is thus established. It would be far better if suitable flues were constructed for the purpose, which could introduce fresh air in sufficient volume and from a source that should insure its purity. In city houses the furnaces and hot-air tubes afford an ample supply during the winter, when they are in operation; but as they are not in action during the summer, reliance is placed almost entirely on the opening of doors and windows. Though such a provision may answer very well during the summer months, it is often inadmissible during the spring and autumn, and in rainy or stormy weather.

When ventilation is under the control of a person whose interest it is to retain the warm air in the house without regard to its purity, the occupants of rooms in crowded houses must seek the means of changing the air of their apartments within them. If the room is large, this may be easily accomplished by drawing down the upper half of the window at the greatest distance from the bed or part of the room that is usually occupied, and at the same time raising the lower half. The external air can then enter by the lower opening while the foul air escapes above, and by properly adjusting the size of the openings and placing a screen in order to direct the incoming air to the floor, a very thorough ventilation may be obtained without producing a serious draught. By thus allowing a complete change of the air of a room at the time of going to bed, and continuing it for a few minutes or half an hour, a great advantage is gained; but this may be improved by leaving small openings during the whole night, and meeting the increased cold in the winter by an equivalent increase in the quantity of bedclothing. When this is done, experience has demonstrated that it is better that the bed should be placed in such a manner that the person should lie with his face to the window, since under these conditions a draught is less injurious.

The methods employed for the heating of houses and rooms vary in different countries, and have been greatly improved within the last half-century. The savage inhabitants of cold climates build their fires in the centre of their miserable huts, and warm themselves in the smoke that can only escape through the opening that serves the triple purpose of chimney, door, and window. In Italy, where the supply of fuel is small, the poor, even at the present day, use a brazier in which charcoal is slowly smouldering; and it is a common thing to see old people crouching on low stools in the streets with their braziers in their laps,

and fondling them as though they were the most precious of their possessions. So long as the brazier is employed in the open air, but little objection can be urged against it; but when it is used in rooms, as is the general custom, it is very dangerous, for the gases resulting from the combustion are all poured into the confined space. The only thing to be said in its favor is, that it is not quite so annoying as the fire of the savage, for in its combustion charcoal does not emit the acrid fumes that escape from wood, and the irritating effects on the delicate membranes of the eyes and nose are avoided.

A great step toward the establishment of a civilized method of warming was made about the year 1200, when chimneys were first constructed, though they were not generally introduced into England till the reign of Elizabeth. Before this period fires were but little used except for the purpose of cooking, and the ringing of the curfew or *couvre-feu* bell only ceased with the establishment of the age of chimneys. We may therefore say that, with the exception of the Roman baths and a few lordly mansions, the history of warming in Great Britain does not date back more than four or five hundred years.

Notwithstanding the many pleasant associations connected with the open fire, we cannot regard it as a philosophical method of warming; for it is not only wasteful in that it permits nine tenths of the heat to pass up the chimney, but as now constructed it only ventilates the lower half of the room. In the days when the fireplace was almost as high as the ceiling, and broad enough to accommodate the great yule log that required a yoke of oxen to move it, the ventilation was certainly good, for the whole family could sit or stand in the fireplace if they desired; but with the introduction of coal as fuel, and the consequent diminution in size and lowering of the chimney throat, ventilation has been seriously impaired without any corresponding gain except on the score of economy.

A second objection to be urged against this method of warming is the draughts that are created through every chink and crevice to supply the air required to carry on the combustion, and which our ancestors vainly endeavored to avoid by the construction of chairs with lofty backs and sides, in which they could bury themselves and hide from the winds that invaded the apartment. Another serious difficulty is the manner in which heat is applied. While the portion of the body toward the fire is almost roasted, that in the opposite direction is as nearly frozen. It is therefore necessary to present alternately a front and rear aspect to the source of heat; and by a continued rotation resembling that of a goose on a spit, it is possible, by the exertion of the requisite dexterity, to succeed on a very cold day in maintaining the whole person at an equable temperature. Despite these disadvantages, the inviting air of comfort and cheer that the open fire imparts to our rooms will prevent its abolition; and where economy is not necessary, and it is used in connection with one of the better kinds of furnace, for its enlivening influence rather than as a source of warmth, the objections advanced against it lose their importance.

The enhanced price of fuel and its increased scarcity, especially in the northern regions of Europe, rendered economy in its use imperative. Ovens were accordingly built under the floors, and even in the rooms, to furnish the requisite heat. These soon led to the construction of the stoves now so generally employed, and for which, in their improved form, we are greatly indebted to the labors of Franklin and Count Rumford. It is true that there are many arguments to be urged against their use, but their economic value has thus far sufficed to answer these; and as stoves will in all probability continue to be employed by

a very large portion of the inhabitants of the United States, we may profitably consider how the faults in construction or application may be remedied.

The stove not only warms the air of an apartment by radiation, as is the case with the open fire, but it also imparts heat by direct contact of the air with its exterior. The air is thus more thoroughly warmed, but since the metallic sides of the stove are generally heated to redness, it is also rendered very dry and less suitable for the purposes of respiration. At the same time the high temperature burns or scorches the minute floating filaments, and though the attacked spores or cells may be destroyed, the resulting dry carbonaceous dust must be far more irritating to the respiratory membranes than the filaments from which it was formed. Another and perhaps more important matter is the vitiation of the air by admixture with carbonic oxide, one of the most deleterious of the gases in its relations to life, and which, as Professor Graham has demonstrated, passes through red-hot iron as if it were a sieve, though the metal is impervious to it at the ordinary temperatures of the air. The objection urged against open fires on account of draughts applies with equal force to the stove, for it also obtains the air requisite for combustion from the apartment. As regards ventilation, it is even worse than the open fire, since the mouth of the ash-pit in the stove is generally near the floor of the room.

Serious as these disadvantages are, it is possible to correct the conditions under which they occur, and by proper care render the air thus warmed suitable for the purposes of respiration. The scorching of floating filaments and escape of carbonic oxide through the iron may be stopped by keeping the temperature of the metal below a red heat by a lining of soap-stone of proper thickness; the drying of the air almost entirely obviated by the evaporation of water from a vessel placed on the stove; and the draughts prevented by a flue or tube to deliver fresh air under the stove, so that it may be warmed at the moment of its introduction into the room. Good ventilation might also be procured by arranging a pipe or other means of communication between the ash-pit of the stove and the upper part of the room, through which the impure air might be drawn and employed to support the combustion in the stove as soon as the fire is properly lighted.

Especially in wards of hospitals, and in rooms occupied by persons suffering from disease of the respiratory apparatus, should precautions be taken to render stove-warmed air as pure and as free from irritating particles as possible; for the best care and attention on the part both of nurse and physician are often of little avail if the patient is obliged to breathe air that irritates the inflamed membranes and tissues.

Within the last quarter of a century the hot-air furnace has been very generally introduced into our private and public buildings; and though complaints are very commonly urged against it, it is far more philosophical in its action than any of the methods thus far considered, since it presents all the advantage of the stove as regards its economy, and at the same time insures a thorough ventilation. In its construction the furnace is in reality a stove placed in a box or chamber, where it may warm fresh air and force it into the rooms where it is wanted. There is, however, an essential difference in their action; for while the stove exerts an exhausting or vacuum action on the air of a room, the furnace exercises a condensing or plenum action. It therefore follows that the draughts which are established to supply the air needed for combustion in the stove, do not exist in the case of the furnace; on the contrary, in order to force air into the room, that already present must be expelled, an outflow is consequently estab-

lished through every crevice, and the air in the room is thus continually renewed and a perfect ventilation obtained.

While the ordinary furnace presents the advantages of economy in fuel, freedom from draughts, thorough ventilation, and increased cleanliness by keeping ashes and dust out of the rooms, it has certain defects; for since it is essentially a stove, like it, it will not only dry the air but also scorch it, and allow the admixture with carbonic oxide. A sufficient supply of water in the water pan of the air chamber will, however, obviate all trouble on the score of dryness, and the careful adaptation of a lining of soap-stone will almost entirely remove the other causes of vitiation, and enable the furnace to furnish a copious supply of warm, nearly pure air, to all the apartments of a house.

Another method now employed for the purpose of heating is that by steam coils placed in the rooms to be warmed. While this method possesses the great advantages of cleanliness, economy, and freedom from scorching the air and vitiating it by carbonic oxide, it is attended by the serious defect that as ordinarily employed it makes no provision whatever for ventilation, but warms the same air over and over again. It may, it is true, answer in shops and offices where the space is large, the number of occupants small, and the continual opening of doors serves to introduce fresh air; but in private houses, in public lecture halls, and above all in hospital wards, and rooms in which a number of people congregate and remain for some time, it should never be employed without some modification. Any one who has entered a hospital ward thus warmed at night, when the doors are closed, will recollect the nauseous odor that prevails from the want of proper ventilation. We must not be surprised that fevers and other evidences of blood-poisoning at times make such fearful inroads among the unfortunates who occupy these hot-beds of disease. Nor can we wonder that those who, in the performance of their duty as nurse and physician, are at times obliged to breathe such an atmosphere for hours, should also become poisoned and inhale the seeds of a disease which sooner or later disables them or destroys life itself.

As in the case of the stove the want of ventilation may be corrected, so in that of the steam coil this defect may be remedied by a similar device. It is only requisite to deliver fresh air among the coils of the pipe by a suitable flue or tube communicating with the external air, and provide the means already described for removing the foul gases from the upper part of the room, to insure good ventilation. Thus modified, the steam coil might be employed in private houses greatly to the advantage of the occupants both as regards health and purse, and there can be but little doubt that in some form its introduction into city houses is only a question of time.

The last system of warming which we shall consider is that by the hot water or steam furnace, which bears the same relation to the steam coil that the ordinary furnace does to the stove. It may be described as a box or air chamber containing a series of coils or tubing through which hot water or steam circulates, and so warms the air as it passes through the chamber to the different parts of the house. The great difficulty with this and the preceding method is the expense and the careful attention required in the management of the furnace and boiler. The first of these might be greatly reduced, and the second met, by delivering steam from one set of boilers to the hot-air chambers of a number of houses. A couple of men could thus attend to the heating of a whole square or block, and the occupants could regulate the warmth of their houses as they now do the supply of gas-light and water, by merely turning a faucet. At the same time the steam might be utilized to heat water for the laundry and bath, and also for culi-

nary and other purposes, and thus become an additional source of comfort and assistance to the housekeeper.

Of all the methods of warming, that by the steam furnace is the most philosophical. It accomplishes the desired object, and secures good ventilation, without in any way contaminating the air; for since the temperature of the coils rarely rises as high as 250 deg., it does not scorch the floating filaments. It also avoids the introduction of the gases produced during combustion, and the humidity of the warm air is under perfect control, and can be adjusted to any required point by allowing a little steam to escape into the air chamber from a faucet suitably arranged. In view of these advantages, we may hope that in the experiments now being made to construct houses on the plan of flats, greater attention will be paid to the question of ventilation and warming, and provision made to accomplish the latter by the steam furnace as we have described it.

JOHN C. DRAPER.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

YOU wrong that lovely time to smile and say
Sharp desolation shivered in the snow,
And bright sands nursed bright serpents, as to-day,
A hundred years ago.

The world was full of dew and very fair,
Before I saw it scarr'd and blacken'd so;
There was wide beauty and flush'd silence there,
A hundred years ago.

No child's sweet grave, with rose-buds torn away
By the most bitter winds the falls can blow,
Before my tears in freezing loneness lay
A hundred years ago.

No phantom stars, one night in every Spring,
Saw my faint hands, with pallor wavering slow,
Give back the glimmering fragment of a ring,
A hundred years ago.

I did not feel this dim far-trembling doubt
Of Christ's love in the sky, or man's below,
And hold my heart to keep one Terror out,
A hundred years ago.

The shadow Life may wither from the grass,
Back to God's hand the unresting seas may flow;
But what shall take me where I dream I was
A hundred years ago?

Ah, would I care to look beyond the shine
Of this weird-setting moon, if I could know
The peace that made my nothingness divine
A hundred years ago?

S. M. B. PIATT.

LETTERS FROM HAVANA.

LAURE D'HAUTERIVE TO ANGELA GAYNOR.

I.

HAVANA, February 26, 186–.—Landed two days since, my own far-away Angie, and am settled—no, installed—in my new home since yesterday. And is it really only one week since, from oh what puffy, smarting eyes! I caught my last glimpse of your dear face on the pier in New York?

But this will never do; philosophy, to the rescue! and this time you must be content with a surface letter, for all this novelty of externals is precisely what I take refuge in from this horrible, monstrous ache in my left side, that, an' I regard it in the least, suddenly swells and swells till I seem all one great sore heart fast clutched in an iron grasp. If you but knew! and yet I wouldn't for a world you did. Not even for an instant in my fancy, and on this page that only our four eyes can look on, would I metamorphose *my* darling, and fortune's darling, Angela Gaynor, into that school friend of long, happy years, Laure d'Hauterive, become, within few hours, that redoubtable personage the French governess. No, no; if these things *must* needs be, then we won't disturb the awards: To Angela, the luxurious, lovely home; the sheltered, brilliant lot; that generous, befitting heart withal. To Laure, the broken fortunes, the obscure destiny, the struggle and adventure, and such shreds of courage as she can gather for the encounter.

But, "Shreds of courage!" I think I hear you say, "when you know how eager you are for the fray." Am I? Well, I am young, and have youth's hardihood; but can you guess, my Angie, of whom I have constantly thought since I set out on this my way to *faire fortune?* You have not forgotten that queer collection of years, whims, knowledge, accomplishments, crabbedness, and personal ugliness, our old French and German mistress, Mlle. Dangeau? 'Tis she who haunts me. You know I used to talk with her endlessly, and now, suddenly, I seem to be saturated with memories of her ecstatic reminiscences of her little *chez elle* of two rooms in Paris, if so far skyward may be said to be *in* Paris. I remember, with pitiless accuracy, the furniture, piece by piece; the *armoire* where was stowed the precious household napery, all marked with her initials; her raptures over the tiny bunches of assorted vegetables for a *bouillon* for one person; the fowls dissected for that same *solitaire;* all those solus household arrangements and experiences: and over and over I ask myself, "Is that your future, Mlle. Laure? your home of middle and old age?" And you can't wonder that just then a heart gives a little writhe in that aforementioned clamp.

'Tis "ower true" that I wouldn't be governessing now if that good mother-sister, Madame Eléonore d'Hauterive, *Rse. du Sacré Cœur*, had let me use my voice in church and concert as a bread-winner; but at least I'm fond of *some* children, and when I've taught myself into a husk (about ten years hence that'll be), I shall look for some brisk, cheerful retreat, where plenty of work is done, so that there may be no chance of pampering that wretched, forlorn self that I fairly begin to hold in horror, and there I shall go to die in harness, and among my fellows.

Sometimes I wonder that I did not follow my sister; as a nun do my teaching, and in a convent find my retreat. But even Eléonore, with all her anxiety about her one lonely waif-sister, never suggested that. Am I too frisky? But

who that ever saw and heard dear Mme. Gianini for one half hour, when i' the vein, could think friskiness other than a not-to-be-dispensed-with qualification?

I hardly know why, even in my own heart; perhaps as yet *le cœur ne m'en dit pas* for that state. Exteriorly—ah! how well I remember standing in the long upper gallery at school, looking out on the beautiful, park-like grounds stretching away to still more beautiful woods, and thinking what a choked feeling I should have did I once realize that never again could I rush away there alone and wander my fill, free to come, to go, to loiter; no permission to gain, no bell to heed. What, to me, would be a decorous, fixed, limited, composed community walk? Just a penance, I know. Then, to think that if I were bidden to eat a piece of *pork*, my conscience wouldn't let me rest, by reason of obedience, till it were done! And to wash myself with yellow soap!

Whimsical reasons? I know, and we'll speak of them no more. Meanwhile—the threshold of the ten years, and Havana.

You know on what a day we left New York; no snow, but a steely, sunless sky, and a raw atmosphere that penetrated one's marrow. That was my last of cold weather. To escape the sight of home's receding shores, and to have one foolish comfortable cry, I went down stairs, and I did not ascend them again until we had passed Cape Hatteras; then I found a fervid sun, an awning stretched over the deck, and gentlemen lounging about in linen suits and Panama hats.

But the voyage was uneventful enough. The ladies stayed down stairs most of the time, for Mme. Dubois was frightfully ill all the way, but they sent me on deck with *la sœur* Marguerite as companion, and I read a little poetry, and watched a great deal of water, and talked with the little sister about her Canadian home; and now and then that awful dignitary, the captain, chatted with me a few minutes, or the very attentive purser tried civilly to find out why I was coming to Havana with the ladies; if I was to be a nun myself; he supposed that conventual life had great charms for a convent-bred young lady, but it was a very grave matter, the taking such a step; one should not decide hastily, or without knowing what they renounced, etc., etc.

Of course, I did not choose to discuss the matter of religious vocations with this stranger; so, waiving that, I said, "But why, Mr. Adams, do you infer that I am a convent-bred young lady? I certainly might be travelling under the protection of nuns without having been their pupil."

How he laughed! Then, "I really beg your pardon, my dear young lady, but can you yourself realize no difference between your manner and that of the young ladies across there, for instance?" and he indicated with a toss of the head two under-bred, loud, brusque young persons, and I own that in my heart I was, for a moment, furious at the comparison. I suppose my looks were expressive, for he added, "I assure you those young ladies belong to one of the best and oldest families in the State of Connecticut, and they are really very fine girls."

I answered nothing, for it was a pity to give my uncharitable thought of the inequality of station and manner, but busied myself with thinking what special things I had done to proclaim myself a recluse. I could only think of one or two. If a lady at all my senior had had occasion to speak to me, I hopped briskly upon my feet before answering, and I am afraid *once* I did the same when the captain spoke in passing. The only wonder is that I did not execute a profound courtesy at the same time. I dare say I shall do both yet, and then wake up to find that it is not the first *cours* at St. Joseph's, and it is not Dr. ——, the Pro-

fessor of English Literature; and that I, in short, am abasing my sex's dignity at a fearful rate. My cogitations had reached this point when Mr. Adams interrupted me: "Miss d'Hauterive, do you understand Spanish?" "Not in the least, but I shall begin to study it directly we land." "Because," he went on, "that young Cuban gentleman has just added such a clinching comment to what I was saying a little while ago. I don't know much Spanish myself; have picked up just enough phrases to squabble my way in and out of port at Havana; but I *do* know what *demasiado bonita para monja* means, and it is true as preaching.'

Now I *did* know what both *bonita* and *monja* meant, and Sister Marguerite, who, as infirmarian under Mme. Serrano at St. Joseph's, learned a great many Spanish words, and was indeed chosen for the Cuban house because of her linguistic accomplishments, so rare among the lay sisters, looked so uneasy that, of course, I couldn't help supplying the missing links with tolerable accuracy. So I rose and demanded in my turn, "Mr. Adams, do you understand French?" "Yes, like ninety-nine in the hundred." "Then perhaps you remember in Victor Hugo's 'La Legende de la Nonne' a little reflection concerning Doña Padilla del Flor:

> Comme si, quand on n'est pas laide,
> On avait droit d'épouser Dieu!

Allons, sœur Marguerite, descendons-nous."

Thus placidly we journeyed on, arriving off Havana just at evening of the fifth day; too late, however, to enter the port, which can neither be entered nor left after and before the sunset and sunrise signal gun, and we perforce rocked at anchor all night just outside.

Some one has likened the harbor to an open hand, and the simile is apt. The narrow entrance forms the wrist, and on its either side lie forts—the famed Morro on the left, entering; a small, square one, La Punta, on the right. The city lies on the west low side; on the east, rise soft-swelling hills, fortress-crowned.

There were a good many delays—the health officer, the customs officer, etc.; the squabbles to which Mr. Adams had alluded, I suppose; but the scene was too gay and novel for many of the passengers to chide the loitering. Flags of all nations floated around us; there were French and Spanish men-of-war; smaller craft that brought Columbus's day back, for on one I saw La Santa Maria, and on another what gave me a great shock, El buen Jesus; and fruit and row-boats for passengers, without end.

Looking and listening intently, and knowing that I was to go to the convent with the ladies for my first night at least, I had forgotten, for the moment, my own strange and so imminent future, when there was a little stir at my side. Sister Margaret fell back behind me, and there was Mme. Dubois saying, "Here is our child, whom we bring you, M. Herrera. Mlle. d'Hauterive, je vous présente M. le Comte d'Herrera." My heart gave one dreadful thump and stopped. It must have stopped, for in half a minute I was all shaking ice. I suppose I must have acknowledged the presentation in some way, a picture of modest recollection, too, for I literally could not look up. Two speculations absorbed me: should I jump overboard? and who was *Monsieur* Herrera? I was a parcel accredited to la Señora Doña Dolores Herrera y Gutierrez, widow, with two children of tender years. No frightful counts were in the pact, of that I was sure.

When my numbness, interminable, yet brief, like the drowning person's minute, began to pass away, I was conscious of a fine, rich voice discoursing to

Madame in very courtly French, and I took heart to look at its possessor. M. le Comte was a moderately tall man, of about forty-five judging from face and figure, of fifty-five or sixty if very gray hair told truth. He was all in most immaculate white linen, a pink camellia in his button-hole, a huge straw sombrero in his hand; and very effectively white hair and white linen relieved the bronzed complexion and great black eyes of youthful fire. Allusions to Madame *la belle-fille* satisfied me as to his quality, and when he again addressed me I found I was not absolutely tongue-tied. But I know he thought me an imbecile, for when he mentioned that the carriage was in waiting on shore to convey me at once to Mme. Herrera's, I was again reduced to despair, and, without a word to say, tears were so perilously near, I could only turn to Madame and clutch miserably and imploringly at her veil.

They both laughed. Madame kindly said that Mlle. Laure's old friends must claim her for a little visit at the first; she had so much to tell them of the Mother House, the ladies there, the classes, pupils, etc.; and I think M. le Comte understood that this night was the mattress interposed to break my desperate leap, for he graciously acquiesced, and said Mme. Herrera would herself come to seek me the next day and conduct me to my new home. Then we descended to the boat which had been sent for the ladies. The convent porter had come with it, and was to have been our escort; but M. Herrera took that office upon himself. The boat was a large one, a gayly-striped awning over one end, cushioned seats beneath it, and there were eight rowers—dark, small men, with shocks of black hair, wild black eyes, and very scanty costume; but that was mostly white, and little touches of color here and there made it quite festal-looking. All of me that wasn't eye was ear. (I know vaguely that that's been said, but it's just what I mean, and shall I make myself miserable therefor?) The life and movement around us, our boat and boatmen, the muttered words, the strange-sounding orders, the song into which they broke, the tropic sun, the city rising superbly before us, with Oriental-fashioned houses whose walls were masses of color—intense yellows and lighter tints of the same, sea-green, pale blue; flags floating, brilliant awnings everywhere, and now and then, lanced high in air, great green tufts of plumes—palms, my heart told me! Ah, altogether, you cannot wonder that a poor little hermit sat like one in a dream, now and then pinching her interlaced fingers to recall to herself that I was really I.

Is there a custom-house? and disagreeables a many on landing on the island "ever faithful"? I cannot tell you. Our trunks were detained until the next day, and that is my sole knowledge of the prickly hedge of formalities, legal and official, through which strangers must burst into the city. Carriages were waiting for us—*volantes*—and we were soon on our way to the convent. You know what the volante is like?—a chaise, low hung between monstrous wheels and tremendously long shafts; but you cannot know the delightful ease of motion, like that of a hammock, without experience. Our volante—Mme. Dubois's and mine—was very handsome; dark blue with elaborate silver mountings, a fine woollen cloth of the same hue stretched from the carriage's front to its top; our horse magnificent with a plaited tail that looked like a rope of onions, said plait for further elegance being carefully drawn forward to the saddle; and a coachman in short, dark-blue jacket, smart with silver lace, and enormously high jack-boots, with cruel-looking spurs and rowels—the coachman riding the horse. Those jack-boots troubled me as sorely as did the apple dumplings the king: never, never were those drawn on like ordinary foot gear; by the united domestic force of the household, or by some pulley contrivance, I know he's raised bodily above

them, and then dropped within. And you should hear the creature clatter about the stone court-yard with them! The horses are quiet in comparison.

Can you fancy the meeting that took place in few minutes? Restrained, as you know, but, oh, so warm and sweet! The laughter, the tears, the embraces, the soft *Ma mère! ma sœur! ah! notre Laure!* The going at once in a body to the chapel to thank God for our safe journey. And *then* we were at home; a new home, but very home.

I do not need to describe the convent to you—so many letters did that while we were still at St. Joseph's, and there is no material change. And I have, besides, so much else to say.

We arrived about half-past ten—breakfast time, Mademoiselle, and welcome indeed to sea appetites, especially as we had not had a crumb since tea of the day before. As we were escorted to the refectory, a terrific and yet familiar sound in the great court told me it was recreation; and peeping out through the blinds, I saw a crowd of black-headed girls in a very pretty uniform of white and pink, knots of them here and there, a great cluster round a wee queen-bee of a mistress—can you guess whom? Mme. Brace—none else—the bright eyes shining forth from that pale face just as four years ago. Shouts on all sides (and frightful voices these Cuban girls have) of "Concha!" "Merced!" "Dios mio! niña, no." And what do you think was going on among the smaller girls at one end? Why, just our old game—*Voulez-vous danser, ma commère, ma commère?* And how I should have liked to dart in at the final rush! Wouldn't the little bronze creatures have stared?

And what is a Cuban breakfast like? I dare say ours had slight foreign and conventual modifications; but there was soup with great blocks of yam, I think, in it; eggs dressed with tomatoes, onions, saffron, and oil; fried plantain, very delicious; *country-dance*, which is a mixture of rice and dark Mexican beans; spiced meat; a tough, queer little attempt at beefsteak; good bread, in the form of French rolls; no butter; coffee, chocolate, and bananas as a sort of dessert. Nothing peculiar about the table save the use of handsome cut decanters for water instead of pitchers.

By the time we had finished our breakfast recreation was over, and silence reigned all over the house.

The teachers were all busy, and the new-comers rested, or conferred with Madame la Supérieure. I could not rest, but wandered about in the great hall upon which the class-rooms open, looking out in the courtyard, where a fountain plays, where are fig trees, pomegranates, bananas, a huge oleander tree, and roses, roses, roses! Almost all the foliage glitters, and leaf strikes leaf with a papery click or rustle.

Finally, arrived at a dormitory window in the second story, giving on the street, my vagrancy was arrested, and almost moveless I remained there gazing out until lunch time. What life! what color! how picturesque! and what a medley of sound! Just across from me, on a balcony, played a sturdy urchin of five or six years old, his only garment a very tiny shirt; the child wonderfully like the little St. John Baptist in the "Vièrge au Voile" I like so much in your mother's room; the same mop of black tangled curls, the great, black eyes, the large rounded limbs; he only needed the bit of lambskin and his little cross. An open door behind him displayed a dark interior that my short vision failed to penetrate, but every now and then issued forth to caress the child, to objurgate him mildly, or drag him down from some perilous eminence on the latticed iron

balustrade, which he had attained parrot-wise, his motions quite unimpeded by drapery, a witch, a very old witch. She was brown, she was shrivelled, she was toothless; deep set under shaggy white eyebrows gleamed black eyes; a wild fell of gray witch locks surmounted her face; her attire consisted of chemise and petticoat, and she owned a voice that more than matched her person; for accents so harsh, so fierce in sound, and of such metallic quality, sure never came from other feminine lips. Full vials of wrath were constantly being poured out on an ill-doing Juanita somewhere in the regions below, and then that climbing grandchild! No Mrs. Grundy existed for her; for aught of *retenue* she manifested, her wrongs and her voice might have been alone in the world together.

Fruit sellers and sweetmeat sellers were coming and going, and incessantly crying the wares borne on great trays on their heads; countrymen on horseback, with live fowls dangling all around; great moving mountains of corn-fodder bound in such masses on donkeys that one only saw four little feet pricking along under their green Birnam woods; street musicians, itinerant venders, umbrella-hatted Chinese, beggars and beggars, a paroquet swinging and screaming close by, and through all a low monotonous scuff, scuff, scuffing, that for a long time I strove vainly to account for, but found at last it proceeded from the shoes of the negro women. These shoes are slippers of a gray hempen material, and I dare say they have heels when new; but a little wear evidently reduces them to Hebraic sandals, and every step is a clapping or a shuffle.

At two o'clock I was fetched from my panorama to a fruit lunch. M. Herrera had sent the strangers an enormous tray piled high with oranges, the oranges shining out from among the crimson blossoms and rich leaves of oleander profusely scattered over the pyramid. We said it was too beautiful to disturb; but the grinning darkey from whose head the tray had just been lowered was not of like mind, for he whipped a knife from the table, began paring the firm, golden beauties as we pare apples, with one blow severed them across the grain, presented them with a low bow and a "Señora!" "Señorita!" and went on like a machine; and I believe we ate in the same fashion. I, at any rate, devoured eight, and only stopped then from shame. But there is this excuse: I never tasted oranges before! And you, my poor girl!

A siesta in the afternoon, dinner at half-past four, that meal not differing widely from home dinners—soup, rice, fish, fowl, vegetables; great use made of oil and of bacon; delicious salads—my special predilection, you know—and two of these are new to me: one is composed of very young string-beans, boiled, scalded with vinegar, and when cold dressed with ordinary salad dressing; the other is a fruit called variously and meaningly advocate and alligator pear. It is pear-shaped, dark green, has a thin, leathery skin, and flesh of the color and consistence of Pennsylvania butter, around large seeds, which easily drop out. With the soup this is eaten undressed, with meats dressed with salad mixture. Dessert of sweetmeats, and wonderful meringues in little paper boxes, chipped cheese, and cane honey. Here at Mme. Herrera's we have wine on table, black coffee after dessert, then cigars and a little brazier of glowing coals brought to the gentlemen.

After dinner, I had a walk on the housetop with the ladies, little talks with those whom I knew, and last a special little audience with *la Supérieure*, Mme. Serrano. She gave me a great deal of advice as to ways, customs, things to do and to leave undone, guarded me in all possible ways, it seems to me, and ended by throwing over me a really magnificent mantilla of Spanish lace, a great Barcelona-made affair, which she assured me had been sent for my use by an old Spanish school friend of my own, and I was to ask not one single question.

It was lovely, and of course I said so a dozen times, but I added that it seemed to me fearfully unbefitting for a poor governess; if I only could have a placard affixed: "Not Bought; Given!"

Ma Mère laughed, desired me to doff my bonnet finally next morning, and to present myself and my grandeur frequently in convent parlor and chapel—very frequently; was not the Sacré-Cœur my first home? and kissing me on both cheeks, she dismissed me to sound slumbers on a very comfortless bed.

Early, indeed before mass, next morning came La Señora Herrera. She is a lady of about twenty-eight, though looking some years older. She has withdrawn entirely from society since her husband's death; indeed, until this year she has since that time, seven years ago, only left her room and house to attend church and see after her poor. She has the manner of a petted invalid, a languid and rather complaining voice, a face that speaks of great suffering, but one possessed of much sweetness and delicacy; and in her soft white tissue dress, crape shawl, thread lace ruffles, a pearl rosary twisted around her hand, a beautiful lace scarf over her head and shoulders, and falling nearly to her feet, she looked an exquisitely dainty, refined, aërial creature, and one as unfitted for the sharp sorrows and rough places of earth as could possibly be found.

She took both my hands, looked at me for a minute, then said in somewhat imperfect French (she does not speak one word of English), "Mademoiselle, I hope and believe we shall be very faithful friends, and I hope also to prove how grateful I am to you for coming to us from so far." I answered only, "Seeing you, Madame, I am glad to have come," but I looked down at the emaciated small fingers holding mine, and felt like apologizing for my size, color, firm flesh, and rude health, in the presence of such fragility.

Bell rang for mass, and we went together toward the chapel, but at the door I found Mme. Brace waiting to say I was to come into the choir with her. I was glad enough to go, and felt at home, though it was not St. Joseph's, and Mme. Brace was as unlike as possible to our quick, lively, bustling Mme. Gianini. The singing was not nearly so good as ours; I am afraid I shall never love these unsympathetic Spanish voices, full and round though they may be, but it's a very spirited little choir. Only one hymn, "*Le Ciel en est le prix*," and I was a little nervous at finding that I was to have a solo, *O Salutaris;* but the words made me forget everything, as they always do, and I was glad not to have refused when Mme. Brace said after mass, "Oh, thank you, Laure! I was so glad to hear your voice again! It carried me straight back to St. Joseph's, and I believe it brought a few happy tears."

I felt a little uncomfortable when Mme. Herrera exclaimed, "Oh, what a singing angel I've got! and how rich I feel!" and seizing me gave me two light, soft, perfumy kisses; but ma Mère Serrano had prepared me for all sorts of enthusiastic speech and demonstration, and I think I am too happy in, too grateful for this precious gift of song, ever to be meanly moved by aught that concerns it. To sing, and above all to sing in church, is the greatest *natural* delight of which I can conceive; and yet I fear that while here my church singing is over, unless now and then in the convent chapel.

Mme. Herrera desired to take me with her at once, so I begged some one to indue me *à l'Espagnole* with my mantilla, gave a farewell glance at my discarded New York head-covering, and ran out to place myself beside her in her volante. To reach her house we had to cross the city, both her house and the convent being outside the city wall, though on opposite sides.

It was delightful to pass through sentinelled gates, though I must own that

the soldiers were by no means imposing. The dress looks very unwarlike to northern eyes, being composed of blue and white striped linen, and I think it was only bayonet and military erectness of figure that made me aware what I was gazing upon. Within the walls the streets are horrible. They are very narrow, and are badly paved with coral rock, so that we seemed either to bump, bump from rocky point to rocky point, or, slump! we were in a hole, and there was a wild floundering. Nothing but a volante or palanquin would be tolerable here; and I have a towering respect for the skill of these prodigious-booted *caleseros* who thread, in the busier streets, moving jams of volantes; mounted horsemen pricking on as rapidly as they may; negro porters with wheelbarrows or enormous loads upon their heads; washerwomen with their baskets, these great shallow receptacles that necessitate but little folding of garments, and borne likewise upon the head; great ox-carts with patient beasts driven with veritable goads, and quantities of low-hung narrow carts upon the smallest of wheels, the whole affair so near the ground that I think a volante might easily pass over it; and long strings of laden donkeys, a countryman riding the first one, the second attached to the tail of the first, the third to that of the second, and so on up to a dozen perhaps; and a ludicrous enough sight it is, when some obstacle or freak causes one or two of the hindmost animals of a moving train to stop, to behold the tails of the entire string suddenly stretched straight and taut, though one cannot help wondering that, after many such experiences, these natural points of attachment should still remain.

The sidewalks are very narrow—perhaps as wide as your handkerchief; and as they are not raised at all above the level of the street, and there are no gutters, you can imagine that small use is made of them. In Havana no lady ever walks, nor indeed any woman, save from the very poorest classes. Yet on foot in the streets I did see some very handsome specimens of womanhood; golden-brown women with scarlet flushing through on the cheeks, great braids of blue-black hair, their dress a petticoat of gorgeous hues and a chemise embroidered in colors at the neck and arms; and what arms, necks, and shoulders this costume displayed! Yucatan women they were, Mme. Herrera said, and they excel in fine laundry work.

I suppose I shall some time get accustomed to the paradisaic toilette in vogue here, but it is very strange at first to have an utterly nude black boy of nine or ten galloping beside one's carriage, or to see rows and rows of black or Chinese backs bent over the work in the gas-pipe excavations.

And now for the house, my present abiding place. As I said, it is without the walls, stands on high ground, and over this ground it spreads and spreads—oh, no end! It is built around three sides of a parallelogram, an enormous garden, as city gardens go, forming the fourth side. In the intramural houses, in many of the better ones, the living rooms are on the second floor, the first being wholly taken up with slaves' quarters, kitchen, stables, carriage-house, etc.

In this there is very little second story, and that is over a large and lofty dining-room, which projects across the parallelogram, cutting it into two square courtyards.

The house stands on a corner. Entering at the front, you cross a wide marble piazza, with monstrous pillars, and are at once within the parlor, an oblong room paved with black and white marble, the walls coarsely frescoed in strong colors, the ceiling of white varnished wood, gilt rods marking the junction of the narrow boards. In this room there is a piano, a few family portraits, two or three small tables, a great china jar or two, a little easel with a picture of the

infant Jesus saying his beads; and I believe that is all, with the exception of the chairs, which are arranged in two lines down the centre of the apartment, starting from the sofa at one end—first the easy chairs, then arm-chairs, then ordinary reception-chairs. The chairs and sofa are of cane. A great roll of carpet lies just before the sofa, and that is unrolled every afternoon, and there is just space for one breadth between the two rows of chairs. No books, no drapery, no knick-knacks. Leaving the parlor, you are in a fine corridor opening on the front courtyard, and indeed only separated from it by huge Venetian blinds between stone pillars. The corridor is lighted by semicircular windows of stained glass above the blinds. Upon this corridor open all the family rooms, most of them possessing no doors, screens or curtains serving instead.

In the centre of the courtyard stands a gay-hued bath-house, two or three pomegranates and a climbing rose trying their best to hide it. The bath is a swimming one, a large, deep basin, lined with blue and white porcelain tiles, flights of steps of the same material descending within it at either end. A platform encircles the basin, two or three lounges invite to repose, rose branches have thrust themselves through the blinds and are covered with somewhat blanched roses, and the light enters from above through stained glass.

Around the rear court are slaves' quarters, domestic offices, porter's room, and back of all these the stables, accessible from the court through the volante and harness room. In the open square stand three or four huge earthen water jars, and the whole aspect of the place—the space, the forms, the rude, heavy masonry, the deep color, for the roofs and woodwork are a pictorial red, and the walls shoulder-high tiled with the same dark blue porcelain—is, or I imagine it to be, Saracenic.

I suspect Mme. Herrera thinks I have a wonderful drawing toward low life, for again and again has she found me, within these two days, peeping out into this court. I wish I could put it before you—the stir, the hum, the light and shade, the tints. Just a few moments ago I had occasion to go to the door of the dining-room opening thereupon. There was Francisco, the porter, chaffering with a shoe vender, who had spread forth his wares on a stone bench. Hard by, an old negress with white wool, withered face, and hunchback, leaned two knotted hands on her crutch and shrilled away at a young, yellow-turbanned, comely woman, who had come in from the laundry iron in hand, and had squatted down to inspect the shoes. Behind this woman stood a little negro girl—a pretty little midget about five years old, the pet of the household, Victoria by name—one finger very naturally in her mouth, the other hand half holding, half spilling out of her blue-check apron, a much-tormented kitten, the greater portion of whose life is spent in an upside-down, wrong-end-upward condition.

On a table at the far end the coachman was rubbing the silver harness-mountings; through an open door one saw a young slave washing dishes, and just outside, with arms raised to balance a tray of glasses on her head, stood another, arrested on her way to the dining-room; a turkey walked gravely about the yard—a poor fellow with clipped wings, destined to furnish a part of to-morrow's dinner, most probably, for fowls are bought living for the table here. The head cook, Cristobal, a tall and intensely black man, who looks as if he had been melted and poured into the two garments he deigns to wear, had come out of the kitchen to see what all the hubbub was about; his subaltern, a light-colored, alert young fellow, Narciso, had followed to the door and stood there paring a plantain.

A cage of white fan-tail pigeons hung against the wall; a bevy of pink-footed

purple ones were trotting, dipping, and crooning on the low roofs; after these a yellow cat had mounted, and, unable to catch one, was equally unable to get down, and, mad with rage, ran to and fro on the ridge miauling hideously. Round about, the soft air; above, a brilliantly blue sky, against which the crimped edges of the projecting eaves were sharply cut. Can you see all this faintly as I did vividly?

I suppose, Mademoiselle, you deign to feel a little interest in my especial apartment? This is it in which I am writing—the last room of a long suite, and on the ground floor. The children are next me, only a curtain draping the doorway between us.

I have one door opening on the corridor, and fondly I looked at that door at first, and dreamed a little dream of privacy and snugness; but, alas! I glance at that short curtain under which a dog and two or three cats come and go, where I often behold a round, woolly, black ball with reversed features, and eyes all whites from the position and the staring (Victoria, my dear, in what seems to be her favorite pose—on her back, one leg sharply angled, the other crossed high in air over it, her small person thus forming a sort of basket chair for the accommodation of her kitten and a wofully dingy French doll); and from thence to my window, which is merely an absence of about one-third of the street side of my room, great iron bars, a half foot or so asunder, running from top to bottom of the gap—not a pane of glass, but blinds whose slats are constantly turned for purposes of investigation by passers-by and beggars; and for night, shutters that might befit a beleaguered stronghold; and with a little sigh I resign myself to a public career. My floor is of red and yellow tiles, and bare, save for one or two fanciful palm-leaf mats. A small table, very simple toilet apparatus, the bed, one or two chairs, and a cane rocker, make up the by no means luxurious furnishings of my apartment. Instead of a bureau, great folding doors disclose, at one end, two rows of drawers extending from floor to ceiling. I always liked to read perched on a high step-ladder in the library, but that I shall like to mount higher considerably than my head after a pair of stockings, I doubt. My towel rack is most bountifully supplied—superb striped Turkish towels, fine damask ones, and for the face towels made of ordinary shirting muslin, with ends elaborately embroidered in colors. But 'tis my bed I wish you might see and sleep upon. The bedstead is, in its lower anatomy, the simplest of cots; in its upper, a shackly square frame of eight lathy sticks. In the house of a Northern mechanic I believe this structure would instantly be converted into kindlings; but here it is arrayed in a beautiful mosquito netting of embroidered lace, fringed, looped, and tasselled, bespread with linens of exquisite quality, the sheer pillow-slips over pillows covered with rose satin damask, the sheets—at least the upper one—with elaborate work a quarter yard deep at top and side. Mattress there is none. One sleeps on the sacking, which is double, like a bag open at both ends, slipped over the cot's side rails. And anent this double sacking arose my first adventure in this house. It was my first night here, and, feeling a little forlorn and strange, I thought to deposit myself in my bed at an early hour, and so forget myself and my little woes. I was all ready for bed while the children in the next room were yet awake and chatting with Rosario, their nurse; indeed, I had found their merry Spanish dialogue somewhat confusing as an accompaniment to my spiritual reading and prayers; but to this, of course, I must accustom myself. I laid myself down on my purple and fine linen, but 'twas only to spring to the floor again with a scream. In ran Rosario; demands (I suppose), "What is it, Señorita?" But the señorita has no Spanish with which to explain that

she felt beneath her as she lay down a soft, warm, living *something*, and that she also felt it struggle. So, instead, she looks under the bed—nothing; in the bed—nothing; passes her hand down over it—still nothing; and I suppose by this time she looks quite idiotic, for Rosario rushes off to bring Mme. Herrera upon the field. How welcome is the sight of that white dress! the sound of that well-intentioned but somewhat eccentric French! To *her* "What is it, Mademoiselle?" Mademoiselle can respond. Renewed search, and still vacancy. Mademoiselle is coaxed to lie down again while they are there. Madame quite understands. "You see there is really nothing; but one may feel a little homesick and nervous, and imagine—" Another agile spring, scream No. 2, and, "There is something inside there, Madame—oh, I am sure!" Rosario tears off the coverings, all, and treats the sacking to a series of vigorous punches. Soon, as the children say, she's "warm;" in a trice, "hot," and a weeny sound is heard that does not seem quite unfamiliar. Something there certainly is, but what? The arrival of an amazed and growlingly-indignant mother-puss upon the scene solves the mystery.

"Cats!" cries Rosario; and speedily a cane is inserted at the open end of the sacking, and after a little skilful manipulation with its hooked top, down and forth are drawn five blind, wildly-sprawling, most unhappy kittens, to whose consolation Mère Chat addresses herself somewhat sulkily—furious, I suppose, at the advent of this foolish, screaming giantess, who upsets such cosy housekeeping, and turns a helpless family forth upon a cruel world. We sat down and laughed heartily in both Spanish and French, and when for the third time I essayed my bed, the little blue spirits that I feared would share it with me were flown quite away, and I slept as once in the alcove next you, *ma belle*.

But this letter will never get itself done, I have so much to say. Most must wait, however, till the next one, though I foresee that I shall accumulate such a vast fresh stock that I sincerely pity myself in advance the tortures of repression I must undergo. Oh, why are you not here? Or why was I created of a nature so expansive and diffuse?

But you have the general *mise en scène*. Suffer me to add the three or four lacking personages. I have sketched for you Mme. Herrera, who is the home's pivot; M. le Comte, also, who is much here, though he lives in a huge house all by himself. My pupils are Merced and Dolores, or Lola.

Merced is eleven, and will be an almost perfectly beautiful woman in three or four years. She is somewhat solidly made, but with delicate hands and feet. Her face is now too round, but complexion perfect—creamy, satin-smooth; magnificent hair that really falls below her knees; great, soft, pathetic eyes, arched brows, long lashes, all the lines of the face drooping enough to impress it with a character of noble, unconscious melancholy.

Lola is nine. She is fairer in tint than Merced, has irregular features, rough, crispy, waving hair, eyes that know how to blaze, and very decidedly a will of her own. As she has already remarked, concerning some performance of mine, "Oh, what a goose!" (both children have had English lessons from an Irish-woman teaching here in the city, and you should hear the mixture of brogue and Spanish r-r-r r's!) you can imagine that I may possibly have some stirring experiences.

But a little thing last night pleased me. Just before the children's bedtime they were alone with me in the parlor, where in the dim light I played softly, half to myself and half to them, for a while, ending by singing the litany to the Blessed Virgin. As I finished I felt a slight pull at my sash ends, and look-

ing around I found the fresh-crimped ruffles hugged tightly in Missy's arms against her breast. She looked up as I turned, and instantly two small bear paws clutched my waist, and the shamed face was hidden on my shoulder. This position she kept until Rosario came for them; then there was a very fervent kiss where her head had lain, and she bounded away, still hiding her face from me. She has been extremely cool to-day, but this morning she quietly seated herself beside me at table, informing her aunt, whose place it was, that she might occupy her own discarded seat.

There are still four other members of the household: Mme. Herrera's unmarried brother and sister, a slave seamstress, Rafaela, and the page, Pancho.

The sister and brother are Josefina and Manuel de Avilez, and if there is a tiny cloud in my horizon, I feel that possibly these twain may constitute that cloud.

Josefina is a small, commonplace person enough, ignorant to a most extraordinary degree, and naturally endowed with cunning rather than intelligence. She is probably about twenty-four or five, an age at which young ladies are rather *passée* here, I suspect, and she represents the gay, society element of the house. I have been here now more than a week (this letter being a drop-by-drop affair), and I believe she has not spent one single evening at home as yet.

Two nights ago there was a grand ball given by the Captain-General, and some time during the morning before, having occasion to speak to Mme. Herrera, I found her in Miss Josefina's room. Stepping within the door, I was propounding my query volubly enough, when my glance fell suddenly upon a white-robed figure on the bed, and where the figure's face should have been a hideous, rough, milk-white mask, with three apertures for eyes and mouth; and I started hastily back with a "*Mais, Madame, qu'est-ce que cette figure-là? Oh, que cela me fait mal!*"

Madame held up her hand: "Do not make her laugh!" and explained that Mlle. Josefina was undergoing a beautifying process for the ball. This process consists in the application over night of a plaster called *cascarilla*, and composed of powdered egg-shells, to the face, hands, or arms, as desired. It hardens very soon, and I suppose the operation resembles nearly the taking of casts. But fancy thus lying hours motionless, speechless, frightful, all for a more or less fair complexion! Not to be the fairest Blanche in all the earth would I endure it!

Candor, my Angie, compels me to say that I fear a little hurt pride dashes my estimate of Madame's sister, for she is the only person who seems disposed to treat me ever so slightly as story-book governesses are treated, and I think you may make just one half grain of allowance.

As for M. Manuel, he is just the ordinary young Cuban gentleman one meets on Broadway, and that we used to behold afar off at "Prizes" at St. Joseph's—Clara Peñalvez's brother, for instance. I see little of him save at meals, but that little is sufficiently trying, for, dear! dear! what preternatural staring powers he *do* possess! I feel occasionally as if beneath an immense burning-glass.

Rafaela is such a tropical creation that I despair of conveying to you any just conception of her. I hardly know whether to call her picture or pantomime; embody my doubt, and you have her as well as may be without vision. She has the most exuberant, caressing manners, and for flowery speech can never have been equalled among us barbarians of the western heaven.

She does me the honor to return my liking, and as she can by no means manage my name, I am "la niña hermosa" (the beautiful child), and thus spoken of gravely to every one, even to Monsieur Herrera, to my horror.

M. Herrera, who is here every evening, has, since Lent began, read aloud, just before leaving, the gospel, meditation, and practice for the ensuing day. Usually no one is present save Monsieur, Madame, and myself, and Rafaela comes in to stand at the back of her mistress's chair and listen; and when the reading is over she questions and comments with the greatest freedom, and is answered with the most kindly patience. (I can understand a little, for the meditations are Crasset's, which I have in French, and I take the precaution to read all beforehand.)

Last Sunday she rushed in during dessert, to inquire, "Who is the mother of science?" and there she remained till we rose from table, looking at us from over a high-backed chair, chattering, gesticulating, eyes flashing, and a wonderful display of white teeth. She wears a loose shapeless garment of coarse blue check always, and Mme. Herrera told me it is in consequence of a vow made some years ago to wear it always should her husband be spared during some dreadful insurrectionary troubles. He *was* spared, and she is staunch, though it must be no light penance to one so admirably adapted to bright plumage, and come of a race so gorgeous in its tastes.

Rafaela's courtesy, though a little excessive, is by no means singular. The manners of the house slaves are very soft and pleasing, and even the simplest workman never remains with covered head for an instant after crossing the threshold, or would dream of passing a lady seated in one of the rooms, or met in the corridor, without a "Good-morning" or "Good-afternoon, madam." If a slave has occasion to enter a room where company is assembled, he always salutes the company, and is in turn saluted. And here, when the Angelus rings at night, the slaves all drop in one after another to ask Mme. Herrera's blessing, and it is touching enough to hear her "Dios te haga bueno!" to that great calesero slightly bending the knee before her. The children, and some of the slaves, kiss her hand after she has blessed them.

Here this volume *must* cease. By next month's second steamer your next installment of the romance shall come, all our guardian angels permitting. Be assured that I am more than content, that everybody (almost) is more than considerate, and that a loving heart I wot of need have no anxious throb for the wandering, enchanted princess.

Write me every single detail I would have, down to the last *congé* and game of *cache-cache;* and with two embraces for each day we have been parted I am

Your always devoted

LAURE D'HAUTERIVE.

E. DE M.

AN EDITOR'S TALES.

No. III.

THE PANJANDRUM.

PART I.—HOPE.

WE hardly feel certain that we are justified in giving the following little story to the public as an Editor's Tale, because at the time to which it refers, and during the circumstances with which it deals, no editorial power was, in fact, within our grasp. As the reader will perceive, the ambition and the hopes, and something of a promise of the privileges, were there; but the absolute chair was not mounted for us. The great WE was not, in truth, ours to use. And, indeed, the interval between the thing we then so cordially desired, and the thing as it has since come to exist, was one of so many years, that there can be no right on our part to connect the two periods. We shall, therefore, tell our story, as might any ordinary individual, in the first person singular, and speak of such sparks of editorship as did fly up around us as having created but a dim coruscation, and as having been quite insufficient to justify the delicious plural.

It is now just thirty years ago that we determined to establish the "Panjandrum" Magazine. The "we" here spoken of is not an editorial we, but a small set of human beings who shall be personally introduced to the reader. The name was intended to be delightfully meaningless, but we all thought that it was euphonious, graphic, also,—and sententious, even though it conveyed no definite idea. That question of a name had occupied us a good deal, and had almost split us into parties. I—for I will now speak of myself as I—I had wished to call it by the name of a very respectable young publisher who was then commencing business, and by whom we intended that the trade part of our enterprise should be undertaken. "Colburn's" was an old affair in those days, and I doubt whether "Bentley's" was not already in existence. "Blackwood's" and "Fraser's" were at the top of the tree, and, as I think, the "Metropolitan" was the only magazine then in much vogue not called by the name of this or that enterprising publisher. But some of our colleagues would not hear of this, and were ambitious of a title that should describe our future energies and excellences. I think we should have been called the "Pandrastic," but that the one lady who joined our party absolutely declined the name. At one moment we had almost carried "Panurge." The "Man's" Magazine was thought of, not as opposed to womanhood, but as intended to trump the "Gentleman's." But a hint was given to us that we might seem to imply that our periodical was not adapted for the perusal of females. We meant the word "man" in the great generic sense; but the somewhat obtuse outside world would not have so taken it. "The H. B. P." was for a time in the ascendant, and was favored by the lady, who drew for us a most delightful little circle containing the letters illustrated; what would now be called a monogram, only that the letters were legible. The fact that nobody would comprehend that "H. B. P." intended to express the general opinion of the shareholders that "Honesty is the Best Policy," was felt to be a recommendation rather than otherwise. I think it was the enterprising young publisher who objected to the initials—not, I am sure, from any aversion to the spirit of

the legend. Many other names were tried, and I shall never forget the look which went round our circle when one young and gallant, but too indiscreet reformer, suggested that were it not for offence, whence offence should not come, the "Purge" was the very name for us; from all which it will be understood that it was our purpose to put right many things that were wrong. The matter held us in discussion for some months, and then we agreed to call the great future lever of the age the "Panjandrum."

When a new magazine is about to be established in these days, the first question raised will probably be one of capital. A very considerable sum of money, running far into four figures, if not going beyond it, has to be mentioned, and made familiar to the ambitious promoters of the enterprise. It was not so with us. Nor was it the case that our young friend the publisher agreed to find the money, leaving it to us to find the wit. I think we selected our young friend chiefly because, at that time, he had no great business to speak of, and could devote his time to the interests of the "Panjandrum." As for ourselves, we were all poor; and in the way of capital a set of human beings more absurdly inefficient for any purposes of trade could not have been brought together. We found that for a sum of money which we hoped that we might scrape together among us, we could procure paper and print for a couple of thousand copies of our first number; and, after that, we were to obtain credit for the second number by the reputation of the first. Literary advertising, such as is now common to us, was then unknown. The cost of sticking up "The Panjandrum" at railway stations and on the tops of the omnibuses certainly would not be incurred. Of railway stations there were but few in the country, and even omnibuses were in their infancy. A few modest announcements in the weekly periodicals of the day were thought to be sufficient; and, indeed, there pervaded us all an assurance that the coming of the "Panjandrum" would be known to all men, even before it had come. I doubt whether our desire was not concealment rather than publicity. We measured the importance of the "Panjandrum" by its significance to ourselves, and by the amount of heart which we intended to throw into it. Ladies and gentlemen who get up magazines in the present day are wiser. It is not heart that is wanted, but very big letters on very big boards, and plenty of them.

We were all heart. It must be admitted now that we did not bestow upon the matter of literary excellence quite so much attention as that branch of the subject deserves. We were to write and edit our magazine and have it published, not because we were good at writing or editing, but because we had ideas which we wished to promulgate. Or it might be the case with some of us that we only thought that we had ideas. But there was certainly present to us all a great wish to do some good. That, and a not altogether unwholesome appetite for a reputation which should not be personal, were our great motives. I do not think that we dreamed of making fortunes; though no doubt there might be present to the mind of each of us an idea that an opening to the profession of literature might be obtained through the pages of the "Panjandrum." In that matter of reputation we were quite agreed that fame was to be sought, not for ourselves, not for this or that name, but for the "Panjandrum." No man or woman was to declare himself to be the author of this or that article; nor indeed was any man or woman to declare himself to be connected with the magazine. The only name to be known to a curious public was that of the young publisher. All intercourse between the writers and the printers was to be through him. If contributions should come from the outside world—as come they would—they were

to be addressed to the Editor of the "Panjandrum," at the publisher's establishment. It was within the scope of our plan to use any such contribution that might please us altogether; but the contents of the magazine were, as a rule, to come from ourselves. A magazine then, as now, was expected to extend itself through something over a hundred and twenty pages; but we had no fear as to our capacity for producing the required amount. We feared rather that we might jostle each other in our requirements for space.

We were six, and, young as I was then, I was to be the editor. But to the functions of the editor was to be attached very little editorial responsibility. What should and what should not appear in each monthly number was to be settled in conclave. Upon one point, however, we were fully agreed—that no personal jealousy should ever arise among us so as to cause quarrel or even embarrassment. As I had already written some few slight papers for the press, it was considered probable that I might be able to correct proofs, and do the fitting and dovetailing. My editing was not to go beyond that. If by reason of parity of numbers in voting there should arise a difficulty, the lady was to have a double vote. Anything more noble, more chivalrous, more trusting, or, I may add, more philanthropic than our scheme never was invented; and for the persons, I will say that they were noble, chivalrous, trusting, and philanthropic—only they were so young!

Place aux dames. We will speak of the lady first—more especially as our meetings were held at her house. I fear that I may, at the very outset of our enterprise, turn the hearts of my readers against her by saying that Mrs. St. Quinten was separated from her husband. I must however beg them to believe that this separation had been occasioned by no moral fault or odious misconduct on her part. I will confess that I did at that time believe that Mr. St. Quinten was an ogre, and that I have since learned to think that he simply labored under a strong and, perhaps, monomaniacal objection to literary pursuits. As Mrs. St. Quinten was devoted to them, harmony was impossible, and the marriage was unfortunate. She was young, being perhaps about thirty; but I think that she was the eldest among us. She was good-looking, with an ample brow, and bright eyes, and large clever mouth; but no woman living was ever further removed from any propensity to flirtation. There resided with her a certain Miss Collins, an elderly, silent lady, who was present at all our meetings, and who was considered to be pledged to secrecy. Once a week we met and drank tea at Mrs. St. Quinten's house. It may be as well to explain that Mrs. St. Quinten really had an available income, which was a condition of life unlike that of her colleagues—unless as regarded one, who was a fellow of an Oxford college. She could certainly afford to give us tea and muffins once a week; but, in spite of our general impecuniosity, the expense of commencing the magazine was to be borne equally by us all. I can assure the reader, with reference to more than one of the members, that they occasionally dined on bread and cheese, abstaining from meat and pudding, with the view of collecting the necessary sum for the great day.

The idea had originated, I think, between Mrs. St. Quinten and Churchill Smith. Churchill Smith was a man with whom, I must own, I never felt that perfect sympathy which bound me to the others. Perhaps among us all he was the most gifted. Such at least was the opinion of Mrs. St. Quinten, and, perhaps, of himself. He was a cousin of the lady's, and had made himself particularly objectionable to the husband by instigating his relative to write philosophical essays. It was his own speciality to be an unbeliever and a German scholar; and

we gave him credit for being so deep in both arts that no man could go deeper. It had, however, been decided among us very early in our arrangements—and so decided, not without great chance of absolute disruption—that his infidelity was not to bias the magazine. He was to take the part of deep thinking, German poetry, and unintelligible speculation generally. He used to talk of Comte, whose name I had never heard till it fell from his lips, and was prepared to prove that Coleridge was very shallow. He was generally dirty, unshorn, and, as I thought, disagreeable. He called Mrs. St. Quinten, Lydia, because of his cousinship, and no one knew how or where he lived. I believe him to have been a most unselfish, abstemious man—one able to control all appetites of the flesh. I think that I have since heard that he perished in a Russian prison.

My dearest friend among the number was Patrick Regan, a young Irish barrister, who intended to shine at the English bar. I think the world would have used him better had his name been John Tompkins. The history of his career shows very plainly that the undoubted brilliance of his intellect, and his irrepressible personal humor and good humor, have been always unfairly weighted by those Irish names. What attorney, with any serious matter in hand, would willingly go to a barrister who called himself Pat Regan? And then, too, there always remained with him just a hint of a brogue—and his nose was flat in the middle! I do not believe that all the Irishmen with flattened noses have had the bone of the feature broken by a crushing blow in a street row; and yet they do look as though that peculiar appearance had been the result of a fight with sticks. Pat has told me a score of times that he was born so, and I believe him. He had a most happy knack of writing verses, which I used to think quite equal to Mr. Barham's, and he could rival the droll latinity of Father Prout, who was coming out at that time with his "Dulcis Julia Callage," and the like. Pat's father was an attorney at Cork; but not prospering, I think, for poor Pat was always short of money. He had, however, paid the fees, and was entitled to appear in wig and gown wherever common-law barristers do congregate. He is Attorney-General at one of the Turtle Islands this moment, with a salary of £400 a year. I hear from him occasionally, and the other day he sent me "Captain Crosbie is my name," done into endecasyllabics. I doubt, however, whether he ever made a penny by writing for the press. I cannot say that Pat was our strongest prop. He sometimes laughed at "Lydia,"—and then I was brought into disgrace, as having introduced him to the company.

Jack Hallam, the next I will name, was also intended for the bar; but, I think, never was called. Of all the men I have encountered in life he was certainly the most impecunious. Now he is a millionaire. He was one as to whom all who knew him—friends and foes alike—were decided that under no circumstances would he ever work, or by any possibility earn a penny. Since then he has applied himself to various branches of commerce, first at New York and then at San Francisco; he has labored for twenty-four years almost without a holiday, and has shown a capability for sustained toil which few men have equalled. He had been introduced to our set by Walter Watt, of whom I will speak just now; and certainly, when I remember the brightness of his wit and the flow of his words, and his energy when he was earnest, I am bound to acknowledge that in searching for sheer intellect—for what I may call power—we did not do wrong to enroll Jack Hallam. He had various crude ideas in his head of what he would do for us—having a leaning always to the side of bitter mirth. I think he fancied that satire might be his forte. As it is, they say that no man living has a quicker eye to the erection of a block of buildings in a com-

ing city. He made a fortune at Chicago, and is said to have erected Omaha out of his own pocket. I am told that he pays income tax in the United States on nearly a million dollars per annum. I wonder whether he would lend me five pounds if I asked him? I never knew a man so free as Jack at borrowing half-a-crown or a clean pocket-handkerchief.

Walter Watt was a fellow of ———. —— I believe has fellows who do not take orders. It must have had one such in those days, for nothing could have induced our friend Walter Watt to go into the Church. How it came to pass that the dons of a college at Oxford should have made a fellow of so wild a creature was always a mystery to us. I have since been told that at —— the reward could hardly be refused to a man who had gone out a "first" in classics and had got the "Newdegate." Such had been the career of young Watt. And, though I say that he was wild, his moral conduct was not bad. He simply objected on principle to all authority, and was of opinion that the goods of the world should be in common. I must say of him that in regard to one individual his practice went even beyond his preaching; for Jack Hallam certainly consumed more of the fellowship than did Walter Watt himself. Jack was dark and swarthy. Walter was a fair little man, with long hair falling on the sides of his face, and cut away over his forehead—as one sees it sometimes cut in a picture. He had round blue eyes, a well formed nose, and handsome mouth and chin. He was very far gone in his ideas of reform, and was quite in earnest in his hope that by means of the "Panjandrum" something might be done to stay the general wickedness—or rather ugliness of the world. At that time Carlyle was becoming prominent as a thinker and writer among us, and Watt was never tired of talking to us of the hero of "Sartor Resartus." He was an excellent and most unselfish man—whose chief fault was an inclination for the making of speeches, which he had picked up at an Oxford debating society. He now lies buried at Kensal Green. I thought to myself, when I saw another literary friend laid there some eight years since, that the place had become very quickly populated since I and Regan had seen poor Watt placed in his last home, almost amidst a desert.

Of myself, I need only say that at that time I was very young, very green, and very ardent as a politician. The Whigs were still in office; but we, who were young then, and warm in our political convictions, thought that the Whigs were doing nothing for us. It must be remembered that things and ideas have advanced so quickly during the last thirty years, that the conservatism of 1870 goes infinitely further in the cause of general reform than did the radicalism of 1840. I was regarded as a democrat because I was loud against the Corn Laws; and was accused of infidelity when I spoke against the Irish Church Endowments. I take some pride to myself that I should have seen these evils to be evils even thirty years ago. But to Household Suffrage I doubt whether even my spirit had ascended. If I remember rightly, I was great upon annual parliaments; but I know that I was discriminative, and did not accept all the points of the seven-starred charter. I had an idea in those days—I can confess it now after thirty years—that I might be able to indite short political essays which should be terse, argumentative, and convincing, and at the same time full of wit and frolic. I never quite succeeded in pleasing even myself in any such composition. At this time I did a little humble work for the ——, but was quite resolved to fly at higher game than that.

As I began with the lady, so I must end with her. I had seen and read sheaves of her MS., and must express my conviction at this day, when all illu-

sions are gone, that she wrote with wonderful ease and with some grace. A hard critic might perhaps say that it was slip-slop; but still it was generally readable. I believe that in the recesses of her privacy, and under the dark and secret guidance of Churchill Smith, she did give way to German poetry and abstruse thought. I heard once that there was a paper of hers on the essence of existence, in which she answered that great question, as to personal entity, or as she put it, "What is it to be?" The paper never appeared before the Committee, though I remember the question to have been once suggested for discussion. Pat Regan answered it at once: "A drop of something short," said he. I thought then that everything was at an end! Her translation into a rhymed verse of a play of Schiller's did come before us, and nobody could have behaved better than she did, when she was told that it hardly suited our project. What we expected from Mrs. St. Quinten in the way of literary performance, I cannot say that we ourselves had exactly realized, but we knew that she was always ready for work. She gave us tea and muffins, and bore with us when we were loud, and devoted her time to our purposes, and believed in us. She had exquisite tact in saving us from wordy quarrelling, and was never angry herself—except when Pat Regan was too hard upon her. What became of her I never knew. When the days of the "Panjandrum" were at an end she vanished from our sight. I always hoped that Mr. St. Quinten reconciled himself to literature, and took her back to his bosom.

While we were only determining that the thing should be, all went smoothly with us. Columns, or the open page, made a little difficulty; but the lady settled it for us in favor of the double column. It is a style of page which certainly has a wiser look about it than the other; and then it has the advantage of being clearly distinguished from the ordinary empty book of the day. The word "padding," as belonging to literature, was then unknown; but the idea existed, and perhaps the thing. We were quite resolved that there should be no padding in the "Panjandrum." I think our most ecstatic, enthusiastic, and accordant moments were those in which we resolved that it should be all good, all better than anything else—all best. We were to struggle after excellence with an energy that should know no relaxing; and the excellence was not to be that which might produce for us the greatest number of half-crowns, but of the sort which would increase truth in the world, and would teach men to labor hard and bear their burdens nobly, and become gods upon earth. I think our chief feeling was one of impatience in having to wait to find to what heaven death would usher us, who unfortunately had to be human before we could put on divinity. We wanted heaven at once—and were not deterred, though Jack Hallam would borrow ninepence, and Pat Regan make his paltry little jokes.

We had worked hard for six months before we began to think of writing, or even of apportioning to each contributor what should be written for the first number. I shall never forget the delight there was in having the young publisher in to tea, and in putting him through his figures, and in feeling that it became us for the moment to condescend to matters of trade. We felt him to be an inferior being; but still it was much for us to have progressed so far toward reality as to have a real publisher come to wait upon us. It was at that time clearly understood that I was to be the editor, and I felt myself justified in taking some little lead in arranging matters with our energetic young friend. A remark that I made one evening was very mild—simply some suggestion as to the necessity of having a more than ordinarily well-educated set of printers; but I was snubbed infinitely by Churchill Smith. "Mr. X.," said he, "can probably

tell us more about printing than we can tell him." I felt so hurt that I was almost tempted to leave the room at once. I knew very well that if I seceded Pat Regan would go with me, and that the whole thing must fall to the ground. Mrs. St. Quinten, however, threw instant oil upon the waters. "Churchill," said she, "let us live and learn. Mr. X., no doubt, knows. Why should we not share his knowledge?" I smothered my feelings in the public cause, but I was conscious of a wish that Mr. Smith might fall among the Philistines of Cursitor street, and so of necessity be absent from our meeting. There was an idea among us that he crept out of his hiding-place, and came to our meeting by by-ways; which was confirmed when our hostess proposed that our evening should be changed from Thursday, the day first appointed, to Sunday. We all acceded willingly, led away somewhat, I fear, by an idea that it was the proper thing for advanced spirits such as ours to go to work on that day which by ancient law is appointed for rest.

Mrs. St. Quinten would always open our meeting with a little speech. "Gentlemen and partners in this enterprise," she would say, "the tea is made, and the muffins are ready. Our hearts are bound together in the work. We are all in earnest in the good cause of political reform and social regeneration. Let the spirit of harmony prevail among us. Mr. Hallam, perhaps you'll take the cover off." To see Jack Hallam eat muffins was—I will say "a caution," if the use of the slang phrase may be allowed to me for the occasion. It was presumed among us that on these days he had not dined. Indeed, I doubt whether he often did dine—supper being his favorite meal. I have supped with him more than once, at his invitation—when to be without coin in my own pocket was no disgrace—and have wondered at the equanimity with which the vendors of shell-fish have borne my friend's intimation that he must owe them the little amount due for our evening entertainment. On these occasions his friend Watt was never with him, for Walter's ideas as to the common use of property were theoretical. Jack dashed at once into the more manly course of practice. When he came to Mrs. St. Quinten's one evening in my best—nay, why dally with the truth?—in my only pair of black dress trousers, which I had lent him ten days before, on the occasion, as I then believed, of a real dinner party, I almost denounced him before his colleagues. I think I should have done so had I not felt that he would in some fashion have so turned the tables on me that I should have been the sufferer. There are men with whom one comes by the worst in any contest, let justice on one's own side be ever so strong and ever so manifest.

But this is digression. After the little speech, Jack would begin upon the muffins, and Churchill Smith—always seated at his cousin's left hand—would hang his head upon his hand, wearing a look of mingled thought and sorrow on his brow. He never would eat muffins. We fancied that he fed himself with penny hunches of bread as he walked along the streets. As a man he was wild, unsocial, untamable; but, as a philosopher, he had certainly put himself beyond most of those wants to which Jack Hallam and others among us were still subject. "Lydia," he once said, when pressed hard to partake of the good things provided, "man cannot live by muffins alone—no, nor by tea and muffins. That by which he can live is hard to find. I doubt we have not found it yet."

This, to me, seemed to be rank apostasy—infidelity to the cause which he was bound to trust as long as he kept his place in that society. How shall you do anything in the world, achieve any success, unless you yourself believe in yourself? And if there be a partnership either in mind or matter, your partner must be the same to you as yourself. Confidence is so essential to the establishment

of a magazine! I felt then, at least, that the "Panjandrum" could have no chance without it, and I rebuked Mr. Churchill Smith. "We know what you mean by that," said I; "because we don't talk German metaphysics, you think we ain't worth our salt."

"So much worth it," said he, "that I trust heartily you may find enough to save you even yet."

I was about to boil over with wrath; but Walter Watt was on his legs, making a speech about the salt of the earth, before I had my words ready. Churchill Smith would put up with Walter when he would endure words from no one else. I used to think him mean enough to respect the Oxford fellowship, but I have since fancied that he fancied that he had discovered a congenial spirit. In those days I certainly did despise Watt's fellowship, but in later life I have come to believe that men who get rewards have generally earned them. Watt on this occasion made a speech, to which in my passion I hardly attended; but I well remember how, when I was about to rise in my wrath, Mrs. St. Quinten put her hand on my arm, and calmed me. "If you," said she, "to whom we most trust for orderly guidance, are to be the first to throw down the torch of discord, what will become of us?"

"I haven't thrown down any torch," said I.

"Neither take one up," said she, pouring out tea for me as she spoke.

"As for myself," said Regan, "I like metaphysics—and I like them German. There is nothing so stupid and pig-headed as that insular feeling which makes us think nothing to be good that is not home-grown."

"All the same," said Jack, "who ever eat a good muffin out of London?"

"Mr. Hallam, Mary is bringing up some more," said our hostess. She was an open-handed woman, and the supply of these delicacies never ran low as long as the "Panjandrum" was a possibility.

It was, I think, on this evening that we decided finally for columns and for a dark gray wrapper—with a portrait of the Panjandrum in the centre; a fancy portrait it must necessarily be; but we knew that we could trust for that to the fertile pencil of Mrs. St. Quinten. I had come prepared with a specimen cover, as to which I had in truth consulted an artistic friend, and had taken with it no inconsiderable labor. I am sure, looking back over the long interval of years at my feelings on that occasion—I am sure, I say, that I bore well the alterations and changes which were made in that design, until at last nothing remained of it. But what matters a wrapper? Surely of any printed and published work it is by the interior that you should judge it. It is not that old conjurer's head that has given its success to "Blackwood," nor yet those four agricultural boys that have made the "Cornhill" what it is.

We had now decided on columns, on the cover, and the color. We had settled on the number of pages, and had thumbed four or five specimens of paper submitted to us by our worthy publisher. In that matter we had taken his advice, and chosen the cheapest; but still we liked the thumbing of the paper. It was business. Paper was paper then, and bore a high duty. I do not think that the system of illustration had commenced in those days, though a series of portraits was being published by one distinguished contemporary. We readily determined that we would attempt nothing of that kind. There then arose a question as to the insertion of a novel. Novels were not then, as now, held to be absolutely essential for the success of a magazine. There were at that time magazines with novels and magazines without them. The discreet young publisher suggested to us that we were not able to pay for such a story as would do us any credit. I

myself, who was greedy for work, with bated breath offered to make an attempt. It was received but with faint thanks, and Walter Watt, rising on his legs, with eyes full of fire and arms extended, denounced novels in the general. It was not for such purpose that he was about to devote to the production of the "Panjandrum" any erudition that he might have acquired and all the intellect that God had given him. Let those who wanted novels go for them to the writer who dealt with fiction in the open market. As for him, he at any rate would search for truth. We reminded him of Blumine.* "Tell your novel in three pages," said he, "and tell it as that is told, and I will not object to it." We were enabled, however, to decide that there should be no novel in the "Panjandrum."

Then at length came the meeting at which we were to begin our real work and divide our tasks among us. Hitherto Mr. X. had usually joined us, but a hint had been given to him that on this and a few following meetings we would not trespass on his time. It was quite understood that he, as publisher, was to have nothing to do with the preparation or arrangement of the matter to be published. We were, I think, a little proud of keeping him at a distance when we came to the discussion of that actual essence of our combined intellects which was to be issued to the world under the grotesque name which we had selected. That mind and matter should be kept separate was impressed very strongly upon all of us. Now, we were "mind," and Mr. X. was "matter." He was matter at any rate in reference to this special work, and, therefore, when we had arrived at that vital point we told him—I had been commissioned to do so—that we did not require his attendance just at present. I am bound to say that Mr. X. behaved well to the end, but I do not think that he ever warmed to the "Panjandrum" after that. I fancy that he owns two or three periodicals now, and hires his editors quite as easily as he does his butlers—and with less regard to their characters.

I spent a nervous day in anticipation of that meeting. Pat Regan was with me all day, and threatened dissolution. "There isn't a fellow in the world," said he, "that I love better than Walter Watt, and I'd go to Jamaica to serve him" (when the time came, which it did, oh, so soon! he was asked to go no further than Kensal Green); "but——!" and then Pat paused.

"You're ready to quarrel with him," said I, "simply because he won't laugh at your jokes."

"There's a good deal in that," said Regan; "and when two men are in a boat together each ought to laugh at the other's jokes. But the question isn't as to our laughing. If we can't make the public laugh sometimes we may as well shut up shop. Walter is so intensely serious that nothing less austere than lay sermons will suit his conscience."

"Let him preach his sermon, and do you crack your jokes. Surely we can't be dull when we have you and Jack Hallam?"

"Jack 'll never write a line," said Regan; "he only comes for the muffins. Then think of Churchill Smith, and the sort of stuff he'll expect to force down our readers' throats."

"Smith is sour, but never tedious," said I. Indeed, I expected great things from Smith, and so I told my friend.

"'Lydia' will write," said Pat. We used to call her Lydia behind her back. "And so will Churchill Smith and Watt. I do not doubt that they have quires written already. But no one will read a word of it. Jack, and you, and I will intend to write, but we shall never do anything."

* See "Sartor Resartus."

This I felt to be most unjust, because, as I have said before, I was already engaged upon the press. My work was not remunerative, but it was regularly done. "I am afraid of nothing," said I, "but distrust. You can move a mountain if you will only believe that you can move it."

"Just so; but in order to avoid the confusion consequent on general motion among the mountains, I and other men have been created without that sort of faith." It was always so with my poor friend, and, consequently, he is now Attorney-General at a Turtle Island. Had he believed as I did—he and Jack—I still think that the "Panjandrum" might have been a great success. "Don't you look so glum," he went on to say. "I'll stick to it, and do my best. I did put 'Lord Bateman' into rhymed Latin verse for you last night."

Then he repeated to me various stanzas, of which I still remember one:

Tuam duxi, verum est, filiam, sed merum est;
Si virgo mihi data fuit, virgo tibi redditur
Venit in ephippio mihi, et concipio
Satis est si triga pro reditu conceditur.

This cheered me a little, for I thought that Pat was good at these things, and I was especially anxious to take the wind out of the sails of "Fraser" and Father Prout. "Bring it with you," said I to him, giving him great praise. "It will raise our spirits to know that we have something ready." He did bring it; but "Lydia" required to have it all translated to her, word by word. It went off heavily, and was at last objected to by the lady. For the first and last time during our debates Miss Collins ventured to give an opinion on the literary question under discussion. She agreed, she said, with her friend, in thinking that Mr. Regan's Latin poem should not be used. The translation was certainly as good as the ballad, and I was angry. Miss Collins, at any rate, need not have interfered.

At last the evening came, and we sat round the table, after the tea-cups had been removed, each anxious for his allotted task. Pat had been so far right in his views as to the diligence of three of our colleagues, that they came furnished with piles of manuscript. Walter Watt, who was afflicted with no false shame, boldly placed before him on the table a heap of blotted paper. Churchill Smith held in his hand a roll; but he did not, in fact, unroll it during the evening. He was a man very fond of his own ideas, of his own modes of thinking and manner of life, but not prone to put himself forward. I do not mind owning that I disliked him; but he had a power of self-abnegation which was, to say the least of it, respectable. As I entered the room, my eyes fell on a mass of dishevelled sheets of paper which lay on the sofa behind the chair on which Mrs. St. Quinten always sat, and I knew that these were her contributions. Pat Regan, as I have said, produced his unfortunate translation, and promised with the greatest good humor to do another when he was told that his last performance did not quite suit Mrs. St. Quinten's views. Jack had nothing ready; nor, indeed, was anything "ready" ever expected from him. I, however, had my own ideas as to what Jack might do for us. For myself, I confess that I had in my pocket from two to three hundred lines of what I conceived would be a very suitable introduction, in verse, for the first number. It was my duty, I thought, as editor, to provide the magazine with a few initiatory words. I did not, however, produce the rhymes on that evening, having learned to feel that any strong expression of self on the part of one member at that board was not gratifying to the others. I did take some pains in composing those lines, and thought at the time that I had been not unhappy in mixing the useful with the sweet. How many hours shall I say that I devoted to them? Alas, alas, it matters not now!

Those words which I did love well never met any eye but my own. Though I had them then by heart, they were never sounded in any ear. It was not personal glory that I desired. They were written that the first number of the "Panjandrum" might appear becomingly before the public, and the first number of the "Panjandrum" never appeared! I looked at them the other day, thinking whether it might be too late for them to serve another turn. I will never look at them again.

But from the first starting of the conception of the "Panjandrum" I had had a great idea, and that idea was discussed at length on the evening of which I am speaking. We must have something that should be sparkling, clever, instructive, amusing, philosocial, remarkable, and new, all at the same time! That such a thing might be achieved in literature I felt convinced. And it must be the work of three or four together. It should be something that should force itself into notice, and compel attention. It should deal with the greatest questions of humanity, and deal with them wisely—but still should deal with them in a sportive spirit. Philosophy and humor might, I was sure, be combined. Social science might be taught with witty words, and abstract politics made as agreeable as a novel. There had been the "Corn Law Rhymes," and the "Noctes." It was, however, essentially necessary that we should be new, and therefore I endeavored—vainly endeavored—to get those old things out of my head. Fraser's people had done a great stroke of business by calling their editor Mr. Yorke. If I could get our people to call me Mr. Lancaster, something might come of it. But yet it was so needful that we should be new! The idea had been seething in my brain so constantly that I had hardly eat or slept free from it for the last six weeks. If I could roll Churchill Smith and Jack Hallam into one, throw in a dash of Walter Watt's fine political eagerness, make use of Regan's ready poetical facility, and then control it all by my own literary experience, the thing would be done. But it is so hard to blend the elements!

I had spoken often of it to Pat, and he had assented. "I'll do anything into rhyme," he used to say, "if that's what you mean." It was not quite what I meant. One cannot always convey one's meaning to another; and this difficulty is so infinitely increased when one is not quite clear in one's own mind! And then Pat, who was the kindest fellow in the world, and who bore with the utmost patience a restless energy which must often have troubled him sorely, had not really his heart in it as I had. "If Churchill Smith will send me ever so much of his stuff, I'll put it into Latin or English verse, just as you please; and I can't say more than that." It was a great offer to make, but it did not exactly reach the point at which I was aiming.

I had spoken to Smith about it also. I knew that if we were to achieve success, we must do so in a great measure by the force of his intellectual energy. I was not seeking pleasure but success, and was willing therefore to endure the probable discourtesy, or at least want of cordiality, which I might encounter from the man. I must acknowledge that he listened to me with a rapt attention. Attention so rapt is more sometimes than one desires. Could he have helped me with a word or two now and again, I should have felt myself to be more comfortable with him. I am inclined to think that two men get on better together in discussing a subject when they each speak a little at random. It creates a confidence, and enables a man to go on to the end. Churchill Smith heard me without a word, and then remarked that he had been too slow quite to catch my idea. Would I explain it again? I did explain it again—though no doubt I was flustered and blundered. "Certainly," said Churchill Smith, "if we can all be witty and all wise, and all witty and wise at the same time, and all together, it

will be very fine. But then, you see, I'm never witty, and seldom wise." The man was so uncongenial that there was no getting anything from him. I did not dare to suggest to him that he should submit the prose exposition of his ideas to the metrical talent of our friend Regan.

As soon as we were assembled I rose upon my legs, saying that I proposed to make a few preliminary observations. It certainly was the case that at this moment Mrs. Quinten was rinsing the teapot, and Mary Jane had not yet brought in the muffins. We all know that when men meet together for special dinners, the speeches are not commenced till the meal is over; and I would have kept my seat till Jack had done his worst with the delicacies, had it not been our practice to discuss our business with our plates and cups and saucers still before us. "You can't drink your tea on your legs," said Jack Hallam. "I have no such intention," said I. "What I have to lay before you will not take a minute." A suggestion, however, came from another quarter that I should not be so formal; and Mrs. St. Quinten, touching my sleeve, whispered to me a precaution against speech-making. I sat down, and remarked in a manner that I felt to be ludicrously inefficient, that I had been going to propose that the magazine should be opened by a short introductory paper. As the reader knows, I had the introduction then in my pocket. "Let us dash into the middle of our work at once," said Walter Watt. "No one reads introductions," said Regan; my own friend, Pat Regan! "I own I don't think an introduction would do us any particular service," said "Lydia," turning to me with that smile which was so often used to keep us in good humor. I can safely assert that it was never vainly used on me. I did not even bring the verses out of my pocket, and thus I escaped at least the tortures of that criticism to which I should have been subjected had I been allowed to read them to the company. "So be it," said I. "Let us then dash into the middle of our work at once. It is only necessary to have a point settled. Then we can progress."

After that I was silent for awhile, thinking it well to keep myself in the background. But no one seemed to be ready for speech. Walter Watt fingered his manuscript uneasily, and Mrs. St. Quinten made some remark not distinctly audible as to the sheets on the sofa. "But I must get rid of the tray first," she said. Churchill Smith sat perfectly still with his roll in his pocket. "Mrs. St. Quinten and gentlemen," I said, "I am happy to tell you that I have had a contribution handed to me which will go far to grace our first number. Our friend Regan has done 'Lord Bateman' into Latin verse with a latinity and a rhythm so excellent that it will go far to make us at any rate equal to anything else in that line." Then I produced the translated ballad, and the little episode took place which I have already described. Mrs. St. Quinten insisted on understanding it in detail, and it was rejected. "Then, upon my word, I don't know what you are to get," said I. "Latin translations are not indispensable," said Walter Watt. "No doubt we can live without them," said Pat, with a fine good humor. He bore the disgrace of having his first contribution rejected with admirable patience. There was nothing he could not bear. To this day he bears being Attorney-General at the Turtle Islands.

Something must be done. "Perhaps," said I, turning to the lady, "Mrs. St. Quinten will begin by giving us her ideas as to our first number. She will tell us what she intends to do for us herself." She was still embarrassed by the tea-things; and I acknowledge that I was led to appeal to her at that moment because it was so. If I could succeed in extracting ideas, they would be of infinitely more use to us than the reading of manuscript. To get the thing "licked into shape" must be our first object. As I had on this evening walked up to

the sombre street leading into the New Road in which Mrs. St. Quinten lived, I had declared to myself a dozen times that to get the thing "licked into shape" was the great desideratum. In my own imaginings I had licked it into some shape. I had suggested to myself my own little introductory poem as a commencement, and Pat Regan's Latin ballad as a pretty finish to the first number. Then there should be some thirty pages of dialogue—or trialogue—or hexalogue if necessary, between the different members of our Board, each giving, under an assumed name, his view of what a perfect magazine should be. This I intended to be the beginning of a conversational element which should be maintained in all subsequent numbers, and which would enable us in that light and airy fashion which becomes a magazine to discuss all subjects of politics, philosophy, manners, literature, social science, and even religion if necessary, without inflicting on our readers the dullness of a long unbroken essay. I was very strong about these conversations, and saw my way to a great success, if I could only get my friends to act in concert with me. Very much depended on the names to be chosen, and I had my doubts whether Watt and Churchill Smith would consent to this slightly theatrical arrangement. Mrs. St. Quinten had already given in her adhesion, but was doubting whether she would call herself "Charlotte," partly after Charlotte Corday, and partly after the lady who cut bread and butter, or "Mrs. Freeman"—that name having, as she observed, been used before as a nom-de-plume—or "Sophronie," after Madame de Sévigné, who was pleased so to call herself among the learned ladies of Madame de Rambouillet's bower. I was altogether in favor of Mrs. Freeman, which has the merit of simplicity; but that was a minor point. Jack Hallam had chosen his appellation. Somewhere in the Lowlands he had seen over a small shop door the name of John Neverapeny; and "John Neverapeny" he would be. I turned it over on my tongue a score of times, and thought that perhaps it might do. Pat wanted to call himself "The O'Blazes," but was at last persuaded to adopt the quieter name of "Tipperary," in which county his family had been established since Ireland was—settled, I think he said. For myself I was indifferent. They might give me what title they pleased. I had had my own notion, but that had been rejected. They might call me "Jones" or "Walker" if they thought proper. But I was very much wedded to the idea, and I still think that had it been stoutly carried out the results would have been happy.

I was the first to acknowledge that the plan was not new. There had been the "Noctes," and some imitations even of the "Noctes." But then, what is new? The "Noctes" themselves had been imitations from older works. If Socrates and Hippias had not conversed, neither probably would Mr. North and his friends. "You might as well tell me," said I, addressing my colleagues, "that we must invent a new language, find new forms of expression, print our ideas in an unknown type, and impress them on some strange paper. Let our thoughts be new," said I, "and then let us select for their manifestation the most convenient form with which experience provides us." But they didn't see it. Mrs. St. Quinten liked the romance of being "Sophronie," and to Jack and Pat there was some fun in the nicknames; but in the real thing for which I was striving they had no actual faith. "If I could only lick them into shape," I had said to myself at the last moment, as I was knocking at Mrs. St. Quinten's door.

Mrs. St. Quinten was nearer to my way of thinking in this respect than the others; and therefore I appealed to her while the tea-things were still before her, thinking that I might obtain from her a suggestion in favor of the conversations. The introductory poem and the Latin ballad were gone. For spilt milk what wise man weeps? My verses had not even left my pocket. Not one there

knew that they had been written; and I was determined that not one should know. But my conversations might still live. Ah, if I could only blend the elements! "Sophronie," said I, taking courage, and speaking with a voice from which all sense of shame and fear of failure were intended to be banished—"Sophronie will tell us what she intends to do for us herself."

I looked into my friend's face, and saw that she liked it. But she turned to her cousin, Churchill Smith, as though for approval—and met none. "We had better be in earnest," said Churchill Smith, without moving a muscle of his face or giving the slightest return to the glance which had fallen upon him from his cousin.

"No one can be more thoroughly in earnest than myself," I replied.

"Let us have no calling of names," said Churchill Smith. "It is inappropriate, and especially so when a lady is concerned."

"It has been done scores of times," I rejoined; "and that, too, in the very highest phases of civilization, and among the most discreet of matrons."

"It seems to me to be twaddle," said Walter Watt.

"To my taste it's abominably vulgar," said Churchill Smith.

"It has answered very well in other magazines," said I.

"That's just the reason we should avoid it," said Walter Watt.

"I think the thing has been about worn out," said Pat Regan.

I was now thrown upon my mettle. Rising again upon my legs—for the tea-things had now been removed—I poured out my convictions, my hopes, my fears, my ambitions. If we were thus to disagree on every point, how should we ever blend the elements? If we could not forbear with one another, how could we hope to act together upon the age as one great force? If there was no agreement between us, how could we have the strength of union? Then I adverted with all the eloquence of which I was master to the great objects to be attained by these imaginary conversations. "That we may work together, each using his own words—that is my desire," I said. And I pointed out to them how willing I was to be the least among them in this contest, to content myself with simply acting as chorus, and pointing to the lessons of wisdom which would fall from out of their mouths. I must say that they listened to me on this occasion with great patience. Churchill Smith sat there, with his great hollow eyes fixed upon me; but it seemed to me, as he looked, that even he was being persuaded. I threw myself into my words, and implored them to allow me on this occasion to put them on the road to success. When I had finished speaking I looked around, and for a moment I thought they were convinced. There was just a whispered word between our Sophronie and her cousin, and then she turned to me and spoke. I was still standing, and I bent down over her to catch the sentence she should pronounce. "Give it up," she said.

And I gave it up. With what a pang this was done few of my readers can probably understand. It had been my dream from my youth upwards. I was still young, no doubt, and looking back now I can see how insignificant were the aspirations which were then in question. But there is no period in a man's life in which it does not seem to him that his ambition is then—at that moment—culminating for him, till the time comes in which he begins to own to himself that his life is not fit for ambition. I had believed that I might be the means of doing something, and of doing it in this way. Very vague, indeed, had been my notions; most crude my ideas. I can see that now. What it was that my interlocutors were to say to each other I had never clearly known. But I had felt that in this way each might speak his own speech without confusion and with delight to the reader. The elements, I had thought, might be so blent.

Then there came that little whisper between Churchill Smith and our Sophronie, and I found that I had failed. "Give it up," said she.

"Oh, of course," I said, as I sat down; "only just settle what you mean to do." For some few minutes I hardly heard what matters were being discussed among them, and, indeed, during the remainder of the evening I took no real share in the conversation. I was too deeply wounded even to listen. I was resolute at first to abandon the whole affair. I had already managed to scrape together the sum of money which had been named as the share necessary for each of us to contribute toward the production of the first number, and that should be altogether at their disposal. As for editing a periodical in the management of which I was not allowed to have the slightest voice, that was manifestly out of the question. Nor could I contribute when every contribution which I suggested was rejected before it was seen. My money I could give them, and that no doubt would be welcome. With these gloomy thoughts my mind was so full that I actually did not hear the words with which Walter Watt and Churchill Smith were discussing the papers proposed for the first number.

There was nothing read that evening. No doubt it was visible to them all that I was, as it were, a blighted spirit among them. They could not but know how hard I had worked, how high had been my hopes, how keen was my disappointment; and they felt for me. Even Churchill Smith, as he shook hands with me at the door, spoke a word of encouragement. "Do not expect to do things too quickly," said he. "I don't expect to do anything," said I. "We may do something even yet," said he, "if we can be humble, and patient, and persevering. We may do something, though it be ever so little." I was humble enough certainly, and knew that I had persevered. As for patience—well, I would endeavor even to be patient.

But, prior to that, Mrs. St. Quinten had explained to me the programme which had now been settled between the party. We were not to meet again till that day fortnight, and then each of us was to come provided with matter that would fill twenty-one printed pages of the magazine. This, with the title-page, would comprise the whole first number. We might all do as we liked with our own pages, each within his allotted space—filling the whole with one essay, or dividing it into two or three short papers. In this way there might be scope for Pat Regan's verse, or for any little badinage in which Jack Hallam might wish to express himself. And in order to facilitate our work, and for the sake of general accommodation, a page or two might be lent or borrowed. "Whatever anybody writes then," I asked, "must be admitted?" Mrs. St. Quinten explained to me that this had not been their decision. The whole matter produced was of course to be read, each contributor's paper by the contributor himself; and it was to be printed and inserted in the first number, if any three would vote for its insertion. On this occasion the author, of course, would have no vote. The votes were to be handed in, written on slips of paper, so that there might be no priority in voting—so that no one should be required to express himself before or after his neighbor. It was very complex, but I made no objection.

As I walked home all alone—for I had no spirits to join Regan and Jack Hallam, who went in search of supper at the Haymarket—I turned over Smith's words in my mind, and resolved that I would be humble, patient, and persevering, so that something might be done, though it were, as he said, ever so little. I would struggle still; though everything was to be managed in a manner adverse to my own ideas and wishes, I would still struggle. I would still hope that the "Panjandrum" might become a great fact in the literature of my country.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

THE GALAXY MISCELLANY.

THINGS OF TO-DAY.

THE INCOME TAX.

EVERY year there is a grumble over the income tax; every year it is renewed, and probably will be for some time to come. It is too convenient a means of raising revenue to be easily dispensed with, and at the same time is recommended by at least as many considerations of abstract justice as can be assigned in favor of any other form of taxation.

Some of the objections to the principle are plausible and ingenious, but fundamentally unfair. Thus, it is said that wealthy men owning unimproved landed property in the vicinity of large cities suffer its value to accumulate, and in the mean time pay no dues to the Government. As if the land, which sustains the greatest share of the burdens of local taxation, ought therefore also to sustain the greatest share of Federal; or as if any man, however rich, would rather have any portion of his property unproductive than productive! We may be sure that, in nine cases out of ten, if landed property remains unimproved, it is because improvements on it will not yet pay. And the proof is that all the unimproved or partially improved property in the vicinity of our large cities and towns, or even within their limits, by no means belongs to rich men. Many small pieces of such land are owned by persons in very moderate circumstances, who would gladly sell out, but cannot except at a great sacrifice, because their property is badly situated, remote from the lines of business and fashion.

Again, it has been urged that the income tax lets off the agricultural population too easily, because the farmer raises articles for family consumption which the city denizen is obliged to purchase, and of course cannot purchase without income. It is perhaps a sufficient answer to this objection, that the American farmer usually owns his farm and can claim no deduction for rent.

The tax is also said to be unfair because it does not discriminate between incomes derived from capital and those owing to professional or business labors. The man who earns his income from year to year must capitalize a portion of it to provide for the future; therefore it is argued that he should only be taxed on part of it, or, what is the same thing, should pay a less percentage. This objection to the tax is, like the tax itself, derived from England; and those who urge it forget one very important difference between the two countries. In England the largest incomes and the greatest number of large incomes are derived from inherited and long accumulated capital. In America they are derived from business, and any discrimination in favor of business incomes would lessen the taxes of the wealthiest individuals and classes. Moreover, English capital not invested in business is generally "safe as a church," while American capital is notoriously unstable. Even our real estate is no exception to this rule, since local impositions may bring it to the verge of confiscation. There is *improved* real estate within six miles of New York City Hall that yields its fortunate owner *less than one per cent.* on the assessed value after the city taxes are paid.

There is, indeed, one very objectionable feature of the income tax—the publicity of the returns. But this is by no means an essential—far from it. The pretence that it is necessary to protect the Government against false returns is

simply preposterous. It is one of those ideas which are equally foolish and wicked: foolish because unnecessarily wicked; an impotent attempt to encourage some of the worst and meanest passions of our nature. One would like to see the statistics of this matter, to find out how many persons have been tempted to turn informers, and how much Government recovered in consequence.

Setting aside this unessential feature, we may conclude that so long as we must have *quasi* war taxes, that is, taxes which are results of the war, the income tax is as fair as any which can be devised. *Personally*, no doubt, it is a nuisance; individually, every man would rejoice to get rid of it; but when we consider the other burdens pressing on the people, we must acknowledge that some of these demand prior attention. The tariff, for instance, which, besides favoring certain classes, causes a huge waste that does no possible good to any human being. Would it not be better even to make special provision for the compensation of these favored interests, as the London "Examiner" proposed, in the old Corn-Law times, to give the country squire "the dogs necessary to the Constitution" by annual vote of Parliament? In this way we should at any rate save the waste.

CRAMMING.

The well-known proposition that exaggerated admiration is usually followed by a reaction of undue disparagement, receives just now a fresh illustration in the case of the examination system which has reigned supreme in England for half a century, and gained a strong foothold in our country within twenty years. The practice of deciding school and college honors by severe *written* examinations at long intervals, with their adjuncts of "coaching" and "cramming," is attacked as injurious to the intellect and producing the very opposite of the progress aimed at, by overtasking the brain.

The main features of such examinations are briefly these: the candidates are examined altogether or chiefly in writing, instead of *viva voce;* and they may be examined on any part or parts of an extensive subject.

"Cramming" may be defined as the acquiring ("getting up" is the slang English term) information on certain purpose, of which information, after it has been thus used, a great portion is dismissed from the mind. The worst form of cram is when the learner commits to memory facts or formulæ which he does not understand; but this extreme measure is rarely resorted to, experience having shown that it is apt to defeat its own end.

A "coach" is a private tutor who prepares pupils, either singly or in small classes, for public examinations. This he does partly by developing their minds and implanting real knowledge, partly by administering cram of the sort likely to tell. The worst species of coach is sometimes called a "grinder," a term which originated in the London medical schools.

It should be observed that this adjunct of the system has never made much headway among us, the supply of men at the same time willing and able to coach being very small, and the number of students both willing and able to pay for the services of a coach by no means large.

We see, then, that cramming brings the memory largely into play. Now the memory is, perhaps, of all the mental faculties, that which is most easily cultivated in youth, and if not developed then, it is very difficult to develop and improve afterwards. True, a young man may encourage his memory at the expense of other valuable faculties. He may be so occupied with learning to remember that he never learns to think. But such cases are exceptional; in gen-

eral we may be pretty sure that for every man who suffers inconvenience or damage from having too much memory, hundreds suffer from having too little. A good memory is, to use a popular phrase, very convenient to have about. And men in some of the highest positions in life, or what ought to be such, the barrister and the senator for example, frequently have occasion to cram. We must bear in mind that all exoteric and partial knowledge, acquired for a special temporary purpose, is cram. Because it *is* exoteric, partial, fragmentary, it is liable to escape from the mind afterwards, but not till it has served its turn. And why should a man undertake to remember to the end of his days everything he learns, any more than everything he reads? We should further consider that there is a class of students who are so morally constituted that as soon as they are emancipated from the preparatory school discipline, they refuse to plod along regularly in an even course of daily study. They must alternate spells of idleness with spells of hard work. The examination system is the only one which economizes the powers of these students so as to get their fair share of work out of them. Their way of learning may be theoretically bad; but the teacher, like the legislator and governor, has to do with real life, not with ideals. He cannot create his material; he must do the best he can with the material he has.

Young men are greatly fatigued after passing an examination, and require time to recuperate, mentally as well as physically. What then? Are men in later life never fatigued after exertions of the intellect—speech-making, literary labor, even writing business letters? Or if it be answered that these persons are matured in mind and body, and therefore out of danger or less in danger, do not young men require repose and idleness after hard running, or riding, or rowing, or any great physical effort? Sometimes they injure and retard their physical development by putting too much strain on their physical capacity: does that prove that athletic sports are on the whole injurious and ought to be abolished?

WHOSE FAULT IS IT?

The insults and injuries which our locomotive public (that is to say, nearly our whole population) undergoes from employees and jacks-in-office of all sorts, railway officials, hotel clerks and waiters, etc., etc., have long been a familiar theme of lamentation. Most speculators on the subject, remarking that such things would not be tolerated in western Europe, have concluded that the fault lay with our public itself, for tamely submitting to imposition. But when we come to ask further, *Why* does a fierce democracy submit to oppressions which neither the citizens of an aristocratic nor the subjects of a paternal government would endure? the explanations generally proposed fail to satisfy us completely. We are told that democracies are good-natured, and that most of our countrymen are too much occupied with their business to lose time in wrangling about comparatively small grievances or losses. These suggestions afford partial, but only partial solutions. Busy and good-natured as we may be, there is no absolute dearth of individuals among us with sufficient leisure to attend to the redress of such wrongs, and sufficient temper to resent them. Why do not these persons more frequently assert their own rights and those of the public? *Because when they attempt to do so the public sympathy does not side with them, but with the common oppressor.* The explanation of this seeming paradox is not very recondite. The moment a man in a democratic crowd protests openly against some abuse to which the others have been submitting either in si-

lence or with secret grumblings, that moment there is a tendency among the majority of the crowd to consider him an aristocrat, a person who requires some special privileges for himself. "If we can stand it, why can't he?" is the question which they ask themselves, half unconsciously. If they do not positively cry out against him, they meet him negatively by refusing or not offering to assist him; and the public-spirited individual, finding himself in the traditional *rôle* of the interfering friend who prevents Hodge from beating Moll, and is rewarded by Moll's scratching his face or throwing something at his head, generally renounces his mission and learns to grin and bear it even as others. The writer can speak on this point with a full heart, knowledge, and conviction, having tried the experiment himself a number of times during the space of twenty years. In the days when Boniface and Jenkins were inseparable allies, and all men trembled at their united power, he defied Boniface and Jenkins both, and was the first to show up an American watering-place hotel and an American watering-place hotel's paid newspaper correspondent in their true colors. At a much later period—within the last two years, indeed—he slanged an Irish hotel waiter into absolute silence, a feat never, to the best of his knowledge and belief, previously performed by a native.* He worried for nine months a railway company which had wantonly burned five hundred dollars' worth of his property, and finally wrested from them nearly half the amount of his claim. Not satisfied with this result, which could at best be only considered a drawn battle, he set his wits to work till he had discovered an apparently more circuitous, but really more rapid as well as more secure, route for the transport of his freight. In all these passages of arms, and sundry others of the same kind, he has never received the least sympathy or assistance, either from fellow-sufferers or from such portion of the outside public as was cognizant of the facts.

ANTHRACITE AND HEALTH.

One of our greatest public benefactors—provided only that his countrymen will hear his words of wisdom—is Dr. George Derby, of Boston. In his pamphlet bearing the above title he furnishes scientific proof of what many persons have discovered empirically to their cost. He explains how the combustion of anthracite in nearly all its stages evolves carbonic oxide gas, a deadly poison, which passes through cast-iron as light passes through glass, and which is but partially carried off by the flues of an open fireplace. Hence, "difficult respiration, headache, dizziness, confusion of ideas, languor, heaviness—a group of symptoms leading to the suspicion of the presence of a narcotic poison." (That acute writer, Mr. John Fiske, has observed that many of the effects of anthracite are often wrongly attributed to tobacco.) The use of wrought-iron stoves and furnaces, bolted and made steam-tight, appears to Dr. Derby a probable remedy. But there is another injurious result of the use of anthracite which the Doctor has overlooked, the all-but impossibility of not overheating the rooms which are warmed by it. When an apartment is large, or occupied by few persons, a door or window may be opened; but in a small or crowded room this expedient produces disagreeable and dangerous draughts upon some of the occupants. Hence the majority of our city and town populations pass half the year in overheated rooms, the temperature of which renders them unduly sensitive to the external

* Sala *says* that he did it once. It is also on record that a California Congressman shot a Patlander of this species, and a Washington jury brought in a verdict of "served him right." But shooting a waiter is a very rude way of cutting the Gordian knot, and likely to disturb the other guests, especially if there are ladies present.

air when they have to encounter it, and produces a fruitful crop of colds and chills, too often ripening into chronic rheumatisms, catarrhs, and pulmonary diseases.

The subject naturally suggests two questions. First, how is it that, while so many moral essayists and itinerant lecturers are wearing out their pens and their lungs with descanting on the evils of wine and tobacco, no popular writer or speaker has ever called public attention to the dangers of anthracite? Secondly, in what terms should we qualify the conduct of influential men, editors, members of Congress, etc., who do their utmost to sustain a system of legislation which discourages and prevents the consumption of a more healthy fuel?

CARL BENSON.

IDIOMS.

IT is amusing and somewhat instructive to observe the idiomatic words and phrases which are common in different sections of country and among particular classes. Words that have never been seen in any dictionary are heard in common and serious use, and others that are familiar are found to have acquired new and surprising significations.

It is said that a statement like the following would be quite intelligible in the West: "Look here, Judge! See what your boy's been at. He picked up a gravel-rock (stone), chucked it over neighbor Barnes's haydoodle (haycock), and killed our hobiddy (rooster)." "At" seems to be a favorite Western preposition, as in the sentences, "Where did you get cold at?" "Where do you live at?' In Arkansas, a stone would be called a "donock." In the South or Southwest, to carry is to "tote"; a loaf of bread is a "pone"; a small stream is a "run"; a canoe fashioned from a large log is, very expressively, a "dug-out." Everything is "right smart," as when a considerable distance is said to be a "right smart ways." We and you are "we uns" and "you uns"; and in the use of the verb to do such expressions occur as "I gone done it," "He gone done it," "You uns gwine gone done it," "They uns gwine gone done it."

The idiomatic words together with the peculiar pronunciation of the Yankee have given him in the pages of Sam Slick, and in the more refined works of Lowell, a dialect of his own. In New England, a thing that is full is "chuck full"; a thing that is new is "bran (or brand) new"; and a clean thing is "spick span clean." The word "kindy" (or kind o') has come into almost universal use in the sense of rather; as when a thing is kindy nice, kindy good. A nice girl is "kindy scrumptious." Pretty is very generally used in the same sense, as pretty good, pretty nice. "Guess," which is so common in New England, though it is an English word transplanted, is not synonymous with think or believe. It expresses a meaning purely its own, and, though considered ungenteel by some fastidious persons, seems to me to be very useful in prefixing a thought which we are willing to admit is only thrown out for what it is worth, and may be modified at any time. But the use of "calculate" in the same sense is execrable.

The New Englanders have some curious complaints, among which are "conniption fits," "maggrums" (megrims), "rheumatics," and "hypo." A Boston poet has written a "Sudbury Ballad" about a little girl with mourning ribbons in her hair, who, instead of indulging in a refrain similar to that of Wordsworth's

little heroine, "We are seven," reiterated continually that her aunt died of the "shocanum palsy."

"What sort of palsy, love?" said I—
"That name I never heard before."
This was my little maid's reply:
"I've told you twice and won't no more."
"I prithee, sweetest, once again!
What was it killed your suffering aunt?"
She answered: "I will tell you then,
But if you ask again, I shan't.
She died o' the shocanum palsy."

An amateur etymologist might suggest that the child meant a shock of numb palsy, but very likely he would be wrong.

It is curious to notice by what different words the same ideas are expressed and the same things named by different people. In some districts of England, too much high-sounding talk is called "clishmaclaver," and scolding is "clapperclaw." In America it is called "hifalutin," and sometimes "kerflummux." In New York a great talker is said to "blow" or "gas"; in the West he is said to "gostrate"; and in New England a farmer's wife sometimes advises a garrulous neighbor not to "blob around" so much. The latter seems to be a corruption of blab, as "splosh" and "slosh" are used in New England for splash and slush. Indian meal boiled is call in New England "hasty pudding"; in other parts of the country "mush." The Indian name was "suppawn," which is now often used. In England, a minute pudding is a "hasty pudding." In New England, corn-bread is "johnny-cake"; in the South it is corn-dodger or hoe-cake, as it is sometimes baked by the negroes on a hoe.

A long article might be written merely on the titles that have been given in various ages, countries, and sections to money. Rhino, the tin, the needful, the ready, the ducats, the dust, the spondulix, are all old. In the West, the popular synonyme for funds is now said to be "koshpoppy," the derivation of which it would be difficult to guess. In England, overshoes are called "galoshes"; in New York they are "rubbers," and in Pennsylvania they are called "gums." A Philadelphia gentleman and his wife visited a friend in New York, and one evening when they had been out, the gentleman entered the parlor alone. "Where is Emily?" said the host. "Oh, she is outside cleaning her gums upon the mat," said the Philadelphian. A momentary astonishment crossed the features of the New Yorker, which soon gave way to laughter.

In some parts of Vermont, "popular" is used in the offensive sense of aristocratic; and "powerful" is common in the sense of great or very, as when a man who has a great many apples is said to have "a powerful sight of apples," or as when tea is said to be "powerful weak." One particular thing is said to be a "heap sight" better than another. The word fellow has in good usage the meaning of a low sort of person, as well as the better signification of brother or companion, as in "Fellow of the Royal Academy"; but in Connecticut, and perhaps elsewhere, young ladies give it still another meaning. A girl was escorted home from prayer-meeting by a young man to whom she was not especially partial. On leaving her he remarked, "I will come to see you again next Sunday night." The lady replied very frankly, "Well, Bill, you can come as a friend, but not as a feller."

An headquarters of police, or, as the populace sometimes term it, a lock-up, is called in New York a station-house, though in many other places this word is more correctly used to indicate a stopping house on railroads. "Depot" has however become almost universal in this sense, though incorrectly, for a depot

is really merely a house employed for the purpose of storage. Near cities where vegetables are called "truck," a garden is sometimes named a "truck patch.' A small tin pail is often called by city people a kettle, while others speak of it as a bucket, and distinguish as a "well-bucket" the vessel of which Woodworth sang,

> The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
> The moss-covered bucket, which hung in the well.

Such phrases as "He thinks he is a considerable some," "You can't sometimes always tell," "I don't guess I shall go," and "Things ain't as they used to was," are common as funny distortions of sentences. But the following among many others are in serious use in different sections of the United States: "School has fetched to," for "School has begun"; "I didn't go to go," for "I didn't intend to go"; "He talks like he was luny," for "He talks like a lunatic"; "Brown ain't not overly rich," for "Brown is not very rich"; "He has got a pretty good sum past," for "laid up"; "They lifted a collection," for "They took up a collection"; "Since I can mind," for "Since I can remember"; and, "Everything is out of kelter," for "out of order." For the last phrase, however, we have the authority of the great Dr. Barrow, who says, "If the organs of prayer be out of *kelter* or out of tune, how can we pray?" We also read in his works the following: "All that is apparent in this world doth flit and soon gives us the *go-by*."

Celia Logan, in a pleasant article published several years ago in THE GALAXY, mentioned some differences in the signification of words as used in England and in the United States. Thus, if an American asks for pantaloons, drawers are brought to him; if he asks for breeches, he is shown knee-breeches such as are worn by footmen; and it is only when he calls for trousers that he gets the article desired. Suspenders are called "braces," vests "waistcoats," and undershirts "vests." Socks are called half-hose, and a shirt-maker is a shirt-tailor. A shoe coming above the ankle is a boot; one reaching to the calf is a "hessian"; and gaiters are not a lady's boot, but those old-fashioned leggings which were drawn over the leg when gentlemen wore knee-breeches and silk stockings. A person speaking of a bureau is supposed to mean an office for the transaction of business, and the word is not a synonyme for "chest of drawers," which is the common name there, and also among New England housewives. A tumbler is not a glass, but a street gymnast. A pitcher is called a "jug," and a stove a "grate." Corned-beef is salt-beef; ice-cream is cream-ice; and the vender of fruits and vegetables is a fruiterer and a green-grocer. The owner of a house never rents it; the person who hires it rents it, and the owner lets it. There is also a similar plain and evident distinction between sick and ill; and our English cousins have such a horror of the word bug, that even in using the Americanism humbug they drop the "bug" and say, "You can't hum me."

It may be added that in England a person who is said to be "starved" is not necessarily very hungry, but may be merely chilled and frozen.

Peculiar idioms arise from differences of class and condition. It has been mentioned that in the east of London "rooms" are always advertised; toward Holborn, "lodgings"; but west of Regent street, nothing less than "apartments" would seem to let. Persons in different trades and professions use common words with peculiar meanings. A man experienced in wines may speak of a sweet wine, but never of a sour wine, unless it is spoiled, the opposite quality to sweet being dry. Railway men and persons who have had experiences of col-

liding railway trains, describe the course of a car when lifted up at one end and thrown to the top of the next in a collision, as telescoping. The word may be found nowadays in any elaborate description in the newspapers of a collision, and seems to have its origin merely in the fact that the general direction which the car takes resembles the slanting position of a telescope when turned to some heavenly body midway between the zenith and the horizon. On the city horse-railways, a "loafer" is a driver who is behind time or "loafs," and a conductor who "knocks down" is one who appropriates a portion of the money taken as fares to his own use. Any one who has frequently perused the advertisements of menageries and museums must have noticed that a curiosity is not considered of the first importance unless it is a "living" one. In a programme recently printed the word was repeated ten times, beginning with a collection of living fish —which is undoubtedly much to be preferred as a spectacle to a collection of dead fish—and closing with a living gorilla, and a statement that "correct photographic likenesses of the giants, dwarfs, Circassians, and other living curiosities, may be purchased from the curiosities themselves." After this it is not surprising perhaps that an enthusiastic exhibitor of a unique set of dishes at a country fair was heard intoning all day long as follows: "This way, ladies and gentlemen, this way! Come and witness the greatest living curiosity in the shape of earthenware ever imported into the American continent."

Various words from constant use get an idiomatic meaning. With some everything is "awful," whether it be awful nice, awful bad, awful mean, or awful grand. The English use the word "nasty" as frequently and in as many different senses entirely apart from its true one. Persons sometimes get a habit of repeating such phrases as "you know," "you see," "says I," "I say," etc., much oftener than they suppose. The following Quaker toast illustrates the idiom of that sect: "This is me and mine to thee and thine. I wish when thou and thine come to see me and mine, that me and mine will treat thee and thine as kindly as thee and thine have treated me and mine." Another version of this toast illustrates a habit which some have of using the word "folks" very frequently: "I wish you and your folks loved me and my folks as well as me and my folks love you and your folks. For sure, there never was folks, since folks was folks, that ever loved folks half so well as me and my folks love you and your folks."

Others have a very easy way of getting over words they do not remember or which they are unable to pronounce. Thus a fashionable mother on board a steamboat was asked by her child how the boat was made to go, and gave the following minute explanation: "You see, my dear, this thingumbob goes down through that hole and is fastened to the jigamaree, and that connects with the crinkumcrankum, and then that man—the engineer—kind o' stirs the what-do-you-call-it with a poker, and they all shove along, and then the boat goes—see?" "Punch" imagines a judge delivering an opinion after this manner: "It has been well observed by Mr. Justice Whatyoumaycallem that it was not upon any such refined thingummy as that of whatshisname that the thingummies have become in our whatsitsname the last whatyoumaycallem of resort. In the case of the Queen vs. Whatshername, given at length in Whatshisname's reports, it was distinctly laid down that a thingummyjig unable to come to a unanimous whatyoumaycallem might be lawfully discharged. But this court, accepting the sound logical reasoning of Chief Justice Thingumbob, must hold that the whatyoumaycallem of a thingummyjig is no bar to a whatsitsname. The thingummy of the court below is consequently re-whatyoumaycallem'd."

GEORGE WAKEMAN.

DRIFT-WOOD.

BYRON, MAN AND POET.

MRS. STOWE and Mackay take the field refreshed, and again the Byron battle rages. Once more "Cain" and "The Bride of Abydos" descend from their shelves, that all the world may try to scent in them the traces of a crime. It is clearly Byron's destiny to be read hereafter, as hitherto, less for poetry than personality. No bard so great is popularly judged so seldom by the simple standard of minstrelsy. He was ridiculed as a rhyming lord when he came before the world, and as a lord who rhymed he was defended. Personal bias has waited on his works ever since; and he, who knew the foibles of humanity, was probably not ill-pleased that readers should admire or detest him on extra-poetical grounds. At the outset he pleaded his minority before the Court of the Muses, in bar of hostile criticism upon the "Hours of Idleness: a Series of Poems. By George Gordon, Lord Byron, a Minor." In the preface to "English Bards," he took ground that "each poetical person, like other sectaries, has his separate tabernacle of proselytes, by whom his abilities are overrated, his faults overlooked, and his metrical canons received without scruple and without consideration." Byron transfused poetry with autobiography, his method being the reverse of Shakespeare's or Scott's. His titie, his youth, his personal beauty, his amours, his misfortunes, his marriage, his separation, his exile, were London town-talk, and poem and man were always together in public thought; so that probably no writer ever lived whose successive works were hailed with such thrills of personal and society interest. But he undervalued the poet's calling and the poet's responsibility, and hence no brother singer now defends him with sheer fraternal zeal.

To-day, as ever, Byron the man is blended with Byron the book. Among philanthropists his poems are read in the light of his devotion to Greece. The religious never forget, in his tenderest passages, their general charge of irreverence and skepticism. Heads of families bid the young beware of his cynicism, and the young pardon all to his genius and recklessness. Many Englishmen take pride in Byron simply as a brother Englishman: it is these last that are most angry at Mrs. Stowe.

The discussion touching certain phrases in Byron pivots on this quality of personality in his poems—on the self-delineation he delighted in. Yet there is chance even here of going astray. It is remarkable that Byron's greatest contemporaries, above being dazzled by his brilliancy or deceived by his bravado, were impressed with his insincerity. I believe it is Carlyle who declares that "Don Juan" was the only honest poem Lord Byron ever wrote. Thackeray, profoundest observer of men since Shakespeare, often declares his conviction of Byron's utter want of candor. Thackeray was gifted in sifting the true from the false in authors, and the man from the work—as witness his "English Humorists." In the "Journey from Cornhill to Cairo," if I remember aright, this keen critic says: "He our native bard! He Shakespeare's, Milton's native bard!" and he proceeds to declare, "That man never wrote from his heart!"

This deliberate, merciless judgment is never changed in Thackeray's later references to Byron, and it is the chief comment he passes. Other analysts have pronounced the poet's misanthropy a mock misanthropy or mannerism. In his own letters and journals there is such contradiction, such mystic allusion, half concealing, half revealing, now leading on, now leading astray, as to perplex the reader at every step. On a 27th of November he writes in his journal: "To withdraw myself from myself has ever been my sole, my entire, my sincere motive in scribbling at all; and publishing is also the continuance of the same object." Ten days later he records: "If I am sincere with myself (but I fear one lies more to one's self than to any one else), every page [of this journal] should confute, refute, and utterly abjure its predecessor." Everybody remembers the two sonnets to Ginevra, in one of which occur the lines:

> And dazzle not thy deep-blue eyes—but oh!
> While gazing on them sterner eyes will gush,
> And into mine my mother's weakness rush.
> . . . . . .
> At once such majesty with sweetness blending,
> I worship more, but cannot love thee less.

The day he made these verses, Byron en-

tered in his journal: "Wrote two sonnets on ——. I never wrote but one sonnet before, and that was not in earnest, and many years ago, as an exercise—and I will never write another. They are the most puling, petrifying, stupidly platonic compositions."

But this, with much that could be set forth to the same purport, is familiar. Probably all of us have been struck with the number of persons to whom he made public, in verse, his love, and perhaps all will testify to having felt, at some time, a distrust or dislike based on this suspicion of insincerity; and hence, possibly, it is that men of acute judgment and subtle appreciation are sometimes at odds as to Byron's place as a poet. He is a poet of epochs; we liking him at one period of life, disliking him at another, and returning to him at intervals with favor. George Sand says of Rousseau that she began by greatly admiring and repeatedly reading him; but when she wrote a preface to one edition of the "Confessions," it was after "an estrangement of years"; and she then renewed an esteem which, for a long time, had turned into dislike or disgust. It is so with many writers whose works are steeped with personality, or greatly autobiographical, and whom, therefore, we approach in moods depending on our own experience of mankind. Byron is read with different sentiment, and with different poetical appreciation, by the young scholar, the man of business, *paterfamilias*, the matron, and the man in the decline of life. And, as we ourselves change with the flight of years, so no author of equal celebrity waxes or wanes more in estimation than Byron. But all, at every period, must own that eloquence, melody, passion, grace, ecstasy, and a marvellous expressional facility are Lord Byron's; and that his is the art of transmuting argument, conversation, thought which would pass for sober prose, straightforward description or narrative or sermonizing, into energetic, sententious, glowing, graceful, lofty, rapt poesy. He is an arching bridge, hung between the myriad descriptive poets before him, who had given so much prose to every pennyworth of true poetry, in their humdrum, didactic, or descriptive decasyllabic verse, and the poets who came after him, with their disorderly muses riotous in fancy, phraseology, rhythm, and method, after the fetters fashionable in the eighteenth century. Byron leaped the ten-railed fence of verse which bounded the manor where Pegasus had long been ploughing. His flight was to the Spenserian and heroic stanzas in metre, to recklessness and immorality (rather than *un*-morality, which was to come later) in sentiment. The easy flow of Byron is a relief from the ding-dong of so many predecessors. The "golden age" of English poesy had passed, and it had only remained for them to establish the gold-beaters' age—if with true metal, refined, yet very thin, and with labor manifest, and everywhere the monotonous din of measured hammering.

Byron, on the other hand, gives the impression of being inspired to "sing in numbers," of choosing poetic forms as his natural mode of expression, and of having his "singing robes" ever about him. The quality of easy and melodious versification (with intellect then wanting) is apparent even in the "Hours of Idleness," which, though good in promise, were mostly atrocious in performance, and quite deserving of the Scotch reviewer's thong. But when his mind was startled from lethargy by this lash of satire, Byron at once "found himself famous."

And why not? Poetry was obviously a part of his nature. A Frenchman *thinks* in French, but a Frenchified Englishman usually thinks in English, and *translates* by a rapid mental process: it depends on his mental alertness whether either we or he become conscious of this process—though the hearer can most easily do so when the talker is tired, or sick, or excited. In like fashion, one would say of Byron that he *thought* in poetry, compared with some of his predecessors, who seem to have thought in prose and wrought in verse. Besides, they had been working while oppressed by society; they toiled in the morning with a vivid sense of the drawing-room to come in the evening, when the accuracy of one's metaphors must be defended, and one's fine allusions lauded or criticised to one's face in conversation.

Byron, whose reading had led him in that train, took, like others, to prolonged description and narrative, with bits of philosophy strung upon the thread of story. He ridiculed, meanwhile, the new "natural" school of poets, so called, then just coming in. But he seems like a great coupling between the two schools, and, though he clung in theory entirely to the older, he felt in practice the fresh breeze of the age, which swept steadily toward the later. Emerson

(who, like Browning, represents different thought) declares that "Pope and his school wrote poetry fit to be put around sponge-cake;" but Byron says somewhere that he ranks Pope as "the best of all poets," and the spirit of his two replies to Mr. Bowles's strictures on the life and works of Pope, the unusual devotion with which he defends Pope's fame, and the vigor of his attack on the "new school," are famous. Yet Byron was nearer Wordsworth in poetic inspiration than the fierce disciples of either bard admit. You would think, from these partisans, that the two poets were at opposite poles in the poetic heavens. Here, again, it is really a non-critical or non-poetical standard that is set up, and that leads admirers of either to ridicule and despise the other. There is as much that is trivial in Wordsworth as in Byron, as much that is majestic in Byron as in Wordsworth. But it is ideas, and views, and teachings that the friends and enemies of Byron are thinking of, often, when they criticise his poetic inspiration. "There is something," says a recent writer, "almost ludicrous to our minds in testing genius by morality." But it is the way of the world—a rude counter-thrust according to the laws of war, whether sacred war or profane, at the enemy's most vulnerable part; and as it is not on the score of their immorality that immoral poets can be made to suffer, they are rarely attacked *there* even by those who are offended with them on that ground.

ETHICS OF TRADE.

A RECENT writer in this magazine had something to say, in brief, of the "cash system" and "one-price rule" in Mr. Stewart's store, as forming the foundation-stones of the merchant's fortune. For one, I would gladly have seen the subject pursued further, and its moral enforced more vigorously, having a firm belief that any "one-price" trader is not far from commercial righteousness. Except on this fair and just footing, all sharp buyers are in league with all sellers, to plunder all people that do not "beat down." The seller, knowing that to some customers he must lower his price or lose their trade, takes his revenge by overcharging others; so that, in half the stores in New York, you may get goods, by higgling, at less than the price first given you. In order to flatter the customer into believing he has cheapened the wares, the shop-keeper often puts a price upon them which he does not expect to hold.

All this is, of course, picayune policy. Stewart's wisdom consisted in allying himself with the interests of the greatest part of the community—those who had neither time nor mind for a keen struggle to get the best end of a bargain, whenever there was a pound of beef or a yard of muslin to buy. His motive, doubtless, was that of his rivals—to draw trade and make money; but he had shrewdness and sense enough to discard a short-sighted policy. *They* appealed to eagerness to cheat and cheapen; or, to put it more decorously, to the satisfaction a man feels in knowing he has fared better than his neighbors. *He* appealed to the sense of security and consolation a man has in knowing that he has not been cheated, and that, if not singled out for favor, he has at least been as well treated as his neighbor, and this without loss of time or temper in chaffering. The motive he addressed was the stronger and more general, since even in the shrewdest hucksterers there is usually a lurking doubt that they may be overpaying for goods of whose fineness or cost they are not judges, no matter how hard a bargain they drive. But "one price," if it means the highest the seller dare ask, means also the lowest the buyer can hope for; and the mere time that is so saved in higgling is a great part of life.

Stewart was also, I believe, the *first* dry-goods dealer to bring the cash system into the retail trade. Before his day that business was what the grocer's is now, and pass-books were everywhere used. Families bought their haberdashery as they do now their groceries, piecemeal, and there were endless items of twist, and trimming, and thread, and tape, and a thousand things of that sort, for which there were voluminous running accounts to be settled weekly, monthly, or quarterly. Not to speak of the time wasted over keeping and collecting these accounts, the money lost by bad debts had to be made up by charging the thrifty and honest higher prices. Stewart refused to trade in that way, and established the cash system, which gave him advantages so great that all his rivals, small and great, were forced into it. In arriving at wholesale trade, he succumbed to the system of credit running through the world of commerce. However, he has always, I believe, worked steadily toward reducing the length of credits by offering temptation to early

payments. For example, he allows, I think, six per cent. discount if the bill is paid within ten days, five per cent. if paid within thirty days, and three per cent. if paid within three months; and three months is the longest term he ever submits to. But he will not give even thirty days to any other than houses of the firmest credit; and, as I have said, he allows at the rate of one per cent. a month for any anticipation in payment. Other houses average their bills for a season; but he prefers not to do so. They take in settlement a note. He does not want paper from anybody. He seems to desire that each bill should stand on its own footing, and be settled separately when due.

But, to return from mighty commerce to the pettier traffic of shopmen, one of the marvels connected with our code of manners and morals is the debtor's arrogance to his creditor. We all seem to regard parting with money as an act so intrinsically virtuous, so self-denying and generous in itself, that even when it comes to be paid out for an over-due debt we pique and plume ourselves on the affair, and fancy we are doing a very high-minded thing. Still more marvellous is the creditor's feeling. He is impressed with our goodness in giving him his due (or at least with his own luck in collecting it), grateful and joyous at getting what belongs to him and not to us. It is not so with any equivalent of money, such as time, labor, materials, skill. These we take and give without ineffable condescension; but when it comes to the fair and exact return for them in negotiable currency, it is another matter. A cobbler makes us boots, a tailor a suit, and, after we have nearly worn them out, he ventures to present himself in person to beseech us humbly for the payment. He knows that if he waits for us to go to *him*, he may wait till doomsday; it is for him to open the diplomacy. Yet the odds are that he approaches our desk in town, our arm-chair at home, with a guilty expression, as if doing what he ought not to do; that he mentions the "little bill" in a half-apologetic way, with a respectfully subdued voice, and with an attitude and manner becoming an unworthy suitor. He looks for a few rebuffs, and is agreeably elated at prompt payment. Elated? If those half-worn boots were applied to their maker (like the dart tipped with his own feather to Kirke White's struck eagle), good Crispin would think it half right. But put this boot question on the other leg. Suppose the money were taken in advance away from us, and we were forced to plead and beseech that the gracious artisan would condescend not to let us go with toes out any longer, waiting for *his* part of the bargain?

A young friend, Mr. Bilkington Taylor (to whom I was thus philosophizing last night), here averred the reason of Snip's obsequiousness to be his own guilty conscience. "He knows he has abominably overcharged, and ought not to have anything at all." Perhaps he is right. Or, to put it in another way, it is because of his profuse and long credits that the shopman has his bad debts; because of his bad debts he has high prices; because of his extortion and credits, that his gains are precarious, and the receipt of money is a joyous surprise.

JUSTICE NEEDS SMALLER SCALES.

WHILE Governor Hoffman is struggling to strip New York courts of their misused writ of injunction, and of that fetter of "receivership" wherewith they now bind moneyed corporations, prior to plundering, hand and foot, Congress is besought to check the political control aimed at of late years by the Supreme Court of the United States. This is the latest gloss written on that perfect interplay of "executive, legislative, and judicial" which we are so fond of praising in the makers of the Republic—that trinity of equal powers, out of which alone lasting unity could come.

Yet, let us do justice to the fathers: the fault, in this instance, is not theirs, but ours. It is we, the degenerate sons, who have unbandaged Justice and loaded her scales; who have used law as a lever for private and party ends, calling it in as a power where it should not be found, and never scrupling to withhold, by an order from the Bench, the arm of any officer uprightly and intelligently doing his duty—any officer from Sheriff up to President. In New York, especially, the Court seems to be regarded as a mere tool of trade. At the present rate, it would come to be as needful for a great railroad or machine-shop to hire its Judge by the year (or at a percentage of profits) as to engage a manager. Bankers and brokers, bulls and bears, solid men of money and mere adventurers and bubble-blowers, are alike at the mercy of this new modern agent in affairs. No wonder that the Governor aims to disarm this enemy of commerce of its dangerous weapons.

PHILIP QUILIBET.

LITERATURE AND ART.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN LITERATURE.

THE first place in the record of the month's literature must decidedly be given to Tennyson's new volume, "The Holy Grail and other Poems," published by Messrs. Fields, Osgood & Co. The publishers certainly have not made a very splendid piece of work of this volume, considered merely as a printer's and bookbinder's work. It is a poor-looking thing enough, and a volume which we fancy Tennyson, who is said to be rather exacting about the appearance of his poems, will hardly rejoice to look upon. The poem of "The Holy Grail," which gives a name to the volume, is but one of the series which, taken together, is to constitute the "Idyls of the King." First of the Idyls is "The Coming of Arthur," with which this new volume opens; then come "Geraint and Enid," "Merlin and Vivien," and "Elaine"—poems already familiar; then "The Holy Grail" and "Pelleas and Ettarre"—both published now for the first time; then "Guinevere"; and, finally, the poem reproduced with some additions in this volume, and here called "The Passing of Arthur," but known to and admired by the world already as the "Morte d'Arthur" of Tennyson's earlier days. In this succession the poems ought to be read, and will doubtless hereafter be always published. This volume will disappoint many readers, simply because there is so little that is new in it. "The Coming of Arthur," "The Holy Grail," and "Pelleas and Ettarre," taken together, do not make more than half its contents. But there will be other and deeper disappointment. None of these newer Idyls is to be compared for a moment with any of their predecessors. None of them has the exquisite tenderness of "Elaine," or the glowing, lustrous beauty of "Vivien," or the passion and pathos of "Guinevere," or the melancholy, star-like radiance of the "Morte d'Arthur." Could they have been read for the first time in their proper order and place, they would have been read with sufficient interest and admiration; now they come with something like the shock of an anti-climax. In "The Holy Grail" Idyl the poet does not seem to have risen to the height and grandeur of the idea at all—at least, if we may estimate what he ought to have done in this poem by what he actually has done in some of its forerunners. The finest passage in it is that which describes the quest of Sir Launcelot—Launcelot with "a dying fire of madness in his eyes"—and its failure. There is a weird and solemn grandeur about Launcelot's description of the mysterious castle he arrived at, which will dwell in the memory as many passages of "Elaine" and "Vivien" do:

> Seven days I drove along the dreary deep,
> And with me drove the moon and all the stars
> And the wind fell, and on the seventh night
> I heard the shingle grinding in the surge,
> And felt the boat shock earth, and, looking up,
> Behold the enchanted towers of Carbonek,
> A castle like a rock upon a rock,
> With chasm-like portals open to the sea,
> And steps that met the breaker.

For the most part, however, these latest Idyls seem cold and mechanical when compared with the earlier, and in this of "The Holy Grail," where the imagination of the poet might be expected to find its highest reach, and to display its most splendid power, there is little to thrill or dazzle; nay, there is a sort of languor apparent through the poem, as if its author were patiently fulfilling some mere appointed task. We miss the sudden, subtle touches of light and shadow which were seen on every page of the earlier Idyls, where the unstrained and spontaneous genius of the poet seemed to rejoice in new and bold triumphs of expression. Much of "The Holy Grail" poem is cold, vague, indistinct; a shadowy mysticism trying to supply the place of that grand artistic distinctness which belongs to all great poetry, and which is so manifest in the description of "The Passing of Arthur," republished in this volume. "Pelleas and Ettarre" has some fine lines in it, and some pathetic passages toward the close, but it falls in dignity below any other of the poems, being only the old story of the cruelty and perfidy of a wanton—which wanton is very indistinctly and feebly drawn when contrasted with the poet's glowing picture of Vivien. Sometimes, indeed, the old power is felt, as when Launcelot, having stricken to the earth poor wild Pelleas, who had vowed to denounce

him and Guinevere, holds for a moment the boy's life in his hands:

——a moment stood, then spake—
"Rise, weakling! I am Launcelot! Say thy say."

Simplicity, strength, and dignity are here. The reader is reminded of that fine passage in Victor Hugo's "Legend of the Ages," where Roland, coming alone upon the band of assassins who are about to slay the boy-prince, and told that if he will pass on he may go his way unharmed, draws his sword, he alone against a host, and merely says: "I am Roland, peer of France!" that announcement being a sufficient answer, challenge, and defiance.

These newest Idyls, then, are destined, we think, to disappoint the public. They will be judged more favorably when in coming years they are read in their proper order and regarded merely as episodes in a long poem. Just now we remember what we all felt when we read the volume which ended with the prostration of Guinevere; and we read this volume coldly through, and find that the keenest thrill it awakens is one of disappointment.

Of the miscellaneous poems which the volume contains, several have already been printed. "Lucretius," for instance, and "The Victim," are well known. So is the little Tupperian poem, "Wages," of which a malign English critic averred that you may transpose the lines any way you will, and that it will read just as well as it does now. "The Northern Farmer, New Style," is a wonderful piece of realism, quite as powerful in its way as "The Northern Farmer" of five or six years ago, and even more painful in its portrayal of a sordid, brutal, self-complacent, cynical selfishness and materialism. Where does Tennyson get his "Northern Farmer" dialect? It sounds like nature and truth, and yet we have never met with any Englishman given to the study of dialects who could say where the language of the first "Northern Farmer" came from. Every one said, "It is not to be found in my district; it must belong to some other place." Strange, indeed, if it be not genuine, it reads and sounds so like reality. "The Golden Supper," founded on a story in Boccaccio, is pretty, florid, feeble, elegant; and the versicle beginning "Flower in the crannied wall" is quite unworthy of any true poet, and is not worth printing at all. The best that can be said of the best of this volume is, that with it Tennyson has accomplished his task, and that "The Idyls of the King" is a complete poem.

"ENOUGH," says the prince to the sage in "Rasselas"; "thou hast convinced me that no man can ever be a poet." Lord Lytton has almost succeeded in convincing us, by practical demonstration, that no man can translate the Odes and Epodes of Horace. For here is the fruit of Lord Lytton's own most careful and loving labor, in his version of "The Odes and Epodes of Horace" (Harper & Brothers); and Lord Lytton is one of the most accomplished men living; he is a perfect master of all the mechanism of poetry; he has permitted himself here all the freedom of new and original rhythm and measures; he has done his very best; and is any one who ever read Horace in Horace's own language likely to be satisfied with this translation? The peculiar spirit and soul of Horace the translator has positively eliminated altogether. Whatever this may be. it is certainly not Horace. Where are the grace, the ease, the exquisite semblance of carelessness, in itself so consummate an art? Perhaps these are gifts which no translator can reproduce; certainly they are not reproduced by Lord Lytton. Indeed, Horace is a poet whose style must have been more difficult than almost any other for his latest translator to imitate. Lord Lytton's tone is essentially rhetorical. He has caught happily enough the style of some of Schiller's ballads, for Schiller is likewise rhetorical and declamatory, although in far higher and purer vein than his translator; but of ease, and grace, and flexible terseness, Lord Lytton knows little or nothing. Lytton's speeches in the House of Commons were really magnificent pieces of composition; and they bore just the same relationship to oratory that these translations bear to poetry. The spirit of song, of minstrelsy, of poetry, is not in Bulwer Lytton. Perhaps not even a poet could adequately render Horace into English; certainly none but a poet could do it. Where Horace is bright and light, Lytton is solemn, formal, ponderous—true to the letter of the translation, false to the spirit of the poet. Take for example—and we purposely select an ode in which Horace is somewhat more rhetorical than usual—the famous "Justum et tenacem" carmen. Here is Lord Lytton's version of the first few lines:

Not the rage of the million commanding things evil,
Not the doom frowning near in the brows of the tyrant,
Shakes the upright and resolute man
In his solid completeness of soul.

No, not Auster, the storm-king of Hadria's wild waters;
No, not Jove's mighty hand when it launches the thunder;
If in fragments were shattered the world,
Him its ruins would strike undismayed.

That is Lytton; but is that Horace? Byron's version of the same lines is not by any means a masterpiece; but it is incomparably more like the real thing than Lytton's:

The man of firm and noble soul
No factious clamors can control;
No threatening tyrant's darkling brow
Can swerve him from his just intent.
Gales the warring waves which plough,
By Auster on the billows spent
To curb the Adriatic main,
Would awe his fixed, determined mind in vain.
Ay, and the red right arm of Jo e,
Hurtling his lightnings from above,
With all his terrors then unfurled,
He would unmoved, unawed, behold.
The flames of an expiring world
Again in crashing chaos rolled,
In vast, promiscuous ruin hurl'd,
Might light his glorious funeral pile;
Still dauntless 'mid the wreck of earth he'd smile!

In the Ode to Mercury, this is Horace:

Te canam, magni Jovis et deorum
Nuntium, curvæque lyræ parentem;
Callidum, quidquid placuit, jocoso
Condere furto.
Te boves olim nisi reddidisses
Per dolum amotas, puerum minaci
Voce dum terret, viduus pharetrâ
Risit Apollo!
. . . . . .
Tu pias lætis animas reponis
Sedibus, virgaque levem coerces
Aureâ turbam, superis deorum
Gratus et imis.

And this is Lytton:

Mercury, thou eloquent grandson of Atlas,
Who did'st the rude manners of earth's early races
First mould into form, both by graceful Palæstra
And by skilled language—
Of thee will I sing, to great Jove and Olympus
Light herald—sing thee of wreathed lute the inventor,
So cunning to hide whatsoe'er the whim took thee
Gaily to pilfer!
When Phœbus in wrath sought to frighten thy childhood
If thou did'st not restore the kine tricksomely stolen,
While threatening his shafts he was robbed of his quiver—
Laughed out Apollo!
. . . . . .
Thou placest pure souls in the calm of blest dwellings,
With golden staff shepherding ghost-flocks of shadow,
To gods, whether throned in Olympus or Hades,
Equally welcome!

Levem turbam—"ghost-flocks of shadow!" Surely Bulwer Lytton has not yet lost all the inclination, of which in old days Thackeray accused him, to call a hat "a swart sombrero." One cannot suppose that the author of the eloquent and appreciative criticism of Horace, with which Lord Lytton opens this volume, did not fully understand and enjoy the exquisite grace of the sudden turn in the closing words of the ode, "superis deorum gratus et imis"; but certainly nothing in the translation suggests any such understanding or enjoyment. The faults we have indicated are the faults of the whole book. Lord Lytton appreciates Horace, but cannot express him. He can no more translate Horace than Kean could play Abel Drugger; but, unlike Kean, he does not know it. Can any one translate Horace? We doubt it. Even Milton's famous version of the Ode to Pyrrha, which Lord Lytton adopts in this volume, declining any effort of his own, appears to us somewhat hard and formal; and we are not sure whether Milton even observed the wonderful beauty and picturesqueness of the last word in the apostrophe, "Miseri quibus intentata *nites*." Very remarkable, meantime, is the present *renaissance* of classic studies and translations and imitations in England. Lord Lytton attempts Horace; Gladstone writes of the "Juventus Mundi"; Morris poeticizes on the "Death of Paris"; Swinburne tries to revive classic paganism in literature; and the late Lord Derby's only memorable literary enterprise was his translation of Homer. There seems something in this more than a mere whim of the passing hour; and it might in any case be hailed as a benefit to literature if it resulted in calling forth one really great and adequate English translation of any classic poet. But certainly this boon to literature has not been given by Lord Lytton in his version of Horace's odes. It is possibly, as Beatrice says, a man's office, but not his. This volume will disappoint those, and only those, who do not know how elaborate and mechanical is the operation, in whatever study or labor, of Lord Lytton's intellect.

To the Literature of Despair and the Literature of Adultery has recently been added the Literature of Incest. This month we have a double dose, for Dr. Charles Mackay has opened up an entirely new chapter in connection with the Byron story, and Mrs. Stowe has come out with her "Lady Byron Vindicated." Dr. Mackay's book is an attempt to trace the beginning of the horrible accusation against Lord Byron to a delusion or invention of an unfortunate daughter of

Augusta Leigh's, who seems to have been terribly sinned against and sinning. The whole story is an abominable one, but we should not be surprised to find that Mackay's assumption is correct. The book has no literary merit; it exhibits much bad taste, and cannot be read without disgust by any healthy-minded person; but it certainly is not without importance and value, as part of the appalling and odious controversy which has been opened up. Of Mrs. Stowe's book, published by Fields, Osgood & Co., it is happily unnecessary to say much. Our readers may be spared any dissection of loathsome details. Those who believed the charge against Byron before will believe it now: nobody else will be affected by this volume. Mrs. Stowe furnishes no additional evidence whatever. She tells at much greater length than before how Lady Byron told her this and that; and she says that she assumed Lady Byron to have conclusive evidence of the truth of her statements. Just so. All this we knew before. No one ever doubted that Lady Byron told the story, and that Mrs. Stowe believed it. The indictment against Byron remains just where it was; it rests wholly on the declaration of Lady Byron. It is a matter of faith altogether. If you have confidence enough in Lady Byron's soundness of mind, calmness, clear judgment, and knowledge of the value of evidence as distingnished from assumption, to accept as conclusive any charge she made, then you will think with Mrs. Stowe. If you happen to have that sort of mind which requires a little evidence before forming a judgment, then you can't have it in this case. It is not too much to say that the whole literature of this revolting controversy does not add one single iota to the means which posterity and the historian will have of estimating the character of Byron. All the world has known since 1816 that Lady Byron accused her husband of some horrid crime; and that is all the world knows now. We have nothing beyond Lady Byron's declaration that she believed him guilty. Mrs. Stowe does not seem to say that Lady Byron even professed to have such evidence as would amount to conviction in an ordinary crim. con. case. If Lady Byron believed herself to have any such evidence, we are not told of it here. The floodgates of filth which have been opened were, therefore, opened for nothing. The controversy remains exactly where it was. Pray Heaven that we have now done with it altogether! There is really nothing more to be said. All that can be known is known; the whole "revelation" is out; and it reveals nothing but what we all knew before—that Lady Byron believed her husband guilty of incest. So let it pass. Open the windows, bring some chloride of lime, scatter some eau de Cologne, and let the air be once more pure of foul odors.

MR. S. BARING-GOULD, author of "Curious Myths of the Middle Ages," has ventured upon a philosophical and literary experiment of wider scope in his "Origin and Development of Religions Belief," the first volume of which, published by Messrs. Appleton, is now before us. The object of the work is, apparently, to demonstrate the vital truth and saving power of Christianity on scientific principles, without borrowing any help from faith or authority. In other words, Mr. Baring-Gould undertakes to prove the truth of Christianity even to those who decline to accept revelation, and to whom the Bible is merely a collection of historical narratives. He requests the reader to bear in mind that in his argument neither the existence of a God nor the truth of revelation is assumed. He will meet the skeptic on his own ground, encounter the materialist with his own weapons. The first volume only brings us to a survey of "heathenism and Mosaism," an argument on the religious instincts of humanity. In the second volume the author proposes to show "that Christianity, by its fundamental postulate — the Incarnation — assumes to meet all these instincts; how it actually does so meet them; and how failure is due to counteracting political or social causes." It would be unfair to attempt to say how far Mr. Baring-Gould seems likely to accomplish his object—an object which surely must command the sympathy of all of us; but we may be allowed to speak with admiration of the vigor and animation of the style in several passages, and with something like wonder of the vast variety of illustrations drawn from science, history, literature, and art which Mr. Baring-Gould has showered over his pages. If one can imagine a sort of cross between the style of Victor Hugo and that of Henry Buckle, he may have some notion of the manner in which Mr. Baring-Gould dashes at his theme and covers it with argument and illustration. Certainly, no man knows everything; and Mr. Baring-Gould, who puts forth practically the greatest claim

to universal knowledge we have met for a long time, shows here and there the limitation of the human faculties. Trying to cram into every page as great an amount and variety of illustration as the space will hold, he naturally makes a hasty blunder now and then, which will doubtless cause some readers to think him less trustworthy than he really is. For instance, he speaks (page 187) of "Marie Antoinette being informed of the execution of Robespierre by a woman in the street below the prison putting stones in her apron, and then, with her hand falling on them, scattering them on the ground." The story is told of Josephine Beauharnais; it seems needless to say that Marie Antoinette was not alive when Robespierre fell. In page 407 the author confounds Charlemagne with Frederick Barbarossa; and in the same passage he gravely credits the Irish peasantry with a belief in the second coming of Brian Boroimhe, "to inaugurate a Fenian millennium," thereby mixing up a fireside and Allhallow e'en legend about a mythical giant with the genuine history of the Irish King who was killed at Clontarf. Far more serious is the mistake contained in the assertion that "intellectual development necessarily leads to the deterioration of the *physique* of the species." Surely, if anything whatever has been proved and made certain, it is certain that the *physique* of the species under civilization is higher and better than in uncivilized life: Mr. Baring-Gould will find young men in Oxford or Cambridge whose *physique* is far finer than that of any savage, and who could conquer the savage in his own pursuits and tire him out on his own soil. Then, such a dogma as that "the rude and simple Swiss peasantry are thoroughly happy, while in a large city like London the upper stratum of society is engaged in nervous quest of pleasure which ever eludes them, while the lower is plunged in misery," is a piece of sentimental nonsense unworthy of any cultivated writer. Was Mr. Baring Gould ever in one of the poorer Swiss villages? and if he ever was there, did he see in dirt, disease, and hunger the evidences that the people were "thoroughly happy"? Defects of this kind disfigure a book which is really marked by great ability; and such defects will probably induce some readers to throw the volume impatiently away: and it does not deserve such treatment. It is, on the whole, an able and a thoughtful book, and has many suggestions and arguments which are not merely forcible but strikingly original. Its weakness is its aim at universal knowledge. "How much I should love him," says the distressed lady in Voltaire's "Ingénu," "if he did not claim so much to be loved." How much more we should believe in Mr. Baring-Gould's learning if he did not claim to have quite so much learning!

"Across America and Asia" is the title of a bright, animated, and yet solid book by Professor Raphael Pumpelly, published by Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt. It is the history of a five years' journey round the world, and of residence in Arizona, Japan, and China. Professor Pumpelly has an observant eye and a pictorial pen. He has sketched in this volume some of the most effective and apparently the most truthful illustrations of border life and its rowdyism and ruffianism we remember to have read; and the descriptions he gives are the more impressive because of the apparent absence of any inclination to exaggerate or startle. The book is a large one; most travellers would have made it heavy: Professor Pumpelly has made it interesting from first to last.

"The Great Empress," by Professor Schele de Vere (Lippincott), is the story of Agrippina, daughter of Germanicus, wife of Claudius, and mother of Nero. Agrippina's history is done up by Professor de Vere in a romantic and sensational sort of way, designed, apparently, to captivate the class of students who run and read. We don't mean to employ the word sensational in its coarser sense; for, indeed, the author of this volume is remarkably sparing and modest in his use of the appalling elements with which the life of Agrippina furnished him, and he has toned down as much as could be done with any regard to truth the scenes of lust and blood amid which Agrippina and Messalina, Claudius and Nero moved, and schemed, and murdered. But the story is told in a romantic, melodramatic sort of way—popularized in fact—and serious students of history will probably cast rather contemptuous eyes upon it. As a book to read, however, it is animated and interesting; and the average reader will probably not complain of its redundant adjectives and theatric effects. The worst part of the book is that which describes the later years of Tiberius. There the author seems to have adopted, without question, sifting,

or modification, all the most extravagant legends which popular hatred and horror imagined or invented to magnify the mysterious crimes of the dreaded and detested Emperor.

MR. FREDERIC HENRY HEDGE, in a small volume called "The Primeval World of Hebrew Tradition" (Roberts Brothers, Boston), makes a good-natured attempt to reconcile science and orthodoxy by a sort of happy-go-lucky compromise, the principal point of which consists in assuming that any Scriptural passage which seems at all difficult must have been meant as merely allegorical. Disraeli once said, with happy and humorous effect, when noticing just such efforts, that "the mythical theory had itself come to be a myth." Mr. Hedge adopts it as a reality, and founds the whole argument of his book on it. The book will not change many opinions either way.

As the moonlight to the sunlight, or as water unto wine, is the fair Ouida to Guy Livingstone. True, there are critics ungallant enough to put the comparison in a less flattering way for the lady, and to aver that, in her passion for imitating Guy Livingstone, she positively exaggerates his bounce and his swagger, his sham gentility and his real coarseness. One thing, however, all critics are agreed on: if there had been no Guy Livingstone we should have had no Ouida. But truly says Carlyle that the Might-Have-Beens are mostly a vanity; and it would be idle to think of how much literature would have gained had it been spared an Ouida. Here is Ouida ("Yes, sir-ree," the "Pall Mall Gazette" once flippantly translated her *nom de plume*) out with another full-flavored novel, reeking of the barrack-room, the stables, and the patchouli of the *demi-monde*. Ouida's new novel is called "Puck," and is published by Messrs. Lippincott. Puck is not the "merry wanderer of the night," but a tiny lap-dog who professes to tell (in the rich and eloquent style of Ouida) all the strange things he has seen as he passed from the ownership of one fashionable master or mistress in London to another. The book is audacious, even for Ouida, in its cynicism, its extravagance, its indecency, and its rapturous admiration for guardsmen and other such fashionable persons of the male sex. Her fellow-women Ouida appears to regard with a profound and genuine detestation. Swinburne's Dolores or Faustina is apparently in poetry what Ouida strives to picture in her vulgar and inflated prose as the type of the average Englishwoman. We have not for a long time met in any form of literature such a collection of blackguards of both sexes as Miss Ouida brings together in these pages; and the moral of the book is that Ouida adores the blackguards in pantaloons and detests the blackguards in petticoats. This sort of thing seems to pay; and Ouida, who is really a very clever woman with a good head for business, probably estimates it herself at its true worth. It is a pity that talents like hers (for the young woman has talents) should be flung into such mud and ordure as this. As a picture of any sort of London life this book is merely ridiculous. Indeed, London life is not to be studied to great advantage from a standpoint in the Grand Hotel in Paris, which is, if we are not mistaken, Ouida's principal field of observation. But as long as there are readers who love to be told that all women are or would be Messalinas, and that the principal object, and indeed the most becoming and manly pursuit of the cultivated Englishman, is the seduction of married women and the keeping of mistresses, so long will writers be found ready to furnish such books as this latest novel by Ouida. This animated lady always insists that while weaker beings (George Eliot and that sort of person, we suppose) deal in spoon-meat for babes, she furnishes the food for strong men and women. Her pages, she always tells us, paint the world as it is. We can only say, with Pisistratus Caxton, if this be Truth and Life, then hurrah, by all means, for Falsehood and Death.

MESSRS. SHELDON & CO. have published a new edition of "Choice Specimens of English Literature," which were arranged by Dr. William Smith and the late Mr. Thomas B. Shaw. This new edition is revised, rearranged, and adapted to the use of American students, by Dr. Benjamin N. Martin, of the University of this city. The American edition includes extracts from some of the most celebrated authors and divines of whom no specimen is given in the English work, among whom are Algernon Sidney, Newton, Butler, Bentham, Foster, Chalmers, Hallam, Macaulay, Hazlitt, Edward Irving, Hugh Miller, and Elizabeth Barrett Browning. In every way this is a work admirably adapted for American schools.

SHAKESPEARE'S "Midsummer Night's Dream" is a delight and wonder for all ages, but never was it clothed in a more graceful and appropriate form than in the illustrated volume now before us. (Roberts Bros.) Konewka, the artist to whom we are indebted for the illustrations, proves that the rudest and simplest materials, the mere bald, black outline of the silhouette, in the hands of a consummate artist, can be made to produce the most exquisite effects. The unique and fantastic character of these silhouette illustrations is in perfect harmony—and this it is that gives them their surpassing charm—with the spirit of the poem. The artist has been equally successful in the opposite and various styles that he has attempted. The fairy scenes are delicate, ethereal, daintily and airily beautiful; the pictures of the four lovers have a different and higher sort of human beauty and dramatic intensity, and the comic scenes are no less absurdly grotesque and effective; all are admirably and equally true and artistic. Among the most elaborate of the fairy scenes are the meeting of "Puck and the Fairy," when the former asks, "How now, spirit, whither wander you?" as they stand respectively upon the flower and leaf of a stately thistle; the picture of the little fay who stands "sentinel' while Titania sleeps, a captivating little personage; Oberon in the shape of Corin, "playing on pipes of corn, and versing love to amorous Phillida," a marvellously beautiful group; and perhaps the loveliest of all, Oberon and Titania tripping "in silence sad" after the "night's shade," on hearing the voice of the morning lark. The sudden awe and subdued melancholy of the sportive sprites, at the instant that they feel the incompleteness of their doom in being forced to flee the beautiful light of day, so subtly suggested in the poem, is rendered with equal feeling in the design. The pictures of the lovers are remarkable, not only for their beauty, but for their well-defined individuality and real dramatic force.

The comic scenes are quite irresistible. Egeus complaining to the Duke radiates spite and rancor from every wrinkle and angle of his mean, insignificant face, and from every fold and ruffle of his pompous person. Bottom, declaiming in the "Ercles vein," is admirable in his action, but is the artist correct in making him so old, ugly, and bald-headed? Was he not the only man in Athens "able to discharge Pyramus"? with "the best wit of any handicraft man in Athens"? and "the best person, too"? and "a very paramour for a sweet voice"? Assuredly, Bottom was a handsome youth. When transformed with the Ass's head he is perfect.

All the minor accessories of these illustrations, the foliage and designs with which they are framed or enriched, are elaborated with the most minute and exquisite skill. There are twenty-four of them, and they are worthily concluded by a picture of dainty Puck, who rises out of an inkstand to speak the prologue.

CURRENT FRENCH LITERATURE.*

IT may be remembered by many of our citizens that, during the winter of 1868–'9, Madame Olympe Audouard, a lady of robes flowing and speech *idem*, favored New York with her presence and the delivery of several lectures.

The fair stranger left us to visit the Mormons, and then returned to France, where she challenged the editor of the "Figaro" to mortal combat. We have reason to believe that the editor still lives. We are certain that Madame A. survives, for Dentu has lately published a volume entitled "A travers l'Amérique—Le Far West. Par Madame Olympe Audouard."

And just here, as our French friends phrase it, we desire to open a parenthesis. We wish, for a reason that shall presently be self-apparent, to state, emphatically, that none of the editors of THE GALAXY made the acquaintance of Madame Audouard during her visit to the United States, or at any other time.

We close the parenthesis, and proceed. Madame A. informs her readers that it is impossible to consider as gentlemen men who, living in luxury, with point-lace curtains at their windows, nevertheless chew tobacco all day and cover their carpets with filthy puddles.

But this is only a beginning. The fair authoress goes on say that "Before you catch a glimpse of an American's face you are sure to see the soles of his boots. For him there is an irresistible charm in getting his feet above the level of his head. Before the fire, he puts them on the mantelpiece; near a table, he lifts them upon it; in a railroad car, he hoists them on the backs of

* Works noticed may be had of F. W. Christern, foreign bookseller, No. 77 University Place.

the seats: so that you are always sure of the proximity or the perspective of—boots."

"And then how he spits! *'C'est le peuple le plus expectorant de l'univers;'* " which sentiment we cannot consent to spoil by translating. "These two dreadful traits of vulgarity are irritating to the last degree, and frequently prevent a stranger from rendering justice to the really excellent qualities of these people."

Madame A. complains that these people have *horriblement agacé* her nerves. Nevertheless, she again and again returns to the charge—upon our men.

"The American women," says our authoress, "are the antithesis of the men. Just in proportion as the latter are vulgar, ignorant, and ferociously egoistical, the former are beautiful, elegant, *distinguées* and intelligent." But if the general American male portrait is so slightly flattered, what shall we say of the special sketch of the gentlemen of Chicago? We cannot attempt it. "That way lies madness."

Madame A. indulges in political reflections which are hardly worthy of comment. Her chapters on government, finance, and the Indians are not exactly full of wisdom, but nevertheless her book is sprightly and at times interesting.

Madame A. has much to say to her own countrymen about the French situation; but that is their affair, not ours. The contrast she draws, though, between the politeness of the Frenchman and that of the American is worth presenting, for on such a question a Frenchwoman is certainly capable of judging. In going to Utah Madame A. found it necessary to take a caboose train from Cheyenne to Laramie: two cars with a party of sixty railroad workmen.

"In France," says Madame A., "I should perhaps have hesitated somewhat to find myself alone on a train with sixty laborers. In this case I did not hesitate an instant, for these men were not from San Francisco, but were pure Yankees. For I must in justice admit that the Yankee better comprehends the respect due to women than any people in the world. The Frenchman claims the distinction of being of all people the most gallant. I grant it cheerfully. But he is also the least respectful to woman, for his gallantry closely borders on impertinence, and his *empressement* is frequently want of respect. Yes, the Frenchman is gallant, polite, *empressé;* but always with an *affreuse arrière pensée.* The Yankee, on the contrary, is none of all these. He will not throw himself under a horse's hoofs to rescue a flower dropped from a delicately-gloved hand; he has not those thousand little attentions a Frenchman so well knows how to display for a woman he admires. No, the Yankee is too matter-of-fact for that; but—at once practical and logical—as he would not wish his mother, his daughter, his sister, or his wife exposed to be lightly treated or insulted by men, he is eminently respectful to every woman he sees, whatever her age or station.

"This sentiment is so general that a woman in the United States is always sure of a protector or defender in the first man she meets. Nowhere have I seen this trait so vital, real, and perfect as with the American people, and it compels me to pardon many slight defects of which I must accuse them."

We here take our leave of Madame Audouard with the most graceful bow an uncouth American (man) can compass.

THE Basques claim, and are generally admitted, to be the oldest nationality in Europe. Indeed, it is not easy to limit their antiquity, whether in view of history, received tradition, customs, or language. Their country—the well-known Basque provinces—including both slopes of the Pyrenees, is at once French and Spanish. No people in Europe has so long preserved intact its national characteristics. Hardy, adventurous, and brave as Cæsar knew them, they are still famed for these qualities. The Basques who emigrate to the South American provinces are noted for their sturdy perseverance and enterprise.

For themselves they claim an antiquity of origin that renders the oldest nations juvenile by comparison. A Montmorency said to a Basque, "Do you know that my family is a thousand years old?"

"Oh," replied the Basque, "in our family we ceased counting more than a thousand years ago."

A favorite theory among the Basques is that they are the descendants of the race who once peopled the lost island of Atlantis, concerning which Plato relates so many strange things. Another theory is that their ancestors were Phœnicians; and still a third, that they are descended from Adam and Eve by the shortest possible line. The best authorities make them spring from the ancient Iberians, the primitive, ante-historic race of Spain. To the Romans they were

known as the Cantabrians mentioned in the Commentaries of Julius Cæsar. These conquerors of the world never seriously undertook to subjugate the Basques.

Their language is most peculiar, and Humboldt is of the opinion that the idiom (the Eskuarian or Basque), certainly one of the oldest of the continent of Europe, is entirely distinct from the Celtic dialects, and has no connection with any of the family of Indo-European languages. Its verbal mechanism, he says, has great analogy with the American idioms, which, on account of their agglutinative and polysynthetic character, have been classed in a distinct linguistic group.

Thus much is certain, that the wars and revolutions of more than twenty centuries have swept by and around these singular people, creating scarce a ripple on their national life. They speak the same language and wear the same costumes to-day as did their ancestors when Cæsar was in Gaul. It was not until 1790 that, by a decree of the French Convention, the ancient provinces of Béarn, Navarre, and the Basque country were erected into one department. The two Basque deputies, Dominic and Joseph Garat, protested energetically against the act, and, indeed, made a scene in the Convention. It is probable that the author of the latest work on the Basques—"Origines des Basques de France et d'Espagne, par D. J. Garat"—is a member of the same family. If this book does not present a *résumé* of the erudition of the subject, it certainly does of its bibliography. It is evidently the result of such long and persistent study as a man only gives to a patriotic theme, and is a most interesting and attractive work.

M. CHAMPFLEURY is an author who has devoted nearly a lifetime to a singular species of research and erudition. He has written "The History of the Popular Songs of France," "The History of Ancient Caricature," "The History of Modern Caricature," "The History of Patriotic Earthenware under the Republic," and finally, his last work, just published—"Histoire de l'Imagerie Populaire."

We can readily imagine that it would be less difficult to make a collection of engravings or lithographs of any other class than one of popular pictures. Indeed, our author thinks it comparatively easier to obtain Assyrian monuments than popular woodcuts and colored prints (*on trouve des monuments Assyriens; on ne trouve pas l'image populaire*). The latter are destroyed by children, the sun, the dampness. They disappear with the walls on which they are pasted, and, what is worse, are destroyed by those whose special duty should be to preserve them—by guardians of public collections, who reject them as unworthy a place—*infra dignitatem*—in their alcoves.

The stare of surprise with which the author's inquiry for such pictures was received, and the merciless criticism on their barbarous and "noisy" coloring, moves M. Champfleury to say, with a dash of enthusiastic indignation, that they are less barbarous than the mediocrity of "*Salons*" and art expositions, where the universal ability is so evenly distributed that two thousand pictures look precisely alike.

Nay, more. "It is my opinion," he adds, "that an idol carved by savages out of the trunk of a tree comes nearer to the Moses of Michael Angelo than the majority of statues in our annual exhibitions."

Among the most popular prints in France, M. Champfleury mentions "The Wandering Jew," "The Emperor Napoleon," "Prodigal Son," "Credit is Dead," "Notre Dame de la Couture," "Misfortunes of Pyramus and Thisbe." The work is illustrated with specimens, among which the old woodcuts are the most interesting. The chapters on the "Wandering Jew" possess decided literary merit.

HAVE we a Stradivarius among us? Here is a curious book—"Les Luthiers Italiens aux XVII et XVIII Siècles. I. Gallaz;" and, we may add, a scarce one. But five hundred copies are printed, and the 321st lies before us. In 1806, the Abbé Sibire published "La Chélonomie, ou le parfait Luthier," an exhaustive treatise on the history, qualities, and mechanism of the violin. This is now republished with additional chapters, bringing down the history of that instrument to the present day. We are somewhat surprised to learn that, although the instruments of Amati and Guarnerius were known and appreciated in Paris some few years before the Revolution, it was not until 1796 that the fame of Stradivarius first reached the French capital. Thus it was. A stray violoncello, an admirable instrument of that maker, found its way to auction, and was purchased by an artist for 2400 francs. Viotti, the Paganini of the day, came to Paris the same year, and played with the

fortunate owner of the violoncello. Viotti's instrument was also a Stradivarius, and from that moment the superiority of the Stradivarius violin was established in France.

The work closes with a list of all the celebrated known *Cremonas* in existence, and the names and residences of their possessors.

There are forty-eight known Stradivarius violins, fifteen violoncellos, and three altos. They are scattered among the leading European cities, and we do not find the United States credited with the possession of a single one—not even an Amati or a Guarnerius.

HERE is another curious book, and one of more practical value than the last—"Industries Anciennes et Modernes de l'Empire Chinois. Par Stanislaus Julien." The author is a member of the French Institute. The work is not so much a contribution to literature as to archæology and technology, and contains descriptions and recipes of Chinese industry and manufactures, amply illustrated and explained by notes and observations, the result of travel and residence in China.

Translations and explanations are given of the Chinese processes for manufacturing India ink, mineral colors, lacquered work, teas, and other peculiarly Chinese productions. Numerous well executed plates copied from Chinese engravings illustrate the work.

FOR the advanced student in French, interested not only in French literature, but also in its history, "Les Prosateurs français du XVI Siècle, par Eugène Réaume," will be found valuable. It is a course of lectures on the prose writers of the sixteenth century; not a mere chrestomathy, but a most interesting and instructive essay. Among the authors of the period commented upon are Ramus, Amyot, Calvin, Montaigne, La Boétie, Charron, Rabelais, Pasquier, Rabutin, and Brantôme.

CURRENT GERMAN LITERATURE.*

LEAVING unmentioned late contributions in the field of ancient and medieval history, the mere enumeration of which would be too much for our limited space, let us glance at a few of the most striking works on subjects and men of more recent date.

Among these are noteworthy two new histories of the Reformation, both written from the Protestant standpoint; the one by Souchay, the other by Professor Haüsser.

Captain Dalgetty's hero, the Lion of the North, Gustavus Adolphus, is the subject of an important work by Professor G. Droysen, who fully confirms the position long since taken by Hurter, viz.: that political and personal—not religious—motives moved the King of Sweden to aid the Protestant cause during the Thirty Years' War.

This great war, by the way, has a new historian, and a good one—A. Gindeley. Most Americans who study German read Schiller's history of that period; which, after all, is a book more properly to be classed under the head of belles lettres than under that of history.

Then we have a history of Prussia under the Hohenzollern princes, by C. von Cosel, a lieutenant colonel in the Prussian army. In describing the mania of Frederick William I. for his regiment of giant grenadiers, the author states that the King, who was noted for his starving economy in every other department, spent outside his own dominions the enormous sum of twelve millions of thalers on the importation of his giants. It would be moderate to calculate this sum as equivalent to fifteen millions of dollars (American).

In April, 1799, the plenipotentiaries of the French Republic to the Congress of Rastadt were murdered in that town. Who were responsible for the assassination has never been made clear. No less than five works have been lately published in Germany on this question, but the problem still remains unsolved.

Besides the interest attached to its subject, Kleppel's "Life of the Prussian General Scharnhorst" brings up some valuable reminiscences as to the condition of the Prussian army before the battle of Jena (1806). There is no instance of so total a defeat and terrible a loss as the Prussian army there suffered. The French and Prussian declarations of war were made on the 7th and 8th of October, and on the 14th of October the Prussian army was annihilated at Jena and Auerstadt. The charm of the false military system of Frederick the Great, which had become consecrated in the eyes of the Prussians, was then broken. And no wonder. An army whose of-

* Works mentioned in this article may be had of E Steiger, German bookseller, Nos. 22 and 24 Frankfort street, New York.

ficers had no merit but that of nobility, and whose soldiers were held in a barbarous discipline without any hope of advancement from the ranks, was not one to oppose to the legions of Napoleon, in which every soldier was striving for an officer's epaulettes and every officer for a marshal's baton. According to Wolfgang Menzel, all the superior officers of the Prussian army were old men, advancement being given not to merit but to length of service, and the younger officers were utterly demoralized by their aristocratic prerogatives and their dissipated garrison life. Their conversation, at its best, ran only on horses, hounds, and play. They despised all useful knowledge, and if, when on parade in their enormous feathered hats, powdered queues, close leather small-clothes, and huge boots, they had a right military air, and by dint of cursing and beating the soldiers carried out the most trifling detail of the gaiter service, they imagined themselves perfect heroes. Of the strategy of a campaign, of the tactics of a battle, or of such a thing as a *reconnaissement*, they knew nothing. And yet there were Prussian generals who openly boasted that Napoleon was a mere bungler and not fit to be a corporal in the Prussian army. That French soldiers should walk over the Austrians at Austerlitz was not surprising, they said. Wait a while until they met the Prussians—the men of Frederick the Great. They were utterly ignorant of the proper manner of arming, clothing, and feeding their soldiers in the field. The Prussian soldier had heavy and imperfect muskets, a uniform that hampered his movements on the march and was no protection against the inclemency of the weather, and—through the avarice of the regimental chief—wretched food. But the principal defect was the bad spirit, the enervation arising from immorality. Already before the battle of Jena, the then unappreciated but greatest military talent of Germany, Heinrich von Bülow, foretold the inevitable defeat, and, although no professor of religion, said that the cause of the ignorance was mainly to be ascribed to the atheism and demoralization traceable to the reign of Frederick I.

As soon as it was possible after the catastrophe of Jena, General Scharnhorst undertook the total reform of the Prussian army. From 1778 to 1793 he had been an officer in the Hanoverian service, and from 1793 to 1795 distinguished himself at the sieges of Valenciennes and Dunkirk and the battle of Hondschoote. In spite of poverty and privations Scharnhorst elevated himself by his genius, his courage, and his energy, to the highest military rank. To the most brilliant qualities of the soldier he united great affability and the simplicity of a child. The changes he effected in the Prussian army were marvellous. Aided by such men as Gneisenau, Grolmann, and Clausewitz, he suppressed mercenary troops, made the obligation of military service general, created the Landwehr, and introduced a great moral lever, until then unknown in the Prussian army—that of opening promotion from the ranks and abolishing degrading punishments.

The striking merits of the new system consisted in arming the whole people, perfecting the military service by its universal obligation without substitution, moral and intellectual elevation of the officers, equality of rights and duties for all and to all, without reference to birth, and promotion of the soldier according to merit even to the highest grades. The difference between the Prussian army of 1806 and that of 1814 was made very plain to Napoleon at Waterloo.

A GERMAN bookseller (Mierzinsky) has just published at Hanover a catalogue giving the titles of all the novels that have appeared in Germany during the five years from 1864 to 1868. We select from it a few of the most striking, for the benefit of those of our literary friends whose works of fiction await only their baptism:

"Three Stories Up," "Leather Coat," "It Rains," "Blood and Iron," "The Unchained Furies," "Dust and Ashes," "Fiat Justitia," "Hell's Brothers," "Ebb and Flow," "Lovest thou God better than thy Pipe?" "Footsteps in the Sand," "Hand-Organ Man," "Lord, lead us not into Temptation," "Poison or Suicide," "Whip-poor-Will," "Suum Cuique," "Petticoat and Crinoline." A very neat one is *Aus dem Zündnadelkriege und aus frühere Zeit.*

J. F. M.

NEBULÆ.

— THOMAS MOORE speaks of the possibility of the poet, pictured in one of his sweetest songs, soaring to fame "when wild youth's past." Wild youth! Intellectually, at least, youth seems to have wholly renounced of late this traditional attribute of wildness. Youth now appears to count rather among our critical and conservative influences. An illustration of this novel peculiarity lately presented itself to the writer when he happened to read a journal called "The Chronicle," which is the "organ" of the students of the University of Michigan. A very elegant newspaper it is. Printed in fine, clear type, on toned paper, it presents itself at once with an appearance of refinement and culture about it which might win the heart of Matthew Arnold. There is not anywhere, indeed, a more dainty-looking paper; even the eccentric "Owl," of the London season, has not a more attractive exterior. Moreover, the writing in the "Chronicle" is all carefully and critically done; subdued, close, cautious, with a certain tone of highbred languor and gentle cynicism about it. Now the "Chronicle" is written, edited, managed, and published wholly by youthful students at the University. Its literary model, so far as critical temper and way of looking at things generally are concerned, is obviously the New York "Nation." No burst of youthful bombast, no flash of boyish eccentricity, no rhapsody of juvenile hero-worship is allowed to disfigure its pages. It really shows marked ability; but one wonders less at the presence of ability than at the absence of extravagance. What would Arthur Pendennis, thundering the revolutionary bombast of his youthful declamation against his rivals of the college debating society, have thought of such a collegiate production as this? Why, it savors of the uncle, old Major Pendennis, more than of the nephew. Well, young Pendennis grew into a grim, precise sort of Philistine after all; and it may be that the staff of the "Chronicle" will grow, with years, into passionate declaimers and hero-worshippers. For the present, we are content to note the appearance of this literary phenomenon; and to leave our readers to say, according to individual taste, whether the youthful intellect is better or worse for being purged of extravagance, and, in the process, drained of enthusiasm.

— A CRITIC lately, in a high-class New York weekly paper, writing of Kaulbach's illustrations of Goethe's works, had the honesty to confess that he had never read the drama in which Clärchen figures, and had no copy of it accessible, and therefore could hardly attempt to judge of the merit of the drawings which professed to illustrate it. Now we really like the candor of a critic who thus fairly tells his readers that there is something he has not read and does not know. But is it not singular that a critic apparently so accomplished should never have read Goethe's "Egmont"? And couldn't he have borrowed it somewhere or somehow and learned something of so brilliant a drama, and of its heroine, the simple, sweet Clärchen, who is one of Goethe's finest creations? Walter Scott frankly acknowledges having taken one of the most charming scenes in one of his greatest romances from the exquisite scene in "Egmont" where poor, fond Clärchen hangs on the breast of her lordly lover, and admires and wonders at the orders and insignia which adorn it. And Egmont himself (of course he is no more the Egmont of history and Mr. Motley than Schiller's "Mary Stuart" is a true picture of the real Queen of Scots) has been the *fons et origo* of innumerable splendid, generous, lordly, unwise, and ill-fated heroes diffused ever since through all literature. The critic who confesses that he knows not Clärchen and her magnificent lover is somewhat severe on what he considers the indelicacy of certain pictures in Kaulbach's "Reineke Fuchs." Well, we confess this indelicacy did not strike us much. Certainly it is about the most playful and least harmful indelicacy one can well imagine: the occasional exhibition of little nursery incidents and such like humors, not calculated, one would think, to give serious offence to the most sensitive mind. But we remember having read somewhere, lately, that there is to be an expurgated edition of Madame de Sévigné (what on earth can be found for expurgation there?); and after that

nothing in the way of fastidiousness is to be wondered at. Will no one give us an expurgated "Telemachus," or purify Washington Irving's "Sketch Book" for family reading?

— FAMILY pride notoriously takes the oddest ways sometimes of asserting itself. The little London *gamin*, in "Punch," exults over a ragamuffin companion on the ground that "my mother can whop your mother." A still odder illustration came, not very long since, under our knowledge. There was a family living in Paris—we shall not say from what land they came, but they were not French, and they habitually talked the language of the Anglo-Saxon race—and this family one evening received a visit from a dashing English lady-novelist, who has a French name and is fond of writing romances about delightfully wicked young heroes. The hostess, during the course of the evening's conversation, spoke in language of admiration about one of the fair novelist's most delicious and diabolical characters, and then said, meditatively, "He quite reminds me of my brother Edward." "Your brother? him whom I met here?" asks the novelist, with a slight expression of wonder and scorn in her tones. "Yes; don't you think there is a resemblance?" "Why, my dear Mrs. ——, your brother seems to me just a good, respectable *père de famille*." "I beg your pardon," rejoins the matron, with flashing eyes; "he is nothing of the sort, and if these girls were not present I could tell you things of my brother which would positively astonish you." The creatrix of charming wickednesses had nothing to do but to bow her head and seem gracefully to admit (although in her heart she didn't believe it) that her hostess's brother Edward was just as great a scoundrel as the most popular of her own heroes.

— QUEEN ISABELLA, once of Spain, is charged, we perceive, with having stolen the crown jewels. Well, the thing is apt and of good credit. It is not unlikely that the Queen did pause in her flight, like Jessica, to gild herself with a treasure to which she may have thought she had a sort of claim. Still, it is only fair to recollect that this kind of charge is always made against fugitive sovereigns, and even fugitive rulers who never wore a crown. There was, for instance, a scandalous and unfounded accusation made against Kossuth of the same kind—carrying off Hungarian regalia and jewels and other such portable property. This charge may be taken as a regular part of the *agenda* of every dethronement; it may, perhaps, prove a hit in Queen Isabella's case; but it is right to remember that it has in many or most other cases missed its mark. Isabella, doubtless, has sinned so deeply that two or three accusations more or less could hardly affect her reputation in the eyes of the world. But there are some stories told of her—such as her wearing, through religious fervor, the cast-off undergarments of Sister Patrocinio—which really have not a grain of truth in them, and which yet will always be repeated and believed by the public. We read, lately, a bitter attack in a New York paper on General Prim, the purport of which was that he was Isabella's first lover, and therefore should never have helped to drive her from the throne. Now we really don't know whether Prim ever was or was not a lover of the Queen; but even if, as alleged, he occupied that easily-obtained position twenty-five years ago, we hardly think that would be a substantial reason, politically or morally, for his acquiescence in the perpetual enslavement and degradation of his country. If Isabella did choose to lavish her favors as other liberal sovereigns lavish orders, that is hardly a reason why the favored one of twenty years syne should never after be allowed to rise to the dignity of manhood and patriotism, and prefer the country which is always his to the worthless mistress who flung herself at him for the hour.

— POOR Pocahontas is being cruelly assailed just now. Writers who profess to know everything, insist that she was a graceless little tomboy, who was accustomed to amuse the foreigners by turning "coachwheels"—in other words, turning head over heels, like the girl whom Hawthorne saw at Greenwich fair, or the girls whom anybody may see any day in the summer or autumn on the road between Brussels and Waterloo; only that the British and Belgian hoydens, at all events, wear clothes, and Pocahontas didn't. Captain John Smith, we are now assured, was a humbug, and Pocahontas no better. We do not feel qualified to make a battle for the traditional Pocahontas, but we mean to maintain her, nevertheless, and utterly decline to accept any little tumbling trollope in her stead. Really, we wish these inquiring people would let our history alone. It

does us all very well, and why are our minds to be disturbed? The other day it was shown on excellent evidence that Mr. Peabody was descended in a right line from Boadicea, Queen of the Iceni. Now, it is notorious that there are historians who will have it that there never was any such person in the world as Boadicea. Despite them all, we cling to our Boadicea, and we insist upon it that she was scourged by the Romans, and that she was the ancestress of George Peabody.

— THE sudden and successful uprising of a sort of classical reaction in poetry just now, is a phenomenon quite worth considering. Since the publication of Swinburne's "Atalanta in Calydon," we have had many remarkable poems founded on the old classic models, to say nothing of such really valuable works of art as William Morris's productions "after the antique." Now, if there was one thing which of late years men took to be certain, it was that the classic muse had sung her last; that the Greek mythology was never more to breathe a living breath. In one of Heine's poems, he avers that the gods of Hellas, for whom Schiller lamented in strains of such glorious song, had faded away and been changed into the sombre, sad cloud-shapes which float through the sunset skies of autumn. But the clouds would now seem to have changed into divine shapes again, and the shapes to have resumed their old place and their old control over the souls of men. Certainly this classical *renaissance* seems to be a reality, and not any mere affectation or passing vagary of idle taste. We venture to hazard one explanation of the ready acceptance it has found. All modern poetry in England and America, since the close of the Byronic era, has been inspired by what we may call the strictly puritanical ideas of duty and morality. "Control your desires, sacrifice your passions to your moral duty": this has been the strain harped on every string from Wordsworth to Tupper. Now, in poetry it is perfectly certain that you cannot long keep playing on one string. The only eternal, universal poets are those who, like Æschylus and Shakespeare and Goethe, took all moods of human nature with equal freedom for their theme. Therefore, when Puritanism has been played a little too long, comes the reaction, and we have Paganism; at least, we have poetry's protest in the name of beauty and passion against the limitation of one idea and one set of principles. We are catholic enough to welcome each school of song; but we are not the less convinced that no supreme, everlasting work of art is to be constructed in our day upon the old Greek model. The classical reaction is natural (and to us, at least, quite welcome), but it will strike no roots in our soil. Dante did well in Latin, but the "Inferno" is immortal.

— CAN any political philosopher explain why the present tendencies of Radicalism in England and in America should be in directly opposite ways? Here the unmistakable tendency is to experiment more and more in the repressive powers of law; there, to get rid of repressive law, and leave human nature to itself. There is not, for instance, a single Englishman of any influence practically engaged in the business of statesmanship who could be induced to entertain the doctrines of Wendell Phillips, or justify the practice of Massachusetts, in regard to "prohibition." The strongest opponent of such legislation in England is Stuart Mill. The most damaging speech ever made against such schemes in the House of Commons was made by John Bright. Manchester is as much inclined toward the relaxation of all prohibitive legislation as Massachusetts is in favor of increased and novel stringency. There are many men in England who are called advanced thinkers, and who may be set down generally as of the style of Wendell Phillips (such men, for example, as Robertson Gladstone, elder brother of the Prime Minister), who go for absolute free trade in liquors, and insist that human nature and education can best effect moral reforms when entirely let alone by law. The Permissive bill agitation in England has on its side not one single individual of the slightest political influence, and indeed hardly a man of mark at all, except Francis Newman, who is regarded as hopelessly crotchety on some points. But in every way the tendency of advanced thinkers and Radicals in England is toward freedom from legal restriction; that of the corresponding class in this country toward its increase and its greater stringency. The English Radical idea is: "We have long had too much of law; let us now try a little of freedom." The American Radical idea is: "We must not endure these evils any longer; let us have a law to put them down." It will be interesting to observe

which of the two will be found to have got hold of the right principle.

— MAY we venture to remark—for the hundredth time or so that the remark has been lately made without any effect—that the title of "Honorable," as used in England, is quite different from that of Honorable as used in America? In England only the son or the daughter of a titled nobleman is Honorable. No official position whatever entitles a person to assume such a prefix. The title of Right Honorable is quite a different thing—it is to be attained by elevation to certain political offices. An American writer, who has been much in England, and has been specially studying English politics, lately wrote in a New York magazine about somebody in London bearing the "aristocratic title" of "Right Honorable." This was a mere mistake. "Right Honorable" does not in the slightest degree import that a man is of the aristocracy, any more than our own Honorable does. It is merely a badge of certain political offices. Now we have lately seen various advertisements and paragraphs in New York and Boston papers, about an Irish gentleman who is delivering lectures here, and who is described invariably as "The Hon. Mr." —no matter for the name. Well, it may be that this gentleman is the son of a British peer; although certainly when he lectured in England he did not give himself out as such or assume the title; or it may be that he has never seen any of the advertisements, paragraphs, or *critiques* which describe him as "the Honorable," and therefore is not aware that he is thus described. But it is quite certain that, if he is not the son of a lord, he is not entitled to be placarded as "The Hon. Mr. ——." Hardly any people can understand another people's titles. You cannot get a Frenchmen to understand that "Monsieur" is not the exact equivalent of "Mr." "Monsieur" may be used to anybody, however high his rank. The French journals constantly speak of the Duc de Persigny or the Marquis de Moustier as M. de Persigny or M. de Moustier. But one cannot say Mr. Derby or Mr. Amberley. Earl Russell it was, we think, who once wrote to the Mayor of New York, addressing him as "Your Excellency," and Mr. Seward, in various dispatches, spoke of Prince Napoleon as his Royal, instead of Imperial, Highness—an awful piece of vulgarity and error in the eyes of devout Imperialists—for don't you see that an Imperial Highness is a much more tremendous swell than a mere Royal? "What are you doing—don't you see that's only a King?" exclaimed the indignant official at the Congress of Erfurt, when the sovereign of Würtemberg was about to receive from the unskilled soldiery the salute of cannon and muskets intended only for Emperors. There are some titles, however, which no foreigner can well be expected to understand. Take, for example, the Italian title "Commander." Who can help, when he reads of the Commander Rattazzi, mentally converting the sharp lawyer and politician into a great military chieftain?

— A MALIGN and reckless Englishman lately declared that the typical American lady of to-day was to be found described in the Song of Solomon—"We have a little sister, and she hath no breasts." According to a medical lecture recently delivered in New York, this description is likely soon to be justified as a physiological fact. Certainly the great change so rapidly displaying itself in the mould of woman in this country must be apparent to any one who takes the trouble to open his eyes. If he is too modest to look at the ladies who stream along Broadway, then let him cast a glance at the windows of the *lingerie* shops, and the conviction will be forced on him with equal clearness; for he will see rows of wire and buckram appliances which women are meant to wear, and which certainly no healthy, symmetrical woman of the type hitherto known to us ought to have occasion for. Doubtless the dietary and the habits, the ice-creams, and the inactive lives of our American women have a good deal to do with this, which we cannot help thus far regarding as a degeneracy. But it may be that our keen, quick-changing climate, our soil and our other unalterable conditions, are honestly developing a new type of woman who is to have a slender symmetry of her own, quite unlike the affluent and majestic beauty of her European sister. If so, then we would earnestly advise our American ladies to be themselves—at all events, to be real; to accept the situation and the conditions; to let Nature have her way, and shun the abominable wire and buckram, which, in fact, deceive nobody. Don't try to imitate London and Paris. Keep to your own slender forms, and your high dresses, and don't seek to be like the

typical Englishwoman, who might say to Fashion what Smollett's ode says to Independence, "Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare."

— THACKERAY, in one of his lectures, speaks of certain memories that make Pall Mall our Palmyra. May we say that no books we know of impress us with such a sense of awful antiquity as some of Dickens's? The man was among us the other day; he is comparatively young still; he is as fresh and active in intellect as ever; the books we refer to do not contain a single line of allusion to any time but the time when they were written—and verily they seem older than the Elgin marbles. A London schoolboy must be puzzled to make out what half of them are about, and what were the places, who were the people they describe. Half the fun and the humorous description in "Pickwick" is about mail-coaches and drivers, and guards, and country inns, which the young Londoner of to-day never saw even in a picture; the pathos of the book all turns on institutions such as the Fleet prison, which our young friend, if he be a highly educated boy, knows of, just as he knows of the Inquisition; Lant street, Southwark, where Bob Sawyer's famous supper party came off, would not know itself to-day by the description, doubtless once faithful as a photograph, which Dickens gives of it. Look at the costumes, if you happen to have one of the early editions with the illustrations by Phiz. Look at the women—at the pretty young lady with the fur round her boots. The costume of the Esquimaux, of the Fiji Islander, does not seem more *outré*, more unlike anything civilization knows of. Is it possible anybody ever could have been in love with a girl wearing such a bonnet and such clothes? And we—we too, lived in that time; we saw mail-coaches, and must have known and perhaps even liked young women who were dressed—like that! The thought makes one uncomfortable. Let us take up some book about people and ways which have a younger and fresher tone in them—say Sophocles, or even Shakespeare. These are always young, and never make people feel as if they were growing old. Poor old Pickwick! What extraordinary personages he must have met; what a wonderful old time he lived in!

— ITALY seems to be giving up the sceptre of song, as she has given up so many sceptres in her time. Not one of the really great singers now on the European stage belongs to the land of Mario and Grisi. There are Patti, the American; Nilsson, the Swede; Lucca, the German; Santley, the Englishman; Faure, the Frenchman, and so on; but where are the Italians now to be found in Italian opera? They are gone; the lyric stage knows them no more. The North is now conquering the South in music, as it has conquered it in almost every field. Perhaps, however, it is a good symptom for Italy that she is losing her voice. It may be that some nobler career than that of the singing woman is opening for her. We know a philosopher who insists that freedom and the gift of music never go together. "What," he asks, "are the free nations of the earth? The United States, England, Holland, Switzerland; and none of these is a music-making country. What are the musical lands? Italy, with her foreign masters; Germany, with her more than thirty tyrants, big and little; Ireland, with her melodies and her hereditary bondsmen:" and so on. As Germany and Italy grow free, he insists that they will cease to do their own singing, and will leave it to the eunuchs and the women of other lands. Well, for Italy's sake, we hope this may be the explanation of her recent silence in the lyric drama. May she find better work to do! One of the bitterest and cruellest things ever said was Alfred de Musset's description of Italy as a Messalina in rags: a beggar hot with the kisses of her countless lovers. The almost savage cynicism of the words was all the more terrible because of the gleam of truth that was in them. It is time for Italy to cease being the show-place and the jig-maker of the world. If this is all that is meant by her falling off in song, it is a welcome omen. She has work to do "far above singing."